

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN



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Mrs. Raymond Robins

with the kind regards
of the author,

Robert P. St. John



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JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF
THE FINGER LAKE COUNTRY
OF NEW YORK

BY
ROBERT PORTER ST. JOHN



FREDERICK H. HITCHCOCK

PUBLISHER

NEW YORK

MCMXXVI

813.5
S1437

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By FREDERICK H. HITCHCOCK

TO MY FRIEND
CARSON BREVOORT

FOREWORD

THE uncovering of romantic elements of unusual interest in the life of a leader of the pioneers induced the writer to complete as a novel what he had begun as a history of the settlement of the Finger Lake Country. This change in form, the author hopes, will not entirely deprive his volume of the right to serious consideration as a record of the chief facts and forces that shaped the pioneer occupation of Western New York.

Perhaps, in spite of its dress as fiction, some who read this book in these Sesquicentennial days will be influenced to cast aside the prejudices that have clung for nearly one hundred and fifty years about the founder of the communistic settlement at Jerusalem, New York. Possibly some who have thought that Robert Morris purchased land in Western New York from a mad desire to speculate may conclude, after turning these pages, that the great financier at least at the beginning of his attempt at colonization was actuated by the same patriotic desires that caused him throughout the Revolution to lend his personal credit for the support of Washington's army.

In gathering material for the story many books, documents, and letters were necessarily consulted. The author is indebted to the librarian of the New York Historical Society, to several able assistants at the New York Public Library, to Calvin Foss of the Montague Street Library, to Walter Wolcott (Historian of Yates

County), and to friends and neighbors throughout the Finger Lakes Region. He wishes especially to acknowledge his obligation to W. E. Burnell of the Burnell Studio, of Penn Yan, New York, for the view of Lake Keuka which appears as a frontispiece.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

CHAPTER I

MY name is John Spaulding. I was born in New Milford, Connecticut, of William Spaulding and Mary Prentiss Spaulding. I came of that branch of the Spaulding family that lived originally in Devon and settled in Massachusetts in 1630. In this country my father's line joined with the Parrs and Morrisises at several points; Robert Morris of Philadelphia was connected with each side of the family and was my mother's uncle. Both my father and my mother died in my early childhood and left me to be brought up by my uncle, Colonel Obadiah Prentiss, a man of exemplary character but unbending will.

When I was thirteen years of age I went to Philadelphia to attend the Academy; and for two years was a member of the family of Robert Morris. During that period we lived from Monday to Friday night at the fine old brick house in Front street; but on Saturdays whenever the weather was agreeable the family moved out to Uncle's country residence known as The Hills. The latter place afforded my cousins and me unending delight.

On one side of the old stone mansion formal gardens were laid out with flower beds and clipped hedges. A

chief attraction, I remember, was a crystal clear pond teeming with goldfish. Near it stood a gay little summer house guarded by two great tulip trees, one of which Thomas and I once measured and found to be fifteen feet in circumference. Behind the dwelling, roads and paths led in various directions through woods of hickory and chestnut to roofed seats from which wonderful views could be obtained of the Schuylkill and the encircling hills.

Perhaps one reason why we boys preferred the country house to the city dwelling was that according to an unwritten law in the family, the days spent at The Hills were understood to be periods of uninterrupted leisure; as soon, however, as we returned to town, we became subject to the demands of a multitude of duties. Uncle believed, he said, in training boys early for their work; and accordingly my cousins and I when in town were occupied for an hour each day with a variety of matters not usually brought to the attention of boys of our age. Uncle, for instance, made me take notice of every considerable transaction in the management of my father's estate; and he required me to give especial heed if a point of law was involved, for he had determined even then that his son Thomas and I were to make the law our profession.

For similar reasons as soon as my cousins were twelve years of age, he never required them to dine apart when important company was at table whether in the city or at The Hills. He believed that boys should begin at an early age to profit from the conversation of people of consequence. As a result of this peculiarity of his even in my boyhood I knew by sight most of the people who were prominent in the city at the

beginning of the War for Independence and I became well enough acquainted with General Washington to have him call me by name on the street.

I remember that when I first went to Philadelphia the sight that most amazed me was the great number of boys of my age at the Academy, or college as it was more commonly called, who appeared all to look alike. I soon learned that they differed widely in disposition. Woe betide the lad in those days even if he were frail who failed when attacked to make a show of defense. Those who gave evidence of spirit, however, never lacked friends to take their part. The older boys soon put an end to any attempt to play the bully. Fisticuffs at the Academy at that time tested will and courage even more than physical strength, and seemed to me to be less objectionable than I have known the practice to be elsewhere. In this opinion, however, it is possible that I am biased, for I was large and strong for my age and some of my relatives have told me that I have a natural love of bickering.

However that is, all seems very dear to me as I now look back on the days I spent at the old school. In my memory I see again the plain brick building on Fourth street and the bare classrooms where we were instructed in Vergil, Ovid, and Cicero. The old professors, standing before the rude benches, wrestled faithfully with our dull wits, enforcing attention with the rod not unmixed with kindness. I recall them all now with warm affection. Nevertheless I believe, as I review the various kinds of instruction received at the school, that the lessons I learned on the gravelled playground that bordered the cemetery of Christ church, were destined—at least from a practical point of view—to prove of

greatest value in the life that fate had marked out for me.

As the War gradually came on, the work of the college was more and more disturbed. Several of the old professors who had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge remained staunch in their adherence to the Crown. Others of the faculty, with wider and more penetrating vision, maintained that natural conditions and the tendency of the times made separation from the Mother Country inevitable. While these two groups argued acrimoniously, a powerful Quaker party (that secretly lent its aid to the King and the established government) attempted by every means in its control to silence the controversy whether fought through words or arms.

Pupils one by one, as the contest grew more bitter, were withdrawn by parents, whether Quaker, Tory, or Patriot, who wished their sons to be placed in surroundings more in harmony with their own personal beliefs. Some students left to take the place at home of relatives who had marched to the front; and a few of the older boys went directly into the Continental army. In accordance with Uncle Robert's desire I remained at the Academy until it closed. In June, 1776, the Assembly turned out faculty and students and diverted the buildings to the use of the local militia. Meanwhile Howe's army had threatened the city. Reports soon grew alarming and most of those who had been prominent in the Patriot party withdrew to places of safety. Uncle Robert sent me to New Milford. For Aunt Molly and my cousins, he found a temporary home with relatives in Maryland; as regarded himself, he thought that his duty demanded that he remain in Philadelphia.

The evening after I arrived in New Milford, while I was seated with Uncle Obadiah's family in the drawing-room recalling old acquaintances and telling the news, I happened to inquire concerning the son of a neighbor whose land adjoined ours at the top of the ridge.

Mary became silent and Aunt Rhoda made vague or brief replies.

"Doesn't Horace still stop when he comes from school?" I asked impatiently.

"The Laceys have taken the King's side," replied Aunt Rhoda.

I made no further inquiries, for it had taken me but a few minutes to discover that in New Milford differences of opinion as to the right of the Colonies to rule themselves constituted an impassable social barrier. In Philadelphia although argument had run high, there had been a measure of tolerance for individual opinion. Uncle Robert was willing to discuss the political situation with people of all parties. As a member of the Continental Congress he had delayed signing the Declaration of Independence so long as he believed there was the slightest hope of effecting a just reconciliation with the Mother Country. But I found that in New Milford members of the opposing parties had nothing to do with one another. I could not walk the village street until I learned with which families we were still on friendly terms and with which, on account of signing addresses to the King or other Tory acts, we held no communication. With those who had allied themselves with the side of the Colonies but still slaughtered sheep—instead of growing wool for the soldiers—or those who drank tea, I found that our association though not

interrupted was expected to be distant and formal. Under these circumstances our closest friends, without regard to social conditions depending on birth, religion, education, or estate, were those who had espoused the Patriot cause the earliest and had upheld it the most ardently.

When Uncle Robert sent me to New Milford he arranged to have me study Latin and the rudiments of law with an old friend of my father's, Daniel Everitt, an attorney of the village. Each day I went to town and kept my hours, but progressed indifferently. The stirring events that had occurred in Philadelphia and were now occurring daily within a few miles of my home diverted my mind from study. I found it hard to prepare myself for a civil occupation while I was looking forward with my whole soul to the day when I should be old enough to go to the front with a company of Connecticut soldiers.

When Uncle Obadiah's regiment was called away, Uncle ordered me to remain in New Milford to protect Aunt Rhoda and Cousin Mary until he returned. I was proud of the confidence he had reposed in me for although I was large for my age and was ambitious, I had scarcely reached my sixteenth birthday. My duties as protector of the family, I understood, were chiefly honorary; for Amos Heffdot, who had been overseer on the farm for many years, lived across the highway in the house that grandfather had built for his second son; and no neighbor was ever more devoted to the family of his friend than was Amos Heffdot to Aunt Rhoda and Mary. Uncle well knew that Heffdot and the tenants could have supplied far more aid in time of danger than such a stripling as I, but with characteristic pride

he had remarked, when giving me my orders, that whereas God had blessed him with kin, he would not leave the protection of his household to hirelings.

As a matter of fact, Uncle took no great risk in giving way to this sentiment, for there was in our vicinity no imminent danger to be apprehended. Even at that time savages and wild beasts had been driven to regions remote from New Milford; and no British army was then operating nearer than Westchester. To be sure there were stories of Loyalists who had fired barns, poisoned wells, and marked the homes of their neighbors for early destruction if the British should come. Amos Heffdot laughed at these stories as idle tales although in some neighboring towns the rumors had been taken so seriously that the Patriots had risen and seized a ringleader among the Tories, or some one who had been blatantly outspoken in defense of the Mother Country, and had tarred and feathered him, or had handled him so roughly that he emigrated to Canada or took his family to some less hostile part of the Colonies.

We had little fear of the Laceys, our Tory neighbors who lived over the top of the ridge adjoining our land, because we felt that the friendship that had existed between the families since grandfather's time would keep them from wishing to injure us; and even the slight apprehension that did exist came to an end soon after Uncle's regiment left, for Mr. Lacey sold his farm to a Quaker named Wilkinson and emigrated to Nova Scotia.

One October afternoon when I had hastened through my law and Latin and had escaped from my old attorney at an earlier hour than usual, Mary and I followed the lane up the steep hillside behind our house to

the chestnut woods at the top of the ridge. These woods, since grandfather's time, had been known as the chestnut orchard, for the underbrush had been kept cut and the trees thinned out. It had been a favorite spot for neighborhood picnics because of the wide view from the hilltop and the thick mat of grass that covered the ground.

On that October afternoon Mary and I found that the white frost of the previous night had sprinkled the ground with glossy fallen nuts. We had filled our hats and had emptied them into the knapsack when we heard the sound of voices. On looking over the stone wall we saw three girls and a young woman neatly dressed in Quaker costumes. They also were searching for nuts.

"It's the Wilkinson girls," exclaimed Mary.

For a few minutes we eagerly watched our new neighbors as they laughed and chatted and searched industriously for nuts; and then Mary thinking we ought not to play the part of spies made me rise and stir among the dry leaves to attract their attention.

"Come over on our side. It's easy to find nuts where there's no brush," I shouted.

Together the four rose to their feet and the face of the somewhat harsh-featured young woman showed unmistakable signs of alarm. "We thank thee," she replied after a moment's hesitation, "but it is time that we return home."

The young woman began slowly to withdraw; and at first was followed by all of her companions. After proceeding a few steps, however, the next to the eldest girl looked back and lingered.

"Can't you stay for a few minutes?" pleaded Mary.

"We'll help you fill your bag," I urged.

"Come, Jerie, come instantly," called the young woman in severe tones quite in contrast with her former gentleness.

The girl who had been called Jerie was evidently displeased with the peremptory command of her companion, for assuming a defiant attitude she turned squarely about and walked back toward the place where we were standing beside the stone wall. The young woman gave no further heed to her but gathering her other charges hastened onward and quickly disappeared.

"Is your name Jerie Wilkinson?" asked Mary.

"Jerie's my father's name—Jeremiah Wilkinson. Because I favor him, some people call me 'Little Jerie.'"

"I like that name," said Mary, as she reached over the wall and filled Jerie's bag from our knapsack. "Perhaps now you'd better run to catch your sister so she won't be angry with you."

"I care not for her anger," asserted Jerie boastfully. "She is my Aunt Sarah Richards. She never taketh any satisfaction in merriment."

For a moment the two girls regarded one another in silence, and then Mary asked wistfully. "Won't you come to-morrow morning to see me? Mother and I are lonesome when John is away."

In spite of her boast of not caring for Aunt Sarah's anger Jerie looked anxiously in the direction in which her companions had disappeared and had walked a step or two toward home before she replied. "I think I'll come up here in the afternoon," she answered shyly.

The next day I reached home with a great clatter of Peter's hoofs an hour before the time that Mary and I expected to meet Jerie. While I went to the woodpile for short sticks with which to knock down

the nuts, Mary got our bags; and we hastily climbed the hill to the chestnut orchard. But Jerie was not there. We filled our bags and gathered a little pile of nuts for Jerie; but she did not come. At twilight disappointedly we returned home.

The next afternoon instead of following the valley road as I was accustomed, I turned into the little-travelled highway that goes from town directly to the Wilkinson place and over the ridge to our corner. As we had not used this road since our falling out with the Laceys I was surprised to see the changes that had been made. The house and barns had been freshly painted. The lawn was well cared for and a general air of cheerfulness seemed to have come to the place. On the side porch a mature neat-looking Quaker woman was spinning and by her side sat harsh-featured Aunt Sarah sewing on a garment while a six-year-old girl tugged at her dress. Through the window I saw one of Jerie's sisters; and another was drawing water from the well. On up the hill toward home I hastened eager to tell Mary of the new prosperity that had come to the Lacey homestead.

I had nearly reached the top of the ridge where the highway skirts the chestnut orchard when I saw Little Jerie standing beside the road straight as a jack-in-the-pulpit and looking very roguishly at me from her bright black eyes.

"I couldn't come yesterday—Aunt Sarah kept her eyes on me every minute. This afternoon she went upstairs for her sewing and I ran away."

"You'll be in a peck of trouble when you go home," I remarked in an attempt to tease her.

Jerie dropped her eyes, saying nothing; but a wise smile glimmered in the dimples about her mouth.

I studied her face as she stood before me. She was very interesting. I had not met before such a mixture of roguishness and timidity. "Get up on the horse with me," I suggested. "We'll find Mary and walk back up the hill."

She raised her eyes; but from shyness or modesty seemed to hesitate.

"Peter often carries Mary and me," I urged; and, dismounting, put my hand out to help her to a seat.

"No," she replied timidly.

"Why, Peter is as gentle as a lamb," I laughed, thinking perhaps she was afraid to ride.

She turned quickly; and, swinging a stick that she held, snipped off the tops of the roadside weeds, "I don't like gentle horses."

"You like to ride? You dare jump?" I asked eagerly; and pointed out to her the low place in the stone wall where Mary and I crossed over from the lane when we went for our evening rides.

Jerie hesitated no longer, but took Peter and was soon clearing the wall at as high a place as I had ever attempted it. With such feats of horsemanship our reserve vanished. The time passed quickly and I never thought again of Mary until Jerie had started for home.

When I told my story, Mary who had waited expectantly for my return began to weep; and Aunt reproved me. To console Mary, she said that when supper was over she would have Amos bring the carriage and take us for a neighborly call at the Wilkinsons.

At sunset we entered the house on the hill and were received with grave courtesy by Mrs. Wilkinson. She said her husband was expected momentarily from an adjoining town whither he had gone to conduct a Quaker Meeting. She presented her sister, Jerie's harsh-featured Aunt Sarah; and summoned her four daughters, three of whom sat demurely on the hair-cloth sofa with hands in lap; but Jerie toyed with whatever her fingers could reach and smiled mischievously at Mary and me until she drew upon herself Aunt Sarah's rebuke. Thereupon Mrs. Wilkinson, forgetful that little pitchers have big ears, told Aunt Rhoda that Jerie was harder to control than all of her other children together. Her sister, however, who had come to live with them, had felt a weighty concern to keep the child in the path of duty and was attempting to turn her attention to serious things. It was fortunate that Jerie was to have Mary as a playmate. She feared that Jerie had a willful disposition. Perhaps the child would profit by the example of a girl so sweet and modest as Mary seemed to be.

Then Mr. Wilkinson entered and I saw for myself why our new acquaintance was called Little Jerie. In a sweet feminine way she copied her father's features in every detail. There was the broad high forehead, the dark luminous eyes, and the coal black hair, the thin shapely nose, and a small well-formed mouth. In the father's face there was a deep-seated graciousness that grew as you gazed upon it. In the daughter's face there were no secrets—only mischievousness and smiles.

Our visit was soon returned by Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson; but no great friendship ever developed among the

older members of our households. Aunt Rhoda was too ardent a Baptist—had there not been other deterrents—to become intimate with people who held the Quaker attitude toward the sacraments. With Mary and me, it was different. Many an afternoon as I returned from my studies, two laughing girls dashed on horseback from our pine woods to greet me. Jerie in particular was an expert rider. She led Mary and me on hard gallops along the narrow roads and sometimes even over the fences and through the brooks. As a result of this comradeship, Mary became more courageous and self-assertive; and I doubt not that Mrs. Wilkinson's hopes were also realized and that Jerie grew more docile and obedient to the home discipline.

CHAPTER II

LATE in the autumn our cousin, Major Parr of Morgan's Riflemen, came on furlough to see us. He brought bad news. In the battle at Saratoga Uncle Obadiah had been severely wounded and had been taken to the hospital at Albany where they had removed his right leg. Aunt Rhoda in her first anxiety wished me to return with the Major to Albany to stay with Uncle and see that he was well attended and was brought home as soon as possible; but Major Parr said he could travel with me no further than Kingston and I was too young to go to Albany alone.

With boyish enthusiasm I pleaded that I could easily make the journey if he would give me papers; but he was not moved by my plea. I was hurt because he thought I was too young. I reminded him that my sixteenth birthday was approaching and that I would then be of military age. With mature air I said that when Uncle returned and it was no longer necessary for me to stay at home to guard Aunt Rhoda and Mary it was my purpose to enlist in some Connecticut regiment, unless I could expect to be taken into Morgan's Riflemen.

My cousin somewhat roughly directed me to bring my rifle and let him see me shoot. From eagerness my hands shook and the shots went wild. While I was silenced with embarrassment he said that when I was a

year older and stronger he would take me into his regiment, if Uncle did not withhold his consent and if in the meantime I had practised daily with my rifle and had become able at six rods to put three shots in succession in a circle marked around a silver shilling.

However indifferent a student I was at the law, after Major Parr's departure I became an apt learner with the rifle. I practised in the lane with the evening sun behind me. Mary marked off my target and I daily grew proficient. In the spring when Uncle returned I had attained skill sufficient to place three shots in succession at a distance of six rods in a circle the size of a silver shilling. I was tempted not to fulfill my year but to ask Uncle's permission to enlist at once as a sharpshooter in a regiment then recruiting in our neighborhood. In the end, however, the fame of Morgan's Riflemen among my schoolmates and my own recollection of a company of keen tall fellows that I had once seen briskly marching by in brown uniforms with thrums flying induced me to bide my time.

Because Uncle Obadiah could not fight with the army he had become doubly anxious to serve his country at home. He was in constant communication with Uncle Robert and others active in the conduct of the War. Every morning he rode away and often was gone a large part of the night. Beyond a casual reference once to the apprehension of some shirkers and deserters, he did not discuss the matters that occupied his attention. As the days passed on he seemed to grow additionally glum and uncommunicative.

I suspected that he was principally engaged in attempting to discourage the Tories and Loyalists, who on account of the cooperation of sympathizers farther

east and especially that of the King's troops on Long Island and in Westchester, had recently become aggressive in our neighborhood. Cattle had been driven from farms from which the men had gone to the Continental army and had left only women in charge; and Thomas Terry, a Patriot at home on furlough, had been shot while at work in a secluded field.

In reprisal for these outrages Tories of the neighborhood had been driven from their homes and had emigrated with their families to the rapidly growing colony in Nova Scotia, or had gone to Kanadasaga in Western New York which had become a refuge for Loyalists and all sorts of desperate men. From that place as headquarters Tories for more than a year had been cooperating with the Indians in their raids on the frontier settlements. In the Cherry Valley Massacre it was said that these "blue-eyed Indians" had acted a part even more brutal than that taken by the genuine savages.

That Uncle Obadiah was taking any active part in subduing the Loyalists I was not certain, however strong my suspicions, until one morning when on going to Mr. Everitt's office I found New Milford buzzing with a story of how the previous night a mysterious band of Committeemen had taken a Tory, named Wyatt, in the very act of firing a Patriot's barn. After administering a terrible beating, the Committee had thrown the minion of Great Britain into Red Pond and had held him under water until he was nearly drowned and had pledged his word to leave the country never to return. I kept my own counsel, but I knew that Red Pond was the only place that red clay could be found in our vicinity, and I had observed that

morning at the stable that Uncle's horse was covered half-way up the belly with mud red enough to paint a barn.

In the fall of 1778 General McDougall encamped with five thousand men on Second Hill, only three miles from New Milford village. Great excitement prevailed. Every afternoon I rode to the encampment and could not have restrained my impulse to enlist, especially since several boys of my acquaintance had joined the battalion, had not Mary convinced me that I was bound by my honor to fulfill the year of training that had been assigned by Major Parr. November 19 the battalion marched away; and about a fortnight later, on the evening of the day preceding that on which I would complete my year of training, I went to Uncle Obadiah who was busily writing letters at his desk in the library. I told him that twelve months had passed since Major Parr's visit and that I had practised faithfully and had attained skill in excess of that required; and therefore I now desired permission to enlist.

As if I had spoken of a matter that he had often discussed with me, he asked no questions and scarcely paused in his work; but put me off with vague objections, saying that until certain matters changed it would be inadvisable for me to go. A moment I waited and then spoke once more, reminding him that boys of the neighborhood, some even younger than I, had enlisted in General McDougall's battalion. I thought my country needed me and it was my duty to go. Uncle did not again raise his eyes from his writing, nor did he give any further reply. I went to my room; but before I dropped asleep I had resolved that I would remain but a little longer and then would ask again.

If I were refused a second time, I would not stay to repeat my plea, but would surely go.

Uncle Obadiah, as I said, had little to say to any of us, even to Aunt Rhoda. He usually rode away early in the morning and left the management of the farm to Amos Heffdot and expected me to look after the affairs of the household. Throughout the winter his mind seemed to be wholly occupied with the undertakings he had in hand and to be oblivious to whatever concerned Mary, Aunt Rhoda, and me. But one evening in the early spring of 1779, there was a remarkable exception. While Mary, Jerie, and I were noisily romping on the lawn, Jerie happened to run close to the parlor window shouting excitedly, "All of thy endeavor will not avail." The Quaker expressions attracted Uncle's attention; and he came out to the porch and looked toward us sharply. So fixed was his gaze that we ceased our frolic and became silent. After a few minutes Jerie mounted her horse and I brought Peter and saw her home.

When I returned I found the family seated in the parlor and Mary weeping. Uncle was speaking in gentle but firm tones. "More dangerous than the foes on the battlefield are Loyalists who weaken the allegiance of the wavering and Quakers who advocate a policy of peace and non-resistance at the very time that our side is putting forth every effort to make opposition to the enemy unanimous."

"But the Wilkinsons would never injure anybody," replied Mary tearfully.

"They have given comfort to the enemy by lodging Loyalists who had been previously refused entertainment at house after house. Mrs. Wilkinson's sister is the wife of Abraham Richards who since Wyatt has

disappeared has been the Tory agent and has sold the estates of Loyalists and has thus deprived the Continental army of resources of which it is in dire need."

"The Wilkinsons don't like their Uncle Abraham. He was put out of their church," replied Mary stoutly.

"Richards visited his wife at Wilkinson's only last Thursday and it is suspected that Wyatt came back and was there too. Richards and somebody supposed to be Wyatt were trailed from Wilkinson's house to Danbury only a week ago."

"Jerie is for our side——"

"Don't argue with me," replied Uncle Obadiah, his ire rising. "What control has a child over the political activities of a family? Neither you nor John is hereafter to have any intercourse with the Wilkinsons."

"I should think," I replied, my heart beating violently for never before had I openly resisted my Uncle's authority, "that Mary's and my friendship for the Wilkinsons would injure the cause of the Colonies less than your decision to hold me here to study law while boys not my age and size are doing their duty at the front."

My uncle's face flushed intensely. "You are unfit to be a soldier, sir, if you cannot trust the judgment of your superiors in age and experience. You are kept at your law pending the receipt of a letter from Major Parr informing us of the place at which you are to be mustered into his regiment of Riflemen. After correspondence with General Washington and Robert Morris I am informed that General Sullivan will soon lead an expedition to drive the Tories from their hiding-place at Kanadasaga and punish them and the Indians for the massacres at Wyoming and Cherry

Valley. As soon as plans are matured and we learn the place where you can report to Major Parr, you are to go. In the meantime it is more fitting that you perfect your marksmanship than trifle with people who give comfort to the enemy."

CHAPTER III

MARY in all respects was obedient to her father's command; and I at least obeyed his injunction to be faithful in rifle practice. I learned to shoot better and better and let Mary carry the target farther and farther away. When the warm weather of spring came, I seldom failed to place five or six shots within the circle even when the distance was considerable greater than six rods.

One May afternoon I left Everitt's office at one o'clock and went from town by the hill road. As Jerie would not expect to see me at that hour, I sent Peter by the Wilkinson house at a smart gallop, hoping that the sound of hoofs would announce my presence. Jerie caught the signal. I had waited in the edge of the woods but a few minutes when I saw one of the Wilkinson bays coming up the hill.

"It's so early we can have a long ride," exclaimed Jerie.

"I have it planned," I replied mysteriously; and unmoved by Jerie's pleading refused to disclose our destination by so much as a word.

We turned north into our favorite trail, mostly through woods but across a field or two, through fence gaps, over low walls, and once or twice through gates until we reached the bridge that crosses Stone's brook. There Jerie turned into the highway, as we had always

done before; but I did not follow her. I pointed the way—while she smiled in surprise—through a broken fence into the woods, where by following cattle paths and sometimes even the brook bed we came finally to the dense hemlock forest that stands at the summit of Stone's falls.

Here we dismounted; and Jerie thinking we had reached our destination began to romp like a playful fairy under the low branches and heavy foliage of the hemlocks. Rushing toward me, she threw her arms about my neck, exclaiming, "Dear boy, thou hast found the Meeting Place of the goblins and elves."

"Wait," I replied; and led her to a shale slide that sloped down the precipitous declivity to the bed of the stream below the falls. "And be careful," I advised, for I feared she might lose her footing and soil the neat Quaker costume of white and gray that she was wearing, for after she had heard Peter's hoofs there had been no time to change attire. "If you should tear that dress, they might forbid you to ride with me."

"They've done that already. Aunt Sarah says Quakers must not have commerce with people who make war."

Perversely she leaped before me, and slid, and leaped again; but finally reached the bottom with no damage done but a slight tear in her skirt. We forced our way through the bushes and paused at the bank of the stream.

"Do you know where you are, Jerie?"

For a moment she looked blankly at the opposite hillside, and then turning saw the falls. "It's Stone's dell!" she exclaimed, her eyes running over with gladness.

Stone's dell was a chosen spot in which Mary, Jerie and I had eaten our lunches on the long rides we took before Uncle forbade all intercourse with the Wilkinsons. To reach it we three had ridden a roundabout course of several miles over the highways, and had entered the lower end by the old road that leads to the abandoned gristmill. All about was a gloomy hemlock forest except a little clearing near the old mill and even here in many places fresh young hemlocks were springing up. The falls were at one end and the sides of the gully were so steep that we had thought that the dell could not possibly be entered except from below, either by the brook bed or by the old mill road that connects with the highway. Free from the observation of our elders, we had had so many good times in this place that it had become a cause of deep regret with Jerie and me that we had not been able to continue to visit the dell on our clandestine rides. We had never been able to find another place that seemed so secluded and romantic.

We turned from the falls and walked eagerly toward the clearing that adjoined the ruined platform of the old mill. We found the sod much trampled and cut by horses' hoofs. We stepped instinctively behind a screen of hemlocks. Those hoof marks were none of our making. It had been weeks since we had visited the place. We crept out cautiously and looking around discovered dozens of places where horses had been tethered. It was all a mystery until we found a spot where the grass was spattered with tar and dappled with feathers.

"Uncle Obadiah's Committee has tarred and feathered somebody here," I exclaimed.

"Let's run to the slide. They may be hidden here now," whispered Jerie.

"Then they have already seen us. We might as well look around," I observed.

"Come; it would be worse for thy Uncle Obadiah to find thee here than for my Aunt Sarah to see my torn dress," whispered Jerie.

But in my eagerness to be busy about what concerned my elders and to play a part in the fight for independence, I was set not to miss a chance for ferreting out secrets. "See," I rejoined in low tones while I held back the branches of some young hemlocks; "they'll be back. They've hidden a half-used keg of tar here."

"Then hasten," pleaded Jerie. "Let us go."

But I was obstinate and led on toward the highway for I wished to count the places where horses had been tied and scout-like examine the ground for cast away articles that might give hints as to what had been taking place.

Suddenly we heard horsemen coming at full gallop. We ran as fast as we could toward the shale slide—but it was too late. The best we could do was to creep under the platform of the old mill.

Horseman after horseman poured into the clearing and adjoining growth of hemlocks. Next to the last was a man leading a horse on which Wyatt—hatless, mud-covered, and bloody—was tied to a saddle. I knew the Tory instantly by his great height and red hair. Everybody in New Milford knew him because before the War he had been a much-hated collector of taxes for the King. Last of all to enter the clearing came Uncle Obadiah, looking very stern and determined.

"Don't be frightened, sweetheart," I whispered. "They will be too busy to think of us."

"I fear only that thy uncle may find thee with me."

"I care not if he does."

"Poor consolation that would be, if I were to see thee no more."

At that moment a man came forward with a rope. "Let's have no formalities but string him up at once. I saw him riding in the edge of my woods toward Terry's on the afternoon Terry was shot."

"We shall not copy our neighbors and execute a man unheard," responded Uncle Obadiah sternly. "We have the just side in this war and can afford to be just in the punishments we mete out. The Tory shall have a chance to answer."

"I am as innocent of Terry's murder as an unborn babe," shouted Wyatt. "I was at Gill's tavern in Danbury all that day and the following night. I was trying to sell enough land to pay my passage to Nova Scotia. Gill is one of your own men and he will confirm what I say if you send somebody to ask him."

"Wyatt lies," whispered Jerie. "He came to our house to stay the evening after Terry was shot."

"He lies," the man with the rope had meanwhile retorted. "I myself stood in my barn and saw a tall red-haired man riding through the edge of my woods toward Terry's and I thought then it was Wyatt."

"You say you 'thought then that it was Wyatt.' Your eyes are keen if at the distance your barn stands from your woods you can tell the color of a man's hair and distinguish me from other men who are as tall. Don't speak of justice if you hang people on such suspicion. Send a man to see Gill, and he will tell you he knows where I was when Terry was shot."

"You lie——" again shouted the man with the rope.

"Silence!" commanded Uncle Obadiah. "We'll lodge

this man in jail until we have time to interview Gill; and if Gill does not confirm his story, then he shall surely hang."

I put my lips close to Jerie's ear and whispered, "Let me go out and tell them."

"Thou shalt not!" answered Jerie preemptorily.

"I don't believe that Gill will ever give such testimony," said some one that I could not see. "Wyatt is probably bidding for time and has sent word to his friends on Lloyd's Neck to come and rescue him. He deserves death for burning Webster's barn and returning after he had promised never to come back. His story that he returned unarmed for a keepsake has nothing to do with it. He deserves to hang whether we prove that he shot Terry or not."

"Give him a coat of tar and feathers and let him go," advised a mild voice. "It won't take any of us very long to end his career if he ever appears again in New Milford."

"Those who think it best to give Wyatt a coat of tar and feathers now, and will promise to shoot the Tory if they ever see him again in New Milford, raise their hands," directed Uncle Obadiah.

As far as I could see through the little opening, every one raised his hand.

"As soon as the Tory has received his tar and feathers, the work for the day is ended," announced Uncle Obadiah.

Some began to tear the clothes from Wyatt; others prepared immediately to ride to their homes. The Tory was led away in the direction of the tar barrel, and soon there was no one near us. Jerie and I quickly slipped from our hiding place and keeping near the

edge of the brook crept behind the hemlocks to the shale slide. In making our way upward we dislodged some rock but apparently attracted no attention.

"Why wouldn't you let me tell them that Wyatt stayed at your house the night after he shot Terry?" I asked as soon as we had mounted our horses and had started on the way home.

"Because I wouldn't have either my father or thee fall into trouble," answered Jerie weeping.

"But don't you also want to keep your country out of trouble?" I asked.

"I do," she sobbed. "The Wilkinsons are Quakers; but when Uncle Obadiah asked the men to raise their hands, I raised my hand with the rest."

"Why, Jerie," I exclaimed in astonishment, for when we were hidden under the mill I had been so absorbed by the spectacle that I had never thought of applying what I saw to myself, "you don't mean that you promised to kill Wyatt if he should happen to stay at your house?"

"I don't know what I would do," moaned Jerie, "Uncle Abraham and Aunt Sarah have told our people that Wyatt is a persecuted man. If I should tell Father what I know, he would keep me from riding with thee. When we were under the mill, I was at a loss to think; and I couldn't keep my arm down when all who wanted to help their country were raising their hands."

"You needn't worry," I said. "You will never have to carry out your promise. What happened to-day will keep the red-haired scoundrel from ever venturing here again."

CHAPTER IV

ON Tuesday, June 2, 1779, when I returned from town, I brought Uncle Obadiah a packet. It was from Major Parr. He informed us that the expedition to punish the Tories and Indians at Kanadasaga, concerning which Uncle had corresponded so long with General Washington, was about to move forward. General Sullivan was to follow up the Susquehanna through Pennsylvania to the forks of the river where he was to await the coming of General Clinton and the Riflemen who were to come down the eastern branch from Otsego lake. The combined armies were then to proceed up the western branch and destroy all Indian towns and forts as far as the season permitted them to go.

The Major directed me to meet Lieutenant Boyd of the Riflemen at Peekskill on June seventh, where the latter was to lie over for the night with a company of recruits. A pass signed by General Clinton was included in the packet. It was quickly decided, in the family conference that followed the reading of the letter, that I should start for Peekskill the following Thursday, provided with clothing, money, and all necessities for the journey.

When that Thursday morning came, although I had been forced to bid farewell to Peter and ride an old plow-horse, that I was to sell to the quartermaster, I was the happiest lad in the Commonwealth of Connecticut. Out on the lawn while Amos Heffdot strapped on

my saddlebags, I kissed Aunt Rhoda and Mary good-bye. Then with a light heart and little comprehension of what was before me, I grasped Uncle's hand and, having listened to his brief advice, saluted, mounted, and rode down the driveway.

At the bend in the road I looked back and saw them standing on the lawn. I waved a hand; but when I could see them no more, slapped the reins against the side of my horse and galloped to the corner. There I did not follow the valley road to town, but turned up the hill to the chestnut ridge. While I tied my horse, I looked here and there in disappointment, for my eyes met only the empty vistas.

Suddenly from behind the wall sprang my Jerie, laughing, playful to the last. Even now I seem to see her Quaker drab with white collar, her broad forehead (like a philosopher's, as in sport I said), thin sensitive nose, small mouth with red lips made for kisses, carolings, and laughter,—not for Quaker prayers; and eyes, not so dark as her hair, flashing, sometimes glowing, and sometimes even in her girlhood filled with thought as impenetrable as night.

Into my arms she sprang, her heart throbbing against mine. "Didst thou fear thou wouldst not find me, John?"

"I fear, darling," I answered gravely, "that it will be long before I shall see you again."

"God will guard thee. I pray that he will send thee back to me. He will not refuse me, I love thee so."

"Then swear, Jerie; swear with your hand in mine, that until I return, you will love no other."

"There needs no oath," Jerie replied, "I shall love no other; but we Quakers do not swear."

"Under the old mill, you raised your hand and swore."

"I did not swear; I but gave my promise."

"Promise or swear, it will be all the same in the end, for your Quaker days are past," I replied in fun. "When I return you will become a Baptist and join our church."

A look of alarm swept over her face, but she answered playfully, "Nay, thou must turn Quaker."

"Oh, no," I said, "You have been only half Quaker yourself. You care too much for horses, romps, and quick answers. You are too willful and too joyous to be a Quaker."

"Thou knowest my weaknesses," she answered contritely. "Perchance as a Baptist I would find it easier to serve God."

I was so pleased with her prettiness, that I would have teased her longer but I saw that she had become wholly serious.

"I will swear," she said after a moment of meditation; and taking my hand in hers and standing according to her wont straightest of all maidens I have ever seen, she raised her eyes and said, "With God's help I swear to love none other but thee."

My playfulness was swept away like pollen before a bullet. "I swear," I said, "to love none other but you."

As I was about to go she threw her arms around me, exclaiming passionately, "I cannot bear to have thee go."

I kissed her, and speaking again in fun replied, "Not *thee* but *you*. You are no Quaker now."

Half mischievously, half meekly, she repeated, "I

cannot bear to have *you* go," but of her habit added, "because I love thee."

I laughed. "You need practice, Jerie. Kiss me, and say, 'I love you.'"

"I love you; I love you; I love you; I love you."

CHAPTER V

FROM the chestnut ridge I could have taken a shorter route, but with my long rifle hung before my left leg, pistol in belt, and in a roll behind me the soft blue blanket that Aunt Rhoda said had been woven by my mother, I rode through New Milford village, nodding to old acquaintances and feeling very proud of the attention I was attracting. The first night I lodged at Camp Tavern beyond Pinch Guts. The second day I passed through Danbury and Ridgefield and spent the night at Keeler's Tavern. On Sunday I entered Peekskill and was directed to the army encampment at Soldier's Fortune. I had been at the inn but half an hour when Lieutenant Boyd came and greeted me cordially.

The following morning I fell in with the company of soldiers and recruits and marched to Newburg. The next day we passed through Kingston and Catskill; and in due time turned westward, following the Mohawk river. On Sunday, the thirteenth of June, on the south side of the Mohawk, opposite the village of Schenectady, we entered the encampment of the Riflemen.

Major Parr was seated at the door of his tent and I thought was looking rather gloomy; but his face brightened as he recognized me. Laying aside his former austerity, he greeted me warmly; he said he had feared that I might not receive his letter in time to meet Lieutenant Boyd at Peekskill and was therefore much gratified by my safe arrival. After a brief conversation

about the people at home, he gave orders to have me enrolled as a private in the Riflemen of General Clinton's Brigade. In exchange for my horse, Quartermaster Simmons provided me with the equipment I needed including a uniform of brown linsey-woolsey thrummed at all the seams and consisting of hunting-jacket, long trousers, and moccasins. In addition, to balance the transaction, he gave me two golden guineas which later I sewed into the lining of my bullet-pouch. I was then placed with my fellow recruits in charge of a sergeant who was to meet us daily for instruction and drill.

After I had donned my uniform and had received some preliminary advice from the sergeant, I started to cross the meadow to the hut where I was to lodge, but was intercepted by a group of Riflemen. They asked me innumerable questions and made me the butt of rude jokes and raillery, which I have no doubt were of a more agreeable nature than I should have received had it not been known that I was a relative of Jimmy, as Major Parr was affectionately called by his men. I was willing to let them have their fun, but was hurt by the constantly repeated remark that the way I handled my rifle showed that I wouldn't be able to shoot straight enough to hit a barn.

The next day we loaded thirty-six batteaus and proceeded up the river. The boats were propelled against the stream by the use of poles and were pulled through the rapids by cattle or men. It was a day of exhausting toil that required every ounce of strength we possessed. When night came and we went into camp the Riflemen were glad enough to eat their supper and creep into their blankets without giving thought to the

teasing of new recruits. In the course of two or three days, during which the men complained severely of the unusual labor, we reached Canajoharie where we were to leave the Mohawk and make our way south to the northern end of Otsego lake. After the boats had been hauled from the river, we were given a day for recreation and rest.

There the teasing of the new recruits was resumed in a disagreeable manner until the officers, perhaps desiring to make conditions more endurable for us, arranged a contest in marksmanship among those who had recently joined the regiment. Two parties of about twenty men each were formed and were directed to contest among themselves until it was determined who was best entitled to represent his group in the final trial. I had been wishing ever since I had reached Schenectady for just such a chance to show my skill; but when I was face to face with the opportunity, my courage was on the point of deserting me. Nevertheless I entered the contest with a determination to do my best.

A small target with nine rings numbered from one at the outer edge to ten at the bull's-eye was set up at one hundred yards. To my delight when the first round of three shots was completed, I found myself tied with a slim backwoodsman of over six feet in height for first place in our group, each of us having made a score of twenty-five. The second time around the tall backwoodsman and I alternated in shooting. I came within the inner ring but failed to touch the center. The backwoodsman's next shot went wild and scored but six. I then made a bull's-eye. My opponent's third shot came within the inner ring, giving him a total score of twenty-five. To win the position as representative of

our side, I had to score but seven, which I felt sure I could do. I shot, and struck close beside the bull's-eye, thus winning with a score of twenty-eight.

The contest in the other group of twenty recruits had already been concluded. A young Oneida Indian, known as Guyanoga, attached to the Riflemen as guide or scout, had won easily on the first round with a score one point higher than mine.

From every direction the men came thronging about us, eager to see the conclusion of the contest. Interest ran high because of the novelty of the situation, for it was very unusual for an Indian to excel in marksmanship; and, although we two had surpassed many of our comrades in skill, we were among the very youngest members of the rifle corps. The sympathy of the spectators seemed on the whole to be with me. "Don't let the redskin beat you; don't disgrace your white blood," they shouted on all sides.

Much to the dissatisfaction of the excited crowd, however, Lieutenant Boyd interfered to postpone the final contest until afternoon. He said that Major Parr, on account of a conference with Colonel Gansevoort, had missed the shooting that had already taken place. He thought it best, therefore, to postpone the conclusion of the contest until the Major could be present. The men ceased to grumble on receiving this announcement. They had great affection for their commander; and they knew that there was nothing in the world that pleased the Major more than to applaud a good shot.

In the time that intervened before the contest was called in the afternoon, several of the Riflemen stopped to speak to me. I observed that there was a material

change in their manner. My skill in shooting was evidently opening the way to a share in their fellowship and respect. Had not conversation with the men kept me from thinking about the approaching competition, I believe I should have become too nervous to shoot. As it was, I felt that I lacked control of my muscles, when an hour or so after dinner Lieutenant Boyd came to our hut and told me that the target was set up and everything ready.

Before the officers' tents a great crowd had gathered. Not only were the Riflemen there, but a hundred or more soldiers had come from Colonel Gansevort's regiment. I saw Colonel Gansevort himself and Major Parr seated at the entrance of the Major's tent apparently expecting to be present at the shooting. As I approached the target, members of the two contesting groups swarmed about Guyanoga and me, cheering us and urging us not to shoot in haste but to take time to do our best.

Lieutenant Boyd tossed a coin and directed Guyanoga to shoot first. The Oneida came forward gracefully and easily. It was a pretty sight to see him raise his rifle, his slim figure standing motionless and erect in neat brown uniform with furlowes hanging from the elbow. He fired quickly and hit the edge of the bull's-eye. Guyanoga's side sent up a great cheer. The shouting died down as I stepped to the line; and again I heard some one conjure me not to be beaten by a red-skin. As I took aim, the crowd became silent; but my rifle seemed to wave to and fro and I could not hold it on the mark. Nevertheless I shot and scored nine.

While a feeble cheer ran over the assembly, the Oneida came to his place, as before with unmoved coun-

tenance. Again he fired easily and quickly and struck close to his other shot but outside the bull's-eye, making his score nineteen.

As I took my position, my glance met Major Parr's for he had crowded into the front line of spectators in order to get a better view of the target. His face was grave and I thought he feared I would disgrace him. I also thought of what Mary would think if I permitted this Indian to beat me. I suddenly made a supreme effort and held my arms as still as if my muscles were iron; and hit in the very center of the bull's-eye. The Major made no attempt to hide his delight but waved his hat and huzzaed with the rest.

A third time the unmoved Indian lad quickly stepped forward and with the greatest ease and poise raised his rifle to the target. He held his aim for one brief instant longer than before, but struck in the inner ring, giving him a final score of twenty-eight.

"Another bull's-eye and you're safe," shouted the crowd sympathetically as I took my position for the last shot. My success in the morning had won most of the spectators to my side; and the derogatory epithets with which they had greeted my first appearance were now lacking.

As I raised my rifle every eye was upon me. The silence was oppressive. When I held my breath, it seemed as if no one in the entire assemblage breathed. With most of my nerves taut as the strings of a violin, but some out of control, I glanced along the barrel of my rifle. The sight swung wildly. I had no power to hold it still. The strain of my second shot seemed to have taken all my strength.

I decided that I had no chance of making a bull's-eye

unless I shot at the exact instant that the wavering sight crossed the center. I dropped the sight below the bull's-eye and attempted to raise it slowly and steadily—after the manner experience had taught me was best when my muscles were shaking with excitement—planning to fire the instant the sight passed the line of the inner circle, but I found I lacked even the power to lift the barrel steadily. As I began to raise the sight it still swept here and there in disconcerting diagonals.

I gasped and drew a new breath, and heard a nervous sighing run over the crowd of spectators; and some one mumbled, 'He can never hit it now.' In desperation I pointed the rifle as nearly as I could at the bull's-eye, letting the sight travel where it would but determining to pull the trigger the first time it seemed to pass over the center.

The crack of my rifle resounded; and I drew my breath with a great surge, and dared not lift my eyes. For an instant there was silence; and then an overwhelming cheer swept over the crowd; and I knew that I had won. The scorers reported that I had sent a bullet clearly within the circle of the bull's-eye, thereby winning the contest with a score of twenty-nine.

While the Riflemen crowded around me, Major Parr congratulated Guyanoga on his manner of shooting and the excellent score he had made in the two contests. After a few moments of conversation he brought the Oneida to me, suggesting that we seek every occasion to shoot together. He said we were so nearly matched that we would be able to help each other. We had already accomplished so much for our age (for Guyanoga was also but seventeen) that if we continued to practise diligently we might hope to become known throughout

the army as sharpshooters. Guyanoga's features scarcely showed a smile but a telltale sparkle in his eye revealed the pleasure he felt in his commander's commendation. "Two bull's-eye good shoot," he said, congratulating me after his Indian fashion.

Immediately following the conclusion of the contest, Major Parr gave orders to bring the Riflemen to parade. After a brief drill we were informed that we were to start early the next morning for the lower end of Otsego lake on scouting duty. There were reports that the enemy were collecting at the outlet of the lake preparatory to attacking us when we started our boats down the Susquehanna. The men greeted the announcement with cheers, for there had been no little dissatisfaction over the exhausting toil required of us in forcing the batteaus up the Mohawk. The Riflemen did not consider such work a part of their duties although they were willing to risk their lives in the hottest skirmish without a murmur.

The next day to our surprise, General Clinton and two of his aids came on horseback and accompanied us on our march to the lake. To keep the General company, Major Jimmy was also mounted, which the men said was a very unusual sight. All the way to Springfield the wretched road was filled with wagons, either moving or stalled, which had left Canajoharie the previous day loaded with supplies or with great unwieldy batteaus. In the evening after a hard march, we camped at the upper end of the lake which we found to be a beautiful body of water eight miles long.

The following morning in company with Colonel Alden's regiment which had been stationed at Cherry Valley since the Massacre and the death of its com-

mander, we marched to the source of the Susquehanna river at the lower end of the lake. There to General Clinton's surprise he found that on account of the dry weather the outlet carried scarcely a trickle of water and was utterly impassable for boats. One hundred of the Riflemen under Lieutenant Boyd were sent down the valley to see if they could find any traces of the enemy and to learn how far it would be necessary to transport the boats before the stream became again navigable. I was detailed as one of the guards at General Clinton's tent.

During the afternoon General Clinton and Major Parr viewed the outlet; and General Clinton, who was an engineer by profession, hit upon the plan of constructing a dam at the lower end of the lake to store a head of water to be used when we attempted to navigate the stream below. Colonel Alden's regiment was immediately put to work to roll in rocks and bring stumps and earth from the adjacent hillsides to make a foundation for the dam.

Following the completion of the dam, there came many days of delay. For me the monotony was broken by the receipt of two letters from home. One was from Jerie, a glowing passionate letter full of plans for my return. I read it again and again as an antidote for homesickness and then laid it away in the secret pocket in the lining of my bullet pouch where I had hidden my two guineas.

On one or two occasions a detachment of the Riflemen had had a skirmish with the enemy; but the savages were seldom seen and never approached in considerable numbers. Major Parr kept me close in camp and rarely let me go with a scouting party. He said that

my principal duty on this expedition was to observe. In the next campaign I might expect to take a more active part. I would have complained had not complaint and dissatisfaction been the current talk everywhere. The men's blood had boiled as they had heard from Colonel Alden's regiment how at Cherry Valley the Tories and Indians had with the point of the bayonet tossed the infant from the cradle before butchering the father and mother. They were eager to get at the enemy and avenge the outrages; but the slow weeks crept by and nothing was done but drag logs and stones from the bed of a dry watercourse and scatter an unending line of great lumbering batteaus loaded with supplies along a channel that it did not seem possible could ever carry water enough to float them.

While we waited, some of the disheartened soldiers spread a rumor that Sullivan's forces had already reached Tioga Point and had gone up the left branch of the Susquehanna without us and were now following the western tributaries to the fastnesses of the Tories and Indians at Kanadasaga. Further progress on our part would therefore be without avail, for no one would be at Tioga Point to meet us. Others, touched by the frenzy that comes to men in the forest, whispered the opinion that Sullivan had never left Wyoming, and would never attempt to pass through the wilds of Pennsylvania. Our officers were leading the men away from home and friends to certain oblivion in the wilderness.

With painful slowness the water crept up the face of the dam. Even the help of one or two welcome showers had not availed to raise the surface more than eighteen or twenty inches above the former level of the lake. At this time a Tory spy attempted to take ad-

vantage of the increasing dissatisfaction and discouragement of the men and induce some of the irresolute to turn back. The deserters were quickly captured. All regiments were drawn up on grand parade, and the Tory was shot in the presence of the entire army. Those who grumbled were accordingly silenced, if not convinced.

At last came a heavy rain, and the lake rose eight inches. On Sunday, August eighth, the regiment chaplain preached a sermon on "Being ready to depart on the morrow"; and sure enough at the close of the services General Clinton announced that the army would get under motion the next morning at sunrise. That evening a board was removed from the sluiceway of the dam; and the water of the lake began again to rush down the channel of the infant Susquehanna. At sunrise an additional supply of water was turned into the stream; and as soon as all the boats were found to be floating freely, the entire head of water was released.

I was one of three men assigned to a batteau. Although supposed to act solely as guard, I had taken the precaution to secure an additional pike-pole. It was not long before I was glad that I had done this; for we were passing along a narrow defile when the full force of the water reached us. The on-coming crest of the flood struck our batteau which was loaded with heavy freight and shifted its cargo. Thereafter the unwieldy craft reared and plunged on the foaming stream like a canoe passing through rapids. For the next mile we had an exciting struggle; and it was all that the three of us could do to keep the boat from capsizing. At last, on reaching a swamp where the stream overflowed its banks, we were able to bring the

batteau under control and tie it to a tree while we re-packed the cargo. Boat after boat went by while we worked; but soon after resuming our journey we passed the mouth of a large brook and the river became wider and deeper; and we were relieved both of the fear of being upset by the rushing flood and of grounding on hidden shallows. Only two boats out of more than two hundred that we had launched were overturned in descending the river.

After the second day I no longer acted as guard on a batteau, but marched with the Riflemen in advance of the army. In the course of a week a runner brought word that General Poor had been sent from Tioga Point to meet us. A day or two later at evening we were thrilled by the sound of a sunset gun. Some of the soldiers even shed tears. Nine weeks of wandering in the forest had made even the best of us fear that the plans made for the expedition would never be realized and that the Susquehanna would never lead us to a junction with our friends.

The next day we were greeted by General Poor and a thousand soldiers who had marched up the river from Wyoming. A day or two later we crossed the ford near Tioga Point and were welcomed to General Sullivan's camp with cannon booming, banners flying, and a thrilling march from Proctor's band of one hundred and thirteen fifiers and drummers. I was surprised to find huts and tents extending as far as the eye could see. It seemed as if we had left the forest and were entering a friendly city. My fears vanished quickly. No force that Tories and Indians could gather, I felt sure, could successfully oppose the progress of this great army.

CHAPTER VI

THE combined armies assembled at Tioga Point now consisted of more than five thousand men. The equipment was carried by twelve hundred horses and a great fleet of boats. After a rest of a day or two, we began our march up the left fork of the river, thereafter known as the Chemung. On the morning of August 29, 1779, a scouting-party led by Lieutenant Boyd reported that Butler's Rangers and other regiments of Tories and a great horde of Indians under the command of Brant, the half-breed who was responsible for the butchery at Wyoming and Cherry Valley, were ranged in a long line of low redoubts thrown up at right angles to the river and extending over a hill to the top of an adjacent mountain.

After the officers had held a council Major Parr stepped before the Riflemen and said that in the battle which was to take place we should waste no lead on Indians as long as Tories were in sight. As regarded Brant, it was different. A reward of ten guineas and promotion would be given to any one who could bring him down. There would probably be an opportunity to get in a shot, for Indians were not accustomed to advance unless their commanders were in the first line. In this battle the Riflemen were to act the part of sharpshooters and were to advance every man for himself, but were to give the most strict heed and obedience to certain directions.

First, under no circumstances were we to fire until the artillery sent its shot over our heads as the general signal for advance.

Secondly, we were to proceed through the woods directly toward the redoubts but extremely cautiously and slowly, for the artillery would not give the signal until General Clinton's and General Poor's brigades had had time to take position preparatory to outflanking the enemy by advancing on our right.

Thirdly, we must not advance nearer than three hundred yards from the enemy's line until the artillery began to fire.

The main body of musketry would advance on our left and would follow us and support our rear.

Trying to appear very unconcerned when we broke ranks, I walked leisurely to the brook that lay between us and the mountain and crossed where the alders were thickest. I tried to restrain the wild beating of my heart, for I had determined that no boy's excitement would keep me from winning promotion and bringing honor to the Riflemen, if I could but catch the merest glimpse of one of the decorations on Brant's breast.

At first it was difficult to proceed slowly for I saw Guyanoga and some of my comrades ahead of me on the precipitous slope; but as we proceeded in utter silence, Guyanoga drifted to the right, one went to the left, another climbed a tree, and at last I found myself alone. All I could hear was the distant shouts of our teamsters on the flats and once the sound of some one far up the hill driving a stake with a muffled beetle.

I crept on and came to a little gully where a water-course descended. It seemed to offer easy progress upward; but on second thought, fearing possible ambush,

I turned to the left and kept to higher ground, trusting to clumps of laurel to cover me.

Suddenly I saw a sight that quickly ended my self-control. A tall man, rifle in hand, came creeping over the brow of the hill, as silently as forest shadows, and entered the gully. It was not Brant but Wyatt! His red hair had grown long since I saw him in Stone's dell. My hands shook so I could not have shot him if all the artillery in the army had burst forth to give me a signal. I kept in cover, and to calm myself again and again drew a bead on the Tory's eye or ear. I thought it time for the artillery to open, but all was still silent.

Over my rifle sight I saw Wyatt turn backward and remove a twig that had crackled slightly. He evidently was planning to return by the same route. I would be ready. There was a stone on which I could rest my rifle and be doubly sure. But if there should be a general alarm when the signal was given and he should run? I should still be ready. I had become calm and felt that he could not escape me.

Proceeding very slowly, he had gone almost out of my sight down the watercourse before the artillery opened. With the first shot Wyatt turned to retrace his steps. I waited with my rifle resting on the stone and pointed where he must pass. At last I saw his head over the sight; but just as I had settled my aim, a cursed cannon ball plunged into the bank between him and me, covering my face and eyes with dirt and almost knocking the rifle from my hands. I leaped to my feet, but was too blind to fire better than point blank. I could scarcely see to pursue him. While I cleared my eyes he ran and escaped over the top of the hill. I re-

membered that he had looked back as I had risen, but whether he had recognized me or not, I did not know.

By running forward as fast as I could, I attempted to keep down my disappointment and rage. My comrades had most of them advanced to within three hundred yards of the enemy's line and when the artillery began had left me in the rear. When I reached the redoubts, a company of our infantry was in possession. I went on and finally overtook Guyanoga and others of my companions who were pursuing the enemy but was myself unable to obtain a shot.

During the next two or three days we followed the disorganized foe through a gloomy morass to Catherine's Town. There had been frequent rains and our progress was painfully slow and we were unable to overtake our opponents. We had to content ourselves with burning their towns and destroying their growing crops. Between Cayuga and Seneca lakes our rations grew short, and had it not been for the beans, squashes, melons, peaches, and green corn that the land afforded in wonderful abundance, we would have endured great hardship.

The country was the richest and most beautiful I ever saw. Lakes, blue as turquoise, lay in deep valleys. Here and there in the forest could be seen Indian clearings in which were apple orchards loaded with green fruit or fields of corn or other vegetables. The men jokingly said that the land was so rich that three pounds of soil would produce two pounds of hog fat. They predicted that the Lake Country would one day become the most prosperous agricultural region in the entire territory of the United States.

The army continued its progress leisurely and the enemy was seldom seen even by the scouts. Everywhere we found their deserted camps; Kanadasaga, the famous stronghold of the Tories, was utterly abandoned. At the head of Conesus lake, however, it was reported that the foe were making a stand in an Indian town near the Genessee river. Late in the evening of September 12, Major Parr asked Lieutenant Boyd to take a few volunteers and reconnoiter.

At the time that the Riflemen were called to attention to permit the soliciting of volunteers, I happened to be talking with Guyanoga. Since our contest in marksmanship, he and I had often been thrown together and a sort of boyish friendship had sprung up between us. As we listened to Lieutenant Boyd's announcement, Guyanoga glanced at me, and impulsively we stepped forward together. We, and twenty-six others, were accepted before the list closed.

When Major Parr heard that I was one of those perparing to go with the scouting party he sent for me and said sternly that in volunteering for this service I had not respected his suggestions concerning my field of action in this campaign. I admitted my fault but pleaded that hitherto I had faithfully discharged every assignment and, without a glimpse of the enemy except at the Battle of Newtown, had marched with the army hundreds of miles. I begged him almost on my knees not to deprive me of this chance. His face grew dark; but he said nothing to cool my enthusiasm. Yielding unwillingly to my entreaty, he let me go.

At about eleven o'clock, in the light of a dim moon, we forded the inlet of the lake and, as well as we could, followed the Indian trail up the western hillside. On

the left and the right of our route lay deep ravines. Not being able to use light of any kind we proceeded in single file behind Hanyerry and Guyanoga, our Indian guides. We progressed at the rate of about a mile an hour and came a little after daylight to the outskirts of an abandoned town where we met four Indians on horseback. On Lieutenant Boyd's signal we fired, killing one; the rest escaped. Considering these horsemen as the advance guard of the enemy, we began, according to Major Parr's orders, to retrace our steps.

Two of the most active of our men were sent back to Major Parr to report what we had discovered. The rest of us, examining the woods carefully on each side the trail, had gone but two or three miles when the two men returned to us reporting that the woods between us and our army were filled with Indians and Tories. Our position appeared to be precarious, but Boyd nevertheless was provoked that one at least of the men had not made a greater effort to take the news to Major Parr.

I asked leave to attempt to carry the message and was permitted to go. I turned to the north, thinking that the enemy would remain on the declivities that commanded the trail. As I did not wish to delay my message by advancing a foot further from a direct route than was necessary, I crept around the brow of a hill and climbed a tall tree that promised an outlook. From its top I could see Conesus lake on the left of the steep hillside. A little to the right in the marsh about the inlet we had crossed the night before, I caught the gleam of bayonets. The army was evidently on its way.

At first my heart leaped for joy; but on second

thought I reflected that Major Parr's forces might fall into ambuscade for lack of my message. I looked carefully here and there but could see no sign of the enemy. I had concluded that they had retreated as hitherto at the approach of our troops when I happened to glance into a ravine which had its source at my very feet and cut into the hillside below me along the north border of the trail. It was filled with troops that seemed to be principally Tories. They were lying in wait for our army which was about to ascend the hill.

I hesitated as to the course I ought to follow. If I made a detour to the north, my information might arrive too late to be of service. To follow the trail, of course, was impracticable. If I went southward I might find a shorter route and could ascertain whether the southerly ravine was also filled with troops. If unoccupied, it would afford me excellent cover for return to the army.

I descended cautiously from the tree and turning southward darted rapidly from cover to cover and soon came to the trail and crossed apparently unobserved. I had turned into a marshy hollow overgrown with shrubs which I thought would lead me with the least crackling of brush or leaves into the ravine that I sought, when I heard a spirited discharge of muskets and rifles far up the hill. The enemy had evidently discovered Boyd and his party. I dashed forward but checked myself just in time. Out of the ravine I was seeking, a long line of hideously painted savages issued silently and hastened up the hill in the direction of the firing.

I was surrounded on every side by savages and Tories. It seemed the safest plan to lie quietly where I was,

hoping to escape observation, until the army climbed the hill and was attacked. At the time that the attacking force had begun to give way, I might perhaps pick off an officer or two and so add to the enemy's confusion and be almost of as much service as if I had delivered Boyd's message. But that first volley from the ambuscade—if I failed to give the warning—might take a score of lives.

As the enemy knew we marched with a wide front with flanking parties on the left and right, the trail itself might be the least guarded. The sentries there certainly had orders to dispose of stragglers before the fight began without shooting or causing a general alarm. Accordingly I rose from my hiding-place determined to follow the trail and try to cope with any one I met by speed and agility and the use of my hunting knife; but if the necessity arose, I would use my rifle freely, for it would serve to give our advance guard a hint of danger even if it did bring on me the fire of the whole horde. I loosened my coat and knapsack so that I could drop them quickly if there was need.

Shod in leather buskins I ran down the well-worn trail with scarcely a sound. I had covered forty rods and could not have been more than a fourth of a mile from our outposts when I saw an Indian. He leaped into the center of the trail and stood in stooping posture, his tomahawk in his right hand and a rifle that evidently he did not intend to use in his left. He made no sound, but kept his eyes fixed on me with a glassy sullen gaze. I laid down my coat and knapsack and saw that my knife was placed properly in my belt; then clubbing my rifle, I rushed toward him, darting at the last moment to his left around a stump. He was as

quick as a panther and followed me wherever I turned; but finally I passed him and darted down the trail. He hesitated, but did not follow; instead he stooped and picked up my coat and knapsack. I laughed. Since I could now warn the army, he was welcome to the plunder—even to my two golden guineas. Then I thought of Jerie's letter, and forgot everything else including the safety of the army and myself. "Stop," I shouted. "Stop, or I'll kill you!" he ran like a deer but I saw the dull gleam of my rifle sight against his broad back; and then he plunged headlong into the bushes. Before my rifle was loaded, Indians appeared from every side. I turned to run, but in vain. Everywhere I looked the way was blocked.

They bound my hands behind my back; and I was placed in the charge of two young Senecas who led me up the hill and on through the town that we had seen in the early morning, and down in the direction of the Genessee river. After a long march they tied me in the late afternoon to a sapling in the center of an inhabited Indian town. A little later Guyanoga was brought in a prisoner and was bound to a sapling near me. Throughout the town there was continual excitement and commotion among the Indians. Squaws and children came to look at us and struck us with sticks until our faces streamed with blood. I supposed we were the center of attraction, but suddenly even our guard left us; and Guyanoga, who understood the Seneca language, told me that the noisy discussion was due to a difference of opinion about continuing the war. The Chippewa allies were on the point of deserting and the Seneca women had urged the warriors to sue for peace at once. Our guard returned; and we were

visited by group after group of warriors some of whom were sullen and some merry, but none of them molested us.

At last came the great chief who made the village his home. "Little Beard!" Guyanoga whispered. I had heard from the Riflemen of the cruelties that had been perpetrated by this notorious savage and my heart sank within me. His features were coarse and brutal; and his eyes had the most evil look I have ever seen in human face. He was conversing with one or two other chiefs in language that I supposed Guyanoga understood. From studying the expression in Guyanoga's face I was trying to guess what Little Beard was saying when suddenly I was startled to hear the chief himself address me in excellent English. After obtaining my name and age, he inquired with a smile whether I was able to endure torture.

"I do not know," I answered.

He gazed at me a moment with his dull eyes as if he expected me to say more; and then passed on to Guyanoga with whom he talked for some minutes in an Indian tongue.

When Little Beard had left us and our guard had momentarily departed to get his share of the grog which it was reported Butler was dealing out, I asked Guyanoga whether the Indians would torture us.

"Not until to-morrow. Little Beard say to-night he fasten Boyd's intestines to tree and drive him round."

Guyanoga spoke no more and his face became void of expression. For an hour I was left to my own thoughts and the contemplation of death in all its dark horrors.

The commotion increased about sunset. At times the

crowd seemed far away; but once with shouting and yells a rout of warriors, squaws, and children, rushed by at a distance of only a few yards dragging the naked, ghastly, but living form, of Boyd by a rope attached to the waist.

CHAPTER VII

SOON after darkness fell four Chippewa Indians approached us and cut the withes that held us to the saplings and marched us to the outskirts of the village and permitted us to drink from a brook and wash the wounds in our faces which had become painful and aching. When we had eaten all the beans cooked with deer's meat that we cared for, we were placed with bound arms in a brush shelter and were allowed to lie down. My weariness and exhaustion was such that in spite of dreadful anticipations as to what would happen on the coming day, I fell asleep and knew no more until the next morning.

We were awakened by the Chippewas at daybreak. They gave us food and water, and with our arms still bound led us out on the western trail to the ford across the Genessee. My courage began to return, for it seemed that our lives were to be spared for the present and I hoped that we were being taken to Fort Niagara as prisoners of war.

So we journeyed on for hours. Our masters treated us neither with kindness nor cruelty. They shared their food equally with us and except for the greater burdens we were compelled to bear, our physical comfort was equal to theirs.

The third day we crossed the Niagara river into Canada without going to Fort Niagara. Our captors then relaxed some of their sternness and became more

communicative. They told us that only three or four of Boyd's party escaped. Four prisoners had been taken and delivered by the Tories to Little Beard who had put Lieutenants Boyd and Parker to death by torture and given Guyanoga and me to his Chippewa allies as their share of the booty. The Chippewas were planning to take us to one of their villages in Upper Canada.

About the first of October we came to a Huron village where our captors purchased new equipment for themselves and me. They gave me a blanket, new moccasins, and a buckskin jacket of which I was in dire need. When next we started out Guyanoga was not with us. The pangs I suffered at that discovery were harder to bear even than the fear of death on the day of my capture. I had not realized how much I had relied on him. Since my masters knew no English, Guyanoga had acted as interpreter between us; but far more important than that had been the comfort and solace I had obtained from his companionship. From boyhood he had associated with white people and knew their habits and ways and could talk with me about the army and the things that make up a white man's life.

Scarcely able to converse with my captors, since I had learned only a few of the commonest of their terms, I dragged along hopelessly mile after weary mile. In the middle of October our party reached its destination and were welcomed by squaws, children, and warriors. I was made a member of the household of one of my travelling companions and was freed of all restraints.

To make myself agreeable to my captors, I repaired guns. Indians came from near and far to take advan-

tage of my skill. I thought myself the source of considerable profit to my master; but one day a Huron chief from the far North became pleased with my craftsmanship and bought me from my captors and took me with him into the wilderness whither his tribesmen had gone for furs. In that distant region I found the country sealed in snow and ice. There were no trails, no rivers, no lakes, scarcely any shrubs or bushes, only the unending expanse of snow and the black snow-laden forest, with silence everywhere unbroken.

We hunted beaver, porcupines, moose, and caribou. We seldom stayed more than a day in a place but were always pressing onward. Every morning the long file of warriors, squaws, and children, each carrying its burden or drawing a sleigh, made its way out of camp. We carried with us all we owned—kettles, axes, weapons, provisions such as dried flesh or grain, and cumbersome rolls of birch bark for covering wigwams. At the rear followed a pack of barkless dogs. We struggled through matted cedar swamps and crossed streams no longer visible and often not knowing when we crossed. We pushed aside the snow-laden boughs of firs and, up hill or down, on we toiled until the sinking sun cast long distorted shadows of our serpentine caravan on the powdery snow.

When our leader halted, the long line reeled itself in and burdens were cast down. The squaws and children with knives and hatchets cut poles of spruce or birch, and the men using snow-shoes for shovels cleared the snow from a space and packed it into a high wall. After the poles had been thrust into this bank of snow and tied above in a peak, the birch bark was unrolled and used as a thatch. A bear skin served as a door

and spruce boughs carpeted the interior. The construction of these huts took the company, already exhausted, at least three hours.

A fire was kindled in the center of the shelter and squaws with unwashed hands, indescribably dirty, kneaded dough on pieces of bark and cooked the cakes over the coals. When we had meat, it was cut up without regard for hair or entrails, and pieces that were not fully divided or appeared to be tough were chewed before they were put into the pot. When we had eaten our food, we were supposed to sleep—men, women, children, and dogs all huddled together, and all trying to avoid at one side the icy blasts that poured in at every crevice and the burning heat at the other. When it snowed, or the wind was wrong, the smoke was so terrible that all inmates were forced to lie flat on their faces sucking air through the spruce boughs. Throat and eyes felt as if on fire. The stench of unwashed savages treading always in dung was intolerable; and the discomfort of freezing at one extremity or burning at the other and lack of space caused one to squat or crouch after the manner of savages.

When spring came and we went southward to sell our furs, I determined to escape; but my purpose was guessed and I was closely guarded until we returned to the North. The second summer I eluded my masters, but had travelled only a few days when I was captured by another tribe and was taken northeastward into the uncharted wilderness.

My new captors maintained a permanent village and sent only a few of their warriors to the trading-post when they wished to sell furs. I remained a number of years with them for it seemed impossible to make a

journey of hundreds of miles through an unknown wilderness without proper weapons and almost without clothes. At last, preferring death to a longer sojourn among savages. I decided to begin the journey, and go as far as I was able.

In early summer I entered the forest heading southward. What torments I suffered from lacerated feet, bites of innumerable insects, burning sun, hunger, and cold, few civilized men can understand. I lived on vile food—serpents, floating fish, the scrapings of skeletons, grubs; and, failing even these, on barks and grass. I became sick but still I staggered on. Then I grew light-headed and thought I saw a table set with abundance of food, and Jerie there; but I had fallen with faintness beside the path and although I called and called again, I could not make her hear.

The rain brought back my senses, and I heard a bell. Doubtful whether what I had heard was still a vision, I crept along the path I had been following and came to a chapel made of overlapping sheets of bark and topped with a cross. A Jesuit father met me at the door, and took me to his cabin and nursed me tenderly. Autumn came before I had regained my strength.

Jerome Le Jeune, educated at the Seminary of Ville Marie, burning with zeal and failing to obtain in a comfortable parish the satisfaction he had hoped to find in a priestly life, designed like others of his brotherhood to seek martyrdom in the wilderness, or missing that to use his life in turning the heathen to God and the Church. In mid-winter he had crossed the straits of Mackinac and in company with Indians northward bound had penetrated two hundred miles into the forest drawing a sled that carried a bell and the holy objects

of his altar. There he had built a chapel and daily for many years had sung matins and vespers, not neglecting opportunities to instruct the heathen and relieve their sufferings. Some he had baptized, others he had comforted, and many dying infants he had rescued from the flames.

During all these years he had seen but four white faces; and before I came, none that could read in any language. Warm friendship sprang up between us; mine based at first on gratitude, and his on zeal to make a convert, as well as the human craving to walk the streets of talk and at the thousand windows view the processes of another's life. He would not urge me, but his soul burned with a desire to win me to his faith. I, who so long had sought only the satisfaction of my animal necessities, found joy in the solemnities of his religion. I was thrilled with the beauty of the liturgy; and the concept of the Virgin, instinct with sweet womanly love for sinful men but divine in power and magnificence, moved me to adoration. More than once I was inclined to seek instruction for the faith. The aged father knew my mind, but did not overurge me.

One day along the path leading to the chapel there came a brutish white man, seeking food, a rough trapper, one who even in the holy father's presence would scarcely still his blasphemous oaths. He talked familiarly of the routes to Detroit, and said he had lived in the East. He asked me to join with him in hunting and trapping. In the spring, he said, we would go to one of the trading-posts and sell our furs. The proceeds would be sufficient to pay our passage down the lakes, and on eastward to Philadelphia or New York. He

wished to see his friends, for he had heard that the Colonists had won the War.

Old memories returned. Sorrowfully I said farewell to the holy father, and with my rough companion faced southward at the beginning of winter. We were successful in collecting valuable pelts, and all went as planned until my companion fell ill with smallpox in an Indian village. He quickly died. I was too anxious to return to friends and to hear about the War to tarry for furs. I followed the route the trapper had described and reached Detroit near the end of winter.

There while I waited for navigation to open, I learned for a certainty that the War for Independence had been won by the Patriots and that the Thirteen Colonies had formed a great confederation known as the United States and that General Washington had taken office as President.

CHAPTER VIII

AFTER a voyage in a sailing vessel lasting more than a week I landed at Fort Niagara and was surprised to learn at the inn that although my subsequent journey would be wholly through territory nominally belonging to the United States, I should not be able to pass through Western New York without the permission of the British commander of the Fort.

I went to headquarters and was received by Lieutenant Sheaffe who informed me courteously that if I desired a pass to Philadelphia it would be necessary to see the Governor in person. The Lieutenant regretted that the Governor's duties as commander and chief executive of Upper Canada kept him so busy that I might be required to wait some time for an interview.

Such proved to be the case. Noon came and my turn had not been reached. I started for the inn to get my dinner but was halted by the sentry at the exit of the Fort until Lieutenant Sheaffe had waved a pass from his window. I returned promptly in the afternoon and had waited in the common room for an hour or two when from restlessness I began to converse with a Frenchman who was on his way to Albany after a tour of the West. I asked this man why a pass was required to go through territory that Great Britain had acknowledged was the property of the United States.

In reply I received a sign for caution and the traveller then took a note-book from his pocket and on a leaf

slowly wrote the following words: "Governor Simcoe is a military enthusiast. He does not seem to realize that the Colonists won the War. He lives in the hope of some day marching to Baltimore or Philadelphia at the head of a British army. Where other men see a landscape suited to art or agriculture, he sees only military possibilities. Every hillock for him is a fort; every stream, an avenue of transportation. Beware how you conduct yourself, for he will seek to force you into the British service. If he says he intends to examine his rolls, he has made up his mind to impress you."

I had scarcely finished reading the writing when my adviser took the paper from me and chewed it to a pulp. Soon after he was called for his interview; but it was mid-afternoon before I was summoned.

His excellency was surprisingly gracious in his manner and asked why I wished to go East and inquired minutely about my past life. He appeared much interested in my wanderings in the North and asked many questions about the terrain and the flow and the courses of the rivers. He said that I ought to be able to profit from the knowledge I had obtained.

The Governor then rose from his seat and I thought he was about to write a pass; but he took me by the arm and led me out to the fort and showed me every detail of its construction and equipment in much the same manner he would have exhibited it to a visiting fellow officer. The respectful glances of the sentries and soldiers on duty seemed to indicate, I thought, that they appreciated the honor that was mine. When we had completed the circuit of the fort, both without and within, we returned to the office.

After the Governor had asked me to be seated he said, "Mr. Spaulding, I think I can make your knowledge and ability valuable both for you and for me. If you will enlist in my regiment, I will at once make you a sergeant; and I do not doubt that in time you can become a lieutenant; or if after meritorious service you wish to retire to civil life, I will see that you receive a generous grant of land in Canada."

I replied as diplomatically as I could that my friends were citizens of the United States, that in the late war I had fought on the American side and therefore could never think of becoming connected with any other army.

The Governor replied that the sentiment was commendable but the judgment poor. It was a mistake for any man to have any part in promoting a republican form of government. France furnished an illustration of what might be expected from such a political system. Trouble was already beginning in America. The states were quarrelling among themselves and the Confederation called the United States was fast going to pieces. I must not think the Colonists had won the late war. The treaty of 1783 was an armistice granted by Great Britain because she desired at the moment to use her forces elsewhere. The struggle would soon be renewed and the final result would be most unfortunate for all who were not fighting on the King's side.

I attempted to answer these arguments but was uncertain of the real situation and at a loss for facts since I had so recently come from the wilderness. Rather uneasily I looked behind me, for while the Governor had been speaking a door at the rear had opened

and some one had entered. As I turned, I came face to face with Wyatt.

"Your excellency," he exclaimed, "you need not urge this man to enlist. His name is already on your rolls. I last saw him at Newtown, where he deserted from Butler's Rangers."

"He lies," I replied. "I have never anywhere been connected with Tories."

"Tut, tut," said Governor Simcoe mildly. "Our records will tell. Remain in the outer office while Mr. Johnson and I examine the rolls."

Very much alarmed at the prospect of being sent back into the northern wilderness as a British soldier, I returned to the outer office looking in vain for some one who could vouch for my story; but I did not see even a friendly eye. As Lieutenant Sheaffe did not appear to be busy and as he had treated me at least courteously, I determined to appeal to him for advice, for I seemed to have no other recourse. I hastily outlined my story and asked him what I could do.

"If I were in your place," he replied in cautious tones, "I would waste no time in getting into the woods."

"But the sentry? Will you wave a pass from the window?"

"Not I," he answered, beginning to finger the pages of one of his account books. "The sentry saw you walking with the Governor as if you were his long lost friend. I am very busy."

Needing no further hint, I walked rapidly to the gateway. The sentry saluted and asked for my pass.

"I have no pass," I answered harshly. "You just

saw me walking with the Governor. If you wish to know my business, go to him." I pushed forward. The sentry hesitated, and I was soon out of sight around the corner of the Fort.

Without returning to the inn for the few articles of apparel I had left there, I took the Kanadasaga trail. After proceeding half a mile, I left the beaten track and entered the forest and used all the Indian tactics I had learned in making speed eastward and in covering my tracks. I had eaten so heartily at noon that I did not stop for food but kept on until darkness made further progress impossible. Then I slept in a nest of hemlock boughs and dried fern and did not suffer although the night was cold and I had no blanket. Life out doors at all seasons had made me insensible to slight changes in temperature.

When it was light enough to see, I went on and at the first stream ran a trout under the bank. I cooked it over a fire kindled with the flash of my pistol. Along this stream a slight path ran northward, which I guessed must join the Kanadasaga trail. I gained the trail within a mile and found by examination in wet soil that no one had traversed it during the night.

With little apprehension I fell into a rapid stride eastward. I thought that now they would be good men, whether white or red, who sent from Fort Niagara, could catch me. The time they would lose in searching for my trail gave me a lead that no one except a naked runner could hope to overcome. The route was hardly practicable for horsemen and the sound of hoofs would give ample alarm to permit me to escape from a mounted party into the forest.

During the afternoon I came to a trapper's cabin

and was able to purchase a wallet of dried deer's meat. I could have obtained an old rifle but thought it best to rely on my knife and pistols and travel light. The trapper told me that thirty miles to the east I would come upon the head waters of the Canisteo river where, since the spring freshets were on, I could descend easily and swiftly to Fort Tioga, if I could buy a canoe.

This plan I was able to carry out. In mid-afternoon of the third day from Fort Niagara I came to the place where the Indians launch their canoes. There I found a solitary Indian with whom I conversed in the Seneca language. His sullen and disagreeable manner as well as his eagerness to examine my weapons and peer into my purse, caused me some apprehension. Nevertheless after much talk I was able to purchase at an outrageous price an old canoe that I doubt whether he owned.

Before I embarked I placed my powder in my cap, hoping for a chance of its remaining dry should I capsize. The obstructions to navigation, however, both in the Canisteo and the Chemung, proved to be surprisingly few. Although at times I shot forward on the crest of the flood like an arrow, I met with no accident; and about noon of the fourth day from Niagara I came to familiar ground. On my left I saw the hog-back and mountain that were the scene of the Battle of Newtown. An hour later I experienced a thrill such as I have known on few occasions in my life. Over the low cedars at a bend in the river, I saw the Stars and Stripes floating above Fort Tioga.

My coming and the story I told was a refreshing novelty in the dull life of the garrison. The description of Simcoe's character given me by the trader in Niagara was confirmed in every detail by the Command-

ant. He said that when the treaty of 1783 was signed the Federal Government had agreed to recompense British subjects and Loyalists for property in the Colonies destroyed or confiscated during the Revolution. This agreement the individual states had failed to respect; and Great Britain in retaliation had not carried out her obligation to surrender the frontier forts at Oswego, Niagara, and Detroit.

A few weeks before my arrival, a letter had come from Simcoe in which he warned the Commandant against sending soldiers into the territory north and west of Fort Tioga. The Governor had said that "until the existing differences respecting the treaty of peace had been finally adjusted, the taking possession of any part of the Indian territory either for purposes of war or sovereignty would be held to be a direct violation of his Britannic majesty's rights."

Simcoe evidently was attempting so to manipulate the situation as to involve the two countries in war. He continually incited the Indians against the white settlers and had more than once impressed American citizens into the British army on the pretense that they were deserters from his regiment. The officers at Fort Tioga would have welcomed an open clash with him but they had been warned by President Washington to take every possible means to avoid the breaking out of hostilities.

After dinner on the evening that I arrived, I was giving a second and more minute account of my adventures and chanced to mention the name of my Oneida companion who was captured with me at Conesus. The Commandant and his fellow officers glanced

significantly at one another and a moment later an orderly entered bringing in Guyanoga.

He seemed like an old friend, for his was the first familiar face (except Wyatt's) that I had seen since my return from captivity. The Commandant made him sit with us at the table and take a glass of liquor. When his Indian reserve was dispelled and his tongue loosened, he told us in tolerable English of how only a month after his capture he escaped from the Chipewewa village where I last saw him and made his way back to Fort Tioga. He had been attached to the Fort ever since in an irregular capacity as scout and runner.

When I was ready to continue my journey after a rest of a day or two, I found that Guyanoga had substituted a strong new canoe for my old craft and the Commandant had issued me an army rifle, for he said that the Indians were growing quarrelsome and were attempting to pick trouble with the whites. While he did not think I would be molested, he thought it best that I travel properly armed. With full information concerning the falls and rapids and how best to circumvent them, I said farewell to Guyanoga and my new friends, and continued my journey. Without seeing any Indians or meeting with accident, I descended the Susquehanna to Harrisburg. There I crossed by horse and stage to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IX

ON the first day of April a little before noon I entered the outskirts of the Quaker city and peered through the dusty windows of the stage-coach eager to recognize some of the houses and shops that had been familiar to me when I had attended the Academy. I was surprised at how much they had changed, or at how much I had forgotten. At Liberty Tree Inn the stage stopped to drop a passenger and I also got out preferring to walk. I turned into High street and had gone only as far as Third when I came to the old bake shop where we boys used to buy the best doughnuts in the city, fresh fried every morning at eleven. There the old fat proprietor stood in front just as formerly, looking not a day older, I thought, than when we Academy boys came to buy his cakes and torment him. I wondered whether he would recognize me. He did not speak but stared curiously at my rifle and backwoodsman's garments.

I thought then that it might be well to use the remaining money in my purse to secure a more conventional costume before presenting myself at Uncle Robert's, but there came into my mind the recollection of one of my boyish pranks at the time I attended the Academy and in a spirit of fun I decided to go as I was.

I went to the old brick house in Front Street below Dock where I had lived while attending the Academy.

On inquiring for Uncle Robert I was informed that the family for some years had resided in High street above Fifth. Accordingly I turned back and went again up town and at the location given found an attractive dwelling larger than the house on Front street. The tops of shrubbery and ornamental trees showing above a high brick wall indicated ample grounds shut from view of the street. A servant in livery came to the door; and, in spite of my grotesque appearance, ushered me into a parlor furnished with heavy mahogany furniture superbly polished.

Uncle Robert soon responded to my call with rapid step and determined manner. At first he did not take my extended hand but sternly touched my shoulder and turned me toward the light. "By God," he exclaimed, "this is no April fool joke. You are really John Spaulding."

"Yes, Uncle, I am really John," I replied. "I have escaped from captivity among the Indians."

He threw his arm around me and said playfully, "What do you mean by appearing here? Don't you know you are legally dead—killed by the Indians—and your estate settled?"

"I was carried captive beyond the lakes into the northern wilderness."

"What will Mary say? Let me write to her mother this evening. Your Uncle Obadiah died soon after you left, but Rhoda and Mary live at the old place."

"And are well?"

"Yes, I was there just before I left New York. Amos Heffdot looks after them and is most faithful."

"I suppose—you didn't hear anything about the neighbors? That Quaker family, the Wilkinsons that

lived over the ridge, I don't suppose you know what became of them?"

"I never heard of them. Mary has regularly received the income of your estate, but she has insisted that it be kept intact. Every item in our accounts is listed, 'Estate of John Spaulding.' I don't know how you'll ever get it back," laughed Uncle Robert, "unless you marry Mary."

Uncle Robert then told me that I was fortunate to find him in Philadelphia. He had been elected senator from Pennsylvania; and Congress was at that time in session in New York, where the Federal capital was temporarily located. By a lucky chance he and Aunt Molly had returned for a week to direct the preparation of the houses for summer.

That afternoon it seemed very pleasant indeed to sit at Uncle Robert's table, dressed again in gentleman's clothes, and amid the shine of candles and silver to see Aunt Molly preside over a white cloth. She was clad (perhaps in my honor) in a gorgeous dress and was well powdered. Her hair had grown gray but she was not a whit less attractive and entertaining than when I, as a school boy, had seen her at The Hills pouring tea for a gay company, herself the center of wit and beauty. Her brother, Bishop White, was with us at dinner, and as of old showed his joy in the good things of earth by eating his mince pie buttered and drinking several glasses of Uncle Robert's old Madeira. They were eager to have me talk of my experiences; but I had so long been deprived of the comforts of the East that I would have preferred to sit in luxurious ease and hear Uncle, Aunt, and the good Bishop speak of their own lives and the affairs of the new Government.

Uncle Robert was especially interested in my description of the Genessee country; and, late in the evening when we were left alone, he informed me that he had undertaken to assist in colonizing that region. Both President Washington and he believed that the nation that first settled Western New York would eventually control it. The English intended to hold the forts about Lake Ontario until matters in controversy with the United States were settled. Peace had been made in 1783 not because the British were won over to the idea of American independence, but because the British army on account of complications in Europe were in straits. They had purposely left the terms of peace ill-defined because they did not wish to accept the decision as permanent. The advisers of the King did not believe it possible that a popular government could end otherwise than in failure; and they hoped that the Colonies would be soon begging to be taken back into the Empire. In no respect were they reconciled to the loss of the Colonies. Now that peace was coming to Europe and the British were again in military condition to assert the King's right to rule America, the entire war would have to be fought over again, unless matters were managed diplomatically. It was necessary to proceed cautiously until the Federal Government could find means to compel the individual states to satisfy the claims of Loyalists and perform the other duties assumed by the United States in the Treaty of 1783. Peaceful occupation seemed at the present time to offer the only means for saving Western New York for the United States.

In accordance with this view Uncle Robert had been sending immigrants to the Finger Lake region. Among

others he had recently induced a religious zealot who happened to be a person of most patriotic instincts to locate a colony there of more than forty persons. Many more of the sect were about to go; and it was hoped that they would soon have a community of two or three hundred people established there. These were not common folk, but men of means, judges, scholars, and prosperous farmers. No undesirable people had been sent into the region.

Two gentlemen with whom he had been associated in the way of business during the War had acquired a great tract of land in the territory which was in controversy. This property they were now offering for sale. Uncle Robert had considered buying it in order to promote colonization. He had heard, moreover, from some of those who had taken part in Sullivan's expedition, that the Lake Region where the property was situated was a land of golden plenty. They had told him that the climate was so favorable and the soil so fertile that a purchase there could probably be turned into a profitable investment. For these reasons, he was most eager to learn what I had observed concerning the character of the disputed territory.

I told him I never had seen a more beautiful region. Everywhere blue lakes lay in deep valleys. On the hilltops pines grew so tall that the upper half would make a ship's mast. Not only were there mammoth oaks, but in the fertile bottom lands were black walnuts so great they could furnish boards broad enough for a table. In the Indian clearings apple and peach trees were breaking down from weight of fruit. Beans, squashes, melons, and wild fruits, grew in profusion.

Sullivan had burned hundreds of acres of maize that had matured almost without cultivation. Some ears were eighteen inches long. On the flats of the Genessee were immense meadows where timothy grew as tall as a rider on horseback.

"And you have seen all this with your own eyes?" Aunt Molly asked eagerly.

"Until I was taken captive, I thought that the Lake Country was the fairest region God ever made."

"You are just the man!" exclaimed Uncle Robert. "You can render the Government invaluable service. You know the country, and the Indians, and the languages. You are just the man to undertake the colonization of that tract."

I made no reply and my thoughts were bitter.

"Why, Robert," exclaimed Aunt Molly, as she noted the cloud in my face, "what are you saying? Do you wish to send John back to the wilderness from which he has just escaped after so much suffering?"

"By no means would I have him return until he has enjoyed city pleasures until they pall. While we are in New York, he can live here at his leisure with two houses at his disposal and entertain whom he will. Nobody wants him to hurry away. He can look after our houses until we return with the boys in summer and then spend all next winter with us if he is willing to stay. Great Britain is not likely to act soon. Political undertakings always move slowly. But if John can assure us that he will some day accept this commission, I will go ahead and take advantage of the favorable terms under which Phelps and Gorham are now offering their land; and sooner or later, whenever a fitting time comes, we will send John and Thomas to settle it."

"When I was a student at the Academy," I replied rather sullenly, "you urged me to follow the law. In accordance with that advice I studied two years with Daniel Everitt in New Milford. I even took a Blackstone with me when I went to join the Riflemen. On my way down the lakes I thought about the career I shall undertake and I decided to continue to follow your advice by attending Judge Reeves's law school in Litchfield."

"Excellent," exclaimed Uncle Robert, "but why study with Reeves instead of with my friend, Wickham, whom I have just located in Canandaigua? Go first to see Aunt Rhoda and Mary, and then come back here and study in Philadelphia until you are ready to go West. It will probably take some months to get a deed from Phelps and Gorham."

I did not wish to contemplate the spending of another day of my life in an unsettled region; but as Uncle urged the undertaking on me as a duty to my country, I told him I would consider the matter carefully and as soon as possible would give my decision.

Sunday morning I rose before the family and walked through the garden. The lawns were growing green and in the borders crocuses and daffodils and potted tulips were coming into bloom. Birds were singing; and every little breeze brought the exhilarating freshness of early spring. While I strolled in the grounds contrasting my present situation with past experiences and finding even the level footpaths a source of pleasure, the city bells according to the custom of the place began to tell sleepers that this was Sabbath morning. The bells thrilled me and lured me into the streets.

Philadelphia seemed very beautiful in the bright

spring sunshine. I passed a church where early worshippers were going in to mass. I was moved to enter and worship with them, for my heart was filled with thankfulness to God for bringing me back to my kind. On my return to civilization I had been able to satisfy my physical appetite, but I was still starved for heavenly fare. I thought of the holy father I had left in the wilderness and I longed to hear his gentle voice telling again of the loving compassion of the Divine Woman. But some impulse carried me on.

I passed beautiful houses and walled gardens. Once through a gateway I saw a lady walking, a young woman in Quaker dress following a path beside a border of daffodils. Something about her way or figure reminded me of Jerie. Although I could not see her face, I knew that she was sweet and beautiful. Impulsively I slipped through the gate and stood half-screened by a budding bush. Why should not I, that had so long been denied the sight of woman's countenance, feast myself, unknown and unseen, upon her beauty? For me she would be the image of the Virgin, and on this Sabbath morning I would worship God at her shrine.

In eagerness my foot rasped the gravel, and the lady turned. Dark, luminous, never-to-be-forgotten eyes! Jerie's matured beauty—not a resemblance—no other face in God's world like hers!

Forgetful of all delicacy, and fearing only that the vision might vanish, I leaped forward, calling, "Jerie!"

Her eyes lighted as they met mine; but they speedily changed and her flesh became the color of clay.

Overwhelmed then with a sense of my fault, I poured out apologies for my impetuosity and for frightening

her—inasmuch as I had been reported dead—and I did not know whose wife she might be.

Slowly she answered in shaken tones, “Jerie Wilkinson . . . never loved any man but thee.”

Again I leaped forward; and with my arms about her, exclaimed, “You have remembered your girlish pledge through all these years?” For I could scarce believe that I could come out of the wilderness to find such fortune mine.

She led me to a seat, but made no reply; and a great doubt came over me. I searched her face with questioning look; but she remained silent, and her eyes filled with sorrow.

“Tell me, Jerie,” I whispered; “have I come too late? I have fought for life when life was bitterer than death in the hope of seeing your face again. Have I returned only to drink one more cup of bitterness?”

“For His own purposes the Lord hath preserved thee and brought thee hither.”

“Then speak, Jerie. You said Jerie Wilkinson never loved any man but me. Is the candle burned out?”

Slowly the sadness passed from her eyes, and a glow, the light of her girlish love, took its place. As I drew her toward me, she said, “I cannot hide the thoughts of my heart from thee. Thou knowest, John, that I still love thee.” But a moment after she lifted her head and with beseeching eyes looked at me as if guilty of wrong.

“Is there another man,” I faltered, “whom circumstance has forced on you? Does some man stand in the way of our love?”

“No man,” she answered, but drew herself from my arms, and gazed anxiously toward the house, almost

as if she sought another's help, and sighed, "I must go."

"Before you go, tell me. What is it that has come between us?"

She rose. "If thou wilt come here at seven, with thine own eyes thou shalt see."

CHAPTER X

SOON after nine o'clock I met the family at breakfast and had to use all my strength of will not to mar the conversation with wandering thoughts. I was glad when the carriage came to take us to Christ church. The pews filled with people in damasks and brocades, velvet breeches and silk stockings, powdered hair and periwigs; but the first low notes of the organ took them all out of my ken. Choirs were not then what they are now; yet the singing of the hymns raised me almost to ecstasy, for I had not listened to sacred music in years.

Bishop White preached a noble sermon, but to that I did not attend as I should. The world in which I lived had suddenly become so new and sweet that it was hard to keep my thoughts on the world to come. Just beyond the border of the Bishop's solemn theme, lay thoughts of Jerie; as a bright landscape, rich with meadows and brown wheat fields often lies beside a dim woodland and reflects gleams through the arches of the trees. Nevertheless my heart was filled with worship and gratitude to God for his mercy in bringing me out of captivity and restoring me to friends and the habitations of Christian men.

As soon as church was over we drove to The Hills. The place had suffered greatly during the British occupation of Philadelphia. The ice-houses and green-

houses and most of the outbuildings had been utterly destroyed; trees had been cut down and the expensive imported shrubbery had been trampled upon and broken. The place, however, under Uncle Robert's fostering care was beginning to regain its former attractiveness. After dinner Uncle and I rode over the estate. I found discussion of plans for improvement of The Hills a pleasing relief from continual talk of colonizing in the Lake Country.

In the late afternoon I returned alone to the city and at seven o'clock entered the gateway of the grounds where I had seen Jerie and passed to the porch where I was admitted by a powdered butler. Jerie appeared immediately, clad for the street. I noticed that her dress did not conform in all respects to Quaker standards. She used the finest materials and some show of color. I was taken to an adjoining parlor and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Westcott; to Rachel and Margaret Malin; and to one or two other young ladies. Carriages were announced. At Jerie's suggestion I rode with her and the Malin sisters; and the others were carried in a different vehicle. We passed down Chestnut street and to my surprise drew up at the Fourth Street Meeting.

A crowd was gathered on the sidewalk and before the entrance. As we stepped from the carriage I noticed that our party seemed to stir much whispered comment and interest. Jerie allowed Mr. and Mrs. Westcott to take me with them. She and the Malin sisters passed to the front of the church and mounted the platform where several men and women were already seated. The church filled rapidly until every seat was taken. The sounds of shuffling feet finally ceased and

all was quiet. After a moment, a look of sweet solemnity was evident in each face except of the few who apparently were curiosity seekers. I thought the audience on the whole was one of the most gentle and thoughtful I had ever seen. In the silence, my own thoughts were occupied with Jerie; but I could not guess what connection this Quaker Meeting had with the obstacle that had come between Jerie and me.

At length a man on the platform slowly rose, "Friends, it has been the privilege of the Fourth Street Meeting to offer this sanctuary to a gifted young woman, known as Jemima Wilkinson or simply as the Public Universal Friend. She has in this city and elsewhere been diligent in her labor for the Lord; and the fruits of her work have identified her as a Teacher chosen of Him. As a result of her devotion, the unfortunate and the fatherless have been comforted and the erring turned from their evil ways. She has also been serviceable to Friends and brethren in many places. If the Spirit shall lead her, or any of her Society, to give testimony to the Lord, let us harken with tender hearts."

One or two men and women spoke or offered prayer in the usual manner of Quakers; and then Rachel Malin rose, a tall young woman of lithe and graceful figure; Grecian features, but brunette in complexion; dark eyes flashing with smiles except when the tenor of her thought made them tender or solemn. "Friends," she said, "the Lord is good and worthy to be adored. He forgetteth not His people. He raiseth them from the miry slough. He guideth them through the deep valley. He openeth their eyes that they may tread the paths of righteousness.

Jemima Wilkinson was a young woman who, like thoughtless children cared more for the pleasures of earth than for the eternal joys of the world to come. But in due time God sent a great sorrow; and the strings of her heart were loosened. A day she lay as dead. Her soul seemed separated from her body. In what presence and society it passed that evening and dawn, who can tell? Then life returned, not the life of an idle maid, but of a Soul aflame with divine and human love, a Being eager to lead men from sin to the mercy of God and heavenly expectation.

Under the guidance of James Parker and Sarah Richards, two Friends who had attended at her bedside, this inspired Soul, known henceforth as the Public Universal Friend, a new name which the mouth of the Lord hath named, founded a Society in Rhode Island and established an order and discipline. The fruits have been manifold. Therefore we who are gathered into this Society, having seen the great work that the Lord hath wrought, are here to hold up her hands and bear our testimony. The Lord is good and worthy to be adored."

A long time we waited in silence and then she that had been my Jerie slowly rose. In spite of my anguish, I thought I had never seen human face so beautiful. There was the broad fair forehead, the brow of a counsellor or leader; the thin sensitive nose; the girlish mouth; dark hair gathered at the rear in Quaker fashion but, from heaviness and natural tendency to curl, rounding out becomingly over the temples; and the great dark eyes, vaster and deeper than in the days of her girlhood. In their depths seemed gathered all the joys and sorrows of the world. There was but one

other of which her face that night reminded me. In all reverence, I seemed to find in her countenance some of the features and even the expression of the Man of Sorrows who died on Calvary.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," she began in low melodious tones that because of perfect enunciation were heard with distinctness in every part of the house. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley—of the shadow—of death"—She paused; and I knew then what Quakers mean when they say 'a precious solemnity covered us.' In silence we gazed at those mournful eyes that seemed at that moment to see and feel the bitter mortal struggle in which each life must end—— "I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

When she had finished her repetition of the psalm, she reminded her hearers that the care of the Heavenly Shepherd was never lacking, for His habitation was the human heart. No ill-living could utterly dispel Him; but they obtained a more abiding sense of His presence whose thoughts were occupied with things lovely and of good report. The pure in heart—even in this world—might dwell with God. As with tender earnestness she urged her hearers to avoid sin and live upright lives, many an eye grew moist; and when she

had finished, several announced their resolve to abandon evil ways and follow the In-dwelling Light.

After the Universal Friend had finished speaking a man of imposing appearance (whom I later learned was Judge Potter) stepped to the front of the platform and said that the members of the Friend's Society were often questioned concerning her doctrines and creed; but there was little to be told. The Universal Friend, like some of the Quakers, maintained that a system of theology was unnecessary, since The Holy Spirit guides all who will harken to its voice. The brethren of her Society were to be Friends—not in name only, but even to the sharing of this world's goods. Because of these beliefs the members of the Friend's Society had sometimes been called Quakers and, on account of peculiar views regarding marriage, sometimes Shakers; but they were neither, although they had frequently suffered the persecutions directed against each.

To escape these persecutions and to avoid the tumult and distractions of the world, which too frequently obscure the still small voice of the Guiding Spirit, the Friend had determined (the speaker said) to establish a community for her people. Her harbingers had found a land beautiful for situation and of marvellous fertility in which Friends could live according to conscience. In the Lake Country of Western New York the words of the prophet were to-day being fulfilled, "Behold I will create all things new." There on a Hill a City was founded; and Friends living in amity and brotherly love were walking to and fro in the streets.

Friend James Parker (the speaker informed the

audience), the first of the two Biblical witnesses attesting to the genuineness of the Friend's ministry, a brother of unchallenged sanctity of life, was within a week to lead a company of Friends to Jerusalem, as the Society's community was called. Other Friends were to go later. The speaker himself had recently returned from a visit to the colony and had found it most prosperous and happy. The land was of unprecedented richness and was producing bountiful crops. The settlers had already begun the erection of an elaborate building which was to serve as a Meeting Place for the Society and a residence for its leader. In this quiet retreat the Friends would not only be free from persecution and anxiety for the necessities of life, but they could by residence there also render service to the country, for the Federal Government was seeking volunteers to colonize Western New York. Over one hundred Friends had already responded to this call. The new settlement was superintended at present by Sarah Richards, a young woman of blameless and savory conversation, and the second of the Friend's two Biblical witnesses. She would shepherd the flock in Jerusalem until such time as the Friend thought it wise to cease preaching her doctrine among the cities of men. He ended by saying that at his office at Mr. Westcott's home he hoped to meet all those who wished to live according to the Friend's precepts and were willing to share their goods with Friends.

Finally a man of paternal appearance because of a long gray beard and bald head, although he seemed rather young, gave a detailed account of the Friend's illness and subsequent inspiration. I identified him as James Parker inasmuch as he said he was one of the two

witnesses to the genuineness of the Friend's call. With me, he did not create so favorable an impression as had those that preceded him, probably because he was dressed in mean garments that contrasted strikingly with the neat and quiet clothing of the others who sat on the platform. He wore a coarse shirt without coat or collar. Furthermore the story he told of the important part he himself had had in establishing the organization and discipline of the Society and his protestations of longing to see the face of God and of scorn for the joys of this world, to me seemed rather disagreeable. He also spoke particularly of the advantages that Friends would obtain by travelling to the new Jerusalem in his company. He said that they need fear neither the terror by night nor the arrow that flieth by day.

Soon after Parker had finished speaking, the Universal Friend took Rachel Malin's hand; Rachel then grasped the hand of Judge Potter; and in a general handshaking and friendly greetings, the Meeting came to an end. I had sat through the service for the most part under the spell of the hour. From moment to moment with fateful earnestness I had noted the transformation that had occurred in Jerie's character and life; and (like one who sees his fields caught in some vast natural catastrophe) had scarcely paused to take thought or estimate what the upheaval meant to me. But at the conclusion of the Meeting the realization of the great change in my relations with Jerie, came over me with crushing force. The only solace that I could draw out, as I hastily displayed the situation before my mind, was the thought that I had returned to the East expecting to find my sweetheart married

or dead. The obstacle that had actually risen between us was, perhaps, less than I had feared.

I remained with Mr. and Mrs. Westcott until the Friend, having kindly greeted the last of her flock, came to the rear. I saw a sad inquiring glance in her eyes; but she put out her hand with a smile, "Hast thou waited all this time to take me home, John?"

Her ease and friendly cordiality while we were in the carriage prevented any hesitancy, but what the conversation was about I do not remember. When we parted she said, "Come to see me, Friend John, whenever thou desirest. Thou wilt always be kindly received."

I walked to Uncle Robert's house in High street where I had expected to spend the night, but I found I was not ready to go indoors. Accordingly I took a horse from the stables and rode into the country. At a late hour after a hard ride over roads unknown to me I went to bed at The Hills.

At breakfast the next morning when Uncle Robert again brought up his project for colonizing the Finger Lake Country I listened more attentively. I told him I had decided not to make the trip to New Milford at the time that he and Aunt Molly returned to New York but would go a little later. At present it seemed best to remain in the city and resume the study of law, but I thought that eventually I should be able to undertake to carry out his plans for the colonization of Western New York. Uncle Robert was delighted. Very eagerly he brought forth maps and surveys made in 1779 by Sullivan's engineers. As far as I could from personal knowledge, I supplemented the information given and

also drew some crude sketches of my own. We talked of the location of Canandaigua, the Tory stronghold at Kanadasaga, Chenussio, of the fauna and flora, and of Indian affairs for the greater part of the day.

In mid-afternoon as I approached the Westcott mansion I saw carriages and people about the grounds, and for a moment hesitated thinking a social affair was in progress. I found, however, that the assembly was no more than the usual throng of callers who came to see the Friend. I was shown into a parlor and was asked by a young lady to explain my purpose in calling.

If I wished religious counsel, James Parker, or one of the other brethren would see me, and in due time if I so desired the Friend herself. If I was inclined to contribute to the funds of the Society or sought information concerning the new colony, I could interview Judge Potter. If I did not wish to state the nature of my call, I could see Rachel Malin; but I ought not to use Friend Malin's time for idle reasons or mere curiosity.

I replied with some dignity that I had already given the servant my name and that the Universal Friend had invited me to call.

"Under those circumstances," said the young lady, "Rachel Malin had best see thee."

I was conducted to an adjoining room where Rachel Malin was conversing with a woman in widow's weeds. As soon as my presence was discovered, however, the conversation was drawn to a close; and Rachel came forward smiling and extending her hand. "Friend John, thou art right welcome."

I told her I had called for a social interview with the Friend; but the press of business was such that the time seemed inopportune.

"There is always much done on Monday," Rachel replied. "The Friend is now in conference with James Parker, but as soon as she is finished will surely wish to see thee." She pointed to a chair. "Thou knewest the Friend in her girlhood before the change?" she inquired with reverent eagerness.

"Yes, the Wilkinsons were next door neighbors of our family for several years."

"Didst thou discover in the child forewarnings of her gift?" asked the ardent young disciple inclining her face toward me. The hair and eyes were dark—not so dark as the Friend's, but dark brown. Her complexion was brunette, and her features a little spare. "And didst thou know her when the great sorrow and illness wrought the change?"

She saw me start, and took my emotion for reproof.

"Thou art right. What doth it matter? Jemima Wilkinson departed from time long ago and another soul entered her body. What she was, should be forgotten."

After some time had passed in conversation, Rachel withdrew to see the Friend. When she returned she said, "As I found the Friend troubled, I made excuses for thee. I told her that if she was over-wrought and weary, thou wouldst not see her. The Friend replied, 'Tell him I ride to-morrow at nine. Bid him come then with his horse.' "

CHAPTER XI

THE next morning I said good-bye to Uncle Robert and Aunt Molly and saw them start at an early hour for New York. A little later at the Westcott mansion I asked for the Universal Friend. She soon appeared, dressed in a flowing riding-skirt and low beaver hat. We turned into Chestnut street and rode toward the country. I was mounted on Uncle Robert's best mare and she on a beautiful hunting horse that had been imported from England. The Friend had lost none of the ease with which she used to sit in saddle. She seemed so young and girlish, and the spring air was so fresh and sweet, that I fancied that at any moment, she might spring away with Jerie's laugh and try to escape me, her loosened hair streaming in the wind, as her horse went swinging down the road.

From time to time we met the Friend's acquaintances or the members of her Society. Some she greeted gravely and some lightly with bantering pleasantries. We came to open fields and then to the Governor's Woods and, passing through, went on to the Schuylkill river. There we turned north and in due time came to Dark Pond and The Hills.

Yes, she rode much, she said; usually in the afternoon, but yesterday she had missed it altogether. Interviews with members of her Society and inquiring strangers, letters, conferences with Friend Parker and Judge Potter, and meditation before Meeting had filled

the hours. Body and spirit could contest; but in this world (she had found) the body wins. It was God's ordaining that we should not miss the joy that clings to the things of earth.

But it wrung her heart sometimes. When in extreme weariness she had ordered her horse, a wretched man might come, pitiful in his anxiety, and ask her to see his dying wife. She would send Rachel Malin or one of the maidens. They could aid with a clearer brain and a surer touch than hers. But on returning from her ride she was told that the dying woman had cried for the Universal Friend and had passed into the dark valley with lamentations because she was not near. Daily within the pulpit and without, she had declared that the Friend was no more than any other woman—was sinful, filled with evil impulses and passion. But it was of no avail. People believed that she possessed superhuman powers. Their thoughtless confidence sometimes even filled her with doubt concerning her call to the ministry. At times it seemed that her gift came of men rather than of God.

But whether of men or God, she was charged with the responsibility of a gift. As a result of her ministry, the miserly had grown generous, the hungry had been fed, orphans had found homes, the sorrowful had been comforted, the cruel had stayed his hand, and into many a wretched home had entered the sweetness and sympathy of family life. The results would have been more satisfying had her strength been greater and had she been freed from the ignorant persecution that followed her.

In founding a colony in Western New York she

hoped not only to aid her country, by bringing in settlers loyal to the United States, but also to establish a refuge for her Society. She wished to form a community where there would be many to aid and where no intruding foot could enter. In this community she aimed to give the world a demonstration of the practical value of the teachings of Christ. All possessions would be held in common and no one would be greater than another. All would be co-laborers with no cause for enmity or ill-will. Through co-operation instead of competition there would be secured to all the comforts and even the luxuries of life. She felt that she could afford to abandon her work in the cities, for if she succeeded, such communities could be indefinitely multiplied, until there had been spread throughout America a great empire of brotherhood.

Personally she had failed to meet her ideals of living, she said. Her frailties haunted her day and night. But hopes unsatisfied in her own person had been realized in others. Those who had listened to her preaching had heeded her voice and followed her instructions. Because of her gift, whatever its source, strong men had become as wax in her hands. Under the fostering conditions of her community, she believed she could fashion a more perfect type of manhood and womanhood. In Jerusalem she aimed to produce for God a sheaf of blossoms, not cloistered in hot-houses nor blemished by insects and trodden of beasts in the forest, but garden-grown, protected, cultivated, enriched, watered, until each one was the best of its kind, whether rose, violet, or rue.

For a time I heard only the beat of our horses' hoofs

as we passed slowly along the road. Then turning with sorrowful and sympathetic eyes the Friend said, "Thou hast now seen and heard, John. Must thou drink a cup of bitterness, if I pursue my work?"

"Have I heard all?"

"I love no other. The candle doth not burn dim."

"Then I can wait," I answered. "In the north woods it seemed impossible that I could ever escape, yet I found my way out."

"My heart is filled with fear," she responded, with feeling so evident that I kept silent, thinking she would say more.

At the cross-road just before we come to the Governor's Woods as we returned, a freckle-faced boy, barefooted, raggedly clothed, was seated, as a woman rides, on an old horse. He was pouring forth a noisy tuneless whistle, but paused as we drew near and regarded us critically.

"Are you the Public Universal Friend?" he asked of my companion.

"I am so called," she replied with an amused smile.

Out of his torn hat he drew a letter which he presented to the Friend. Then with some difficulty he started his decrepit horse down the cross-road and immediately proceeded to fill the air again with his meaningless whistle.

The Friend thrust the letter into her belt, but it soon fell out; and when I had dismounted and secured it for her, she paused to read it, for she said it was probably not worth our carrying.

"Must it also come here?" she suddenly cried; and as horsemen were not far distant dashed into the Governor's Woods to hide her agitation. Down a woodland

path she rode at speed for a short distance; and then checking her horse dismounted.

"My flock will be scattered and I shall be utterly cast down," she was exclaiming as I drew near.

I leaped from my horse and approached her, but she waved me aside. "Ride on a little; I must collect myself and weep."

Utterly mystified at the sudden change in her demeanor, I seized the bridle of my horse and was about to comply with her request when she exclaimed, "No, no, thou must not leave me."

I quickly tied the horses and, returning, implored her to make known the cause of her distress.

"My sun is darkened at noonday; my pride and vain-glory are humbled," she answered half to herself and half in reply to my question.

"Jerie," I said, putting my arm about her, "tell me what it is."

"When thou wast lost, I began my ministry; and now perchance thou returnest to tell me that my work is done."

"Do you mean that my presence has caused this trouble," I asked.

"No, no; the letter toucheth not our love. It concerneth but the secret thoughts of my heart."

"Whatever concerns you, touches my love. If you still love me, you will not keep me in doubt."

"If thy love for me is like my love for thee, thou wilt question no more but wilt take me at once to the city."

As we rode to the highway and back toward the city, the Friend gradually regained her composure. At the *porte-cochere* of the Westcott mansion we met Judge

Potter who was about to drive away. The Friend paused and in her usual manner arranged with him for a Meeting to be conducted in an outlying village. She then sent a servant to inform Rachel Malin that she was about to undertake the morning interviews.

CHAPTER XII

A FEW weeks later I carried out my plan for visiting New Milford. I found Mary and Aunt Rhoda both looking younger and fresher than I expected. Mary seemed as sweet and gentle and as full of sisterly affection as when I rode away to the War. She told me she herself had ridden over the ridge with Major Parr's message and had stayed in the Wilkinson home during Jerie's illness. All about the old place looked as when I had last seen it. Amos Heffdot had kept everything in so satisfactory condition that I cut my visit somewhat short. The fact was, that I had been worrying not a little over the distress caused Jerie by the mysterious letter. I could make no rational guess as to the nature of her trouble but I thought it best in case of any new developments to be near and ready to lend aid.

On the way back I stopped to see Uncle Robert in New York. I found that Thomas and Henry, who had lately returned from study in Europe, had grown into fine active young men. Thomas was enthusiastic over the prospect of going to Canandaigua with me to promote his father's plans for colonization. He continually turned the conversation toward that subject. I seized the occasion to tell Uncle Robert that the Universal Friend, Jemima Wilkinson, the leader of the Society he had induced to establish a community in the Genessee Country, was the daughter of Aunt Rhoda's

next door neighbor and had formerly been a playmate of Mary's and mine.

Uncle Robert said that the acquaintanceship was another factor that would contribute to my success. He had found through interviews that the Friend was a woman of much ability and was an ardent lover of her country. She was not like most of the orthodox Quakers of Philadelphia, who had opposed military service and the collection of funds for carrying on the War and had been so friendly with Tories and Indians that it had even been suspected that they had had a part in planning the Wyoming massacre. He said the Friend was anxious that her community should be serviceable to the Federal Government. Without doubt she would carry out her plans, for she seemed to have unlimited means at her call. People freely opened their homes and their purses to her.

She was able to attract the better classes of people and had a remarkable power of organizing them for her work. One of her followers, that it would be advisable for me to know well, was Judge Potter, the chief financial officer of her Society. He had been a man of affairs and as treasurer of the state of Rhode Island had won an enviable reputation for ability in finance. We could well afford, he said, to offer the Society of Friends the most liberal terms for purchasing land, for it was certain that we could from no other source secure so desirable immigrants.

After an absence of only two weeks I was back in Philadelphia turning the pages of my law books. On the second evening after my return I rode in from The Hills and went to the Fourth Street Meeting House but found it closed. By inquiry, however, I soon

learned that the Friend because of some difficulty with the orthodox Quakers had changed her Meeting place to St. George's Methodist Episcopal church at Fourth and New Streets. When I reached the new location every seat was taken but I was able to secure standing room in the rear. As I looked over the audience I missed many of the placid countenances I had seen at the Fourth Street Meeting. The procedure was much the same; but a larger number took part and the testimonies were fervid and noisy.

The Friend, however, was uninfluenced by the surroundings. With sweet and melancholy cadence she recited a passage of scripture, using long-continued silences to emphasize the thought. She said she did not care to disturb the faith of those who had found a Light to guide them to good works. Any others who wished to live worthier lives could find aid by joining her Society. Her tones grew passionate as she told of the solace that the Great Comforter offers for the afflictions and sorrows of men. Her hearers under the spell of her voice one by one silently bowed their heads, or in the dim light of smoking candles, reverently studied her face and eyes in which Divine pity seemed to dwell.

The Friend and Judge Potter remained after the handshaking to confer with a committee from the church. Rachel Malin came back and sat with me.

"Rachel," I said, "when the Friend's eyes grow passionate with speaking I have twice observed in them a look that reminds me of an expression I have seen in pictures of Christ."

"Hush," whispered Rachel in alarm, "hush, speak not of it. The Friend does not permit even James

Parker to mention it. And after all," she added with a sigh, "it is but a fancy. We cannot see the spirit. The eyes are but the eyes of Jemima Wilkinson."

"Of course it is a fancy," I replied impatiently, "but failure to mention the likeness will not keep people from observing it. The resemblance is too strong."

"Be still, be still," counselled Rachel. "We must keep the thought locked in our hearts. At the Fourth Street Meeting I did but say *another* spirit entered into the body of Jemima Wilkinson and the Committee of Inquiry was called into session. That with our sympathy for the Free Quakers and our failure to dress in the orthodox way, caused us to be cast from the Meeting."

At last the Friend came; and Rachel and I passed with her from the little church into the street. "Thou art weary, Friend," Rachel observed sympathetically.

"Yes. Send the carriage away. The distance is not great. It is better to walk."

As Rachel had told me that the Friend desired as soon as possible to start for Jerusalem, I thought the time opportune to inform her of my plans for opening a land office for Uncle Robert in Canandaigua. The Friend's manner instantly changed and her spirits rose. She seemed as pleased as a girl to know that it was probable that I would engage in business near her and she had a thousand questions to ask concerning the country about Jerusalem. When she said she planned soon to go to her colony, I expressed the wish that we might make the journey together; and I told her that Uncle Robert was negotiating for the purchase of the great Phelps and Gorham tract and that I would aid her Society in securing whatever land they needed.

She accepted my offer gratefully and suggested that I meet Judge Potter the next morning at ten o'clock to make further arrangements.

The evening was so pleasant that when we came to the Westcott gate we paused under the light, uncertain whether to enter and sit on the bench where I had talked with Jerie on the first Sunday morning of my return or continue our promenade in the street, for it seemed as if we could never speak enough of the Lake Country since it was now arranged that we were to go there together. As we chatted in a lively manner under the light, the Friend began to halt in her speaking and I saw an expression in her eyes that at first made me think she was ill; but suddenly it changed to a look of horror and her gaze became fixed on some object beside the inner pillar of the gate but removed from my sight.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, and following her glance leaped through the gateway but could see nothing, although there was a disturbance and crashing in the shrubbery almost within arm's reach.

Jerie with a cry darted to my arms and Rachel sobbed hysterically. I took the Friend to the bench; and leaving her in Rachel's care, jumped into the bushes, cane in hand. As I was able to discern no prowler, I shouted in the direction of the house, where I could see Judge Potter and others through the open windows, "All hands, quick. Seize the intruder who persecutes the Friend."

Instantly Judge Potter and the members of the Westcott household, visitors and servants to the number of twenty or thirty, poured forth from the house and began to scour the grounds. I seized a lantern brought

by one of the maids and had begun a systematic search when Judge Potter approached me saying, "The Friend desires no further alarm. Give up the quest."

"Not I," I replied, "until I have exhausted every last chance of apprehending this brute."

"Sir," exclaimed the Judge with grave and stern voice, "Desist. It is the Friend's order."

As I observed that Mr. Westcott was passing about the grounds and sending the servants back to their quarters, I shrugged my shoulders and made the best of the peculiar situation. In a few minutes the household was stilled. At the house I found that the Friend had retired to her room. I left a word of sympathy and still clutching my cane and hot with anger made my way back to Uncle Robert's.

The next morning when I met Judge Potter I questioned him concerning the nature of the disturbance of the previous evening but was informed very definitely that it was a matter that he did not care to discuss. Accordingly I turned to the work in hand and showed our maps and gave him a full account of Uncle Robert's plans for colonization.

A few days later during a ride into the country such as the Friend and I had been taking more frequently of late, we turned from the Ridge Road into the lane that enters The Hills near its northern boundary. We followed a bridle path down wooded slopes to a stream of crystal water (long since diverted) but flowing then with pleasing murmur and liquid gurgle over little waterfalls and about rounded bowlders until it reached the river. There on a grassy bank we sat, the morning sunlight streaking through the new leaves and spotting the ground beside us or glinting in the brook.

"I know at least it was a man," I answered impatiently. "If I ever meet him, he will never trouble you again."

"Think not of vengeance," she implored. "Thou must not add to my temptation. Help me to escape blood-guiltiness."

"If I can get my hand upon him, he will never frighten you again," I repeated grimly.

"We can elude him," she answered with agitation. "I can escape him by going with thee to the New Jerusalem."

"They say the Indians have been stirred to hostilities by Governor Simcoe; and it would be dangerous at this time to attempt the journey," I argued.

"Indians and beasts are less feared by me than this man."

"Then it would be better," I replied in my eagerness to encounter her annoyer, "to remain in Philadelphia until we can trap him and end his persecution."

"If we should apprehend him, the outcome would be uncertain; and the risk is now unnecessary," she responded. "My work in Philadelphia is already finished. The prejudice of the Orthodox Friends has been stirred by our dress and free way of living. Yesterday they decided that attending my Meeting is a cause for stumbling for which a paper of contrition must be presented. I wish to start for Jerusalem as soon as thou art ready. I shall visit no more cities but shall work hereafter for my own people."

This decision of the Friend's to cease her public preaching stirred my heart with the possibility that at some future time she might also be induced to relinquish the supervision of her Society. For the time being

it drove from my mind all thought of her annoyer. "If on arriving in Jerusalem you should find that the colony has been successfully managed by your Aunt Sarah," I asked doubtfully, "is it not possible that she or James Parker might be able to take your place as leader?"

"I have dreamed of it in the night watches," she replied, "but my followers would consider the idea preposterous. They tell me I have been commissioned of God for this work."

"Is that your view?"

"It hath not been given me to see clearly. James Parker and Aunt Sarah say I lay a day as dead. Physicians found no life. But suddenly breath and health were restored. With the return of consciousness, they told me that God had sent his messenger to dwell in my body and that henceforth I was to be called The Public Universal Friend."

"Did they convince you that you really died?"

"I do not know what to think. I believe some miracle occurred. I had been unable to lift head from pillow, but suddenly arose, endowed with strength and filled with new powers and new purposes. If I were convinced that God's angel inhabiteth this body, I would uncomplainingly give my life to His work; but if on the other hand I could be sure that physical death did not end the earthly obligations of Jemima Wilkinson, I would be faithful to her pledge."

"Is it the general belief of your followers that you actually died?"

"It is. James Parker and Aunt Sarah Richards have never failed to preach it. They offer it as proof of the genuineness of my call and will not let me think

otherwise. My own heart is continually filled with doubt. At times I fear they have mistaken the fire of my temper for the flame of holy zeal. The uncertainty has caused me unspeakable anguish. . . . Why God should desire a sinful, guilty creature such as I for His minister, I do not know. . . . If in His wisdom He hath chosen me, why hath He left me, burdened with these great responsibilities to grope in darkness, not knowing who hath summoned me, uncertain on the day that I shall appear before Him whether I shall be rewarded as faithful servant, or cast into outer darkness as apostate." Her body shook with great sobs. She moaned, "Oh, why doth He not make His call unmistakably clear?" In the throes of her passion she fell to her knees and prayed to God to inform her, enlighten her, instruct her, to let her know whether she had been divinely called to the leadership of her Society.

I was awed by the intensity of her emotion and could have cut off my right hand to lessen her suffering, but I stood silent and helpless until the paroxysm had passed.

"In due time He will heed my prayer," she said. "At His own time, He will let me know."

Then she showed again the marvelous gift she possessed of holding her physical powers in subjection when she willed it. In a few minutes she conversed and laughed with me, as responsive to the spring sunshine as if the morning had been occupied with nothing more than a pleasant canter. In playfulness and manner she was Jerie Wilkinson of New Milford grown but a little older; and I told her so.

"I am almost persuaded that when thou didst return

from the dark valley thou broughtest Jemima Wilkinson also back to life," was her reply.

On the way home she seemed so trustful and tender and so like my old sweetheart that once more I urged her not to hide the secret of her trouble but to tell me who it was that followed her from city to city to persecute her.

"Not yet, not yet," she whispered, "but thou shalt know."

CHAPTER XIII

ON a bright Monday morning early in July the Universal Friend, the Malin sisters, Enoch Malin, Eliza Richards, and I set out from Worcester, Pennsylvania, the native town of several members of the Friend's Society, for our long journey to the Genessee Country. I would have preferred waiting until there was less possibility of encountering hostile Indians; but the Friend after experiencing the disturbance caused at the Westcott mansion by her annoyer, did not wish to remain in Philadelphia a day longer than was necessary.

Judge Potter thought it safe for us to undertake the journey at this time, for James Parker had arrived in Jerusalem with his company of emigrants without meeting Indians; and Rachel Malin's brother Enoch, who had brought the news of Parker's arrival, said he had camped with Indians on the way down and had found them peaceable and hospitable. Judge Potter himself planned to follow us on the route as soon as he could secure some builders' hardware he needed for completing the Friend's mansion and had made the sale of a valuable piece of property in Philadelphia that had recently been donated to the Society.

We made an imposing appearance, as accompanied by ten or twelve Friends who wished to see us safely on the way, we rode along the stage route northward out of Worcester. The Friend and Rachel Malin rode side by side at the front. The former, clad as usual

in a long linen dust cloak and grey riding skirt and wearing a grey beaver hat with low crown, was mounted on her spirited English hunting horse. Rachel Malin wore a bonnet and conformed more closely to the regulation Quaker costume and was mounted on a sleepy over-fed black mare. Next came Margaret Malin dressed much after the manner of Rachel and accompanied by Eliza Richards, a girl of eighteen, the only daughter of Sarah Richards. Eliza by vagrant tresses and bits of color showed a growing rebellion against Quaker discipline, a trait of her disposition made even more manifest by her failure to keep her little gray pony at Margaret's side. Notwithstanding monitory glances and even words of reproof, she was found now on this side of the road and now on that, and sometimes so far ahead as even to precede the Friend, or she willfully fell back to the extreme rear. In the center of the cavalcade rode the group of accompanying Friends dressed for the most part in the costume of Orthodox Quakers. Enoch Malin and I, each leading a pack horse, brought up the rear.

After accompanying us for three or four miles to the beginning of a new road recently cut through the woods to Allentown, the company of Friends wished us God speed in our journey to the New Jerusalem and took their leave. Our route, we found, traversed a dense forest of pine and hemlock but passed finally into an old trail along which a few log cabins were scattered. The road was fairly clear of logs and bowlders and we seldom had difficulty in riding two abreast. That night we were comfortably lodged at a frame farmhouse at which the Friends in Worcester had arranged for our harborage.

The next day we passed through Allentown and by well-kept farms down the Lehigh river to Easton where in the center of the town we saw the fine State House constructed of hewn stone and near it the very attractive Low Dutch church. Here our cavalcade for the first time seemed to attract unusual attention, for Quaker garb was seldom seen in this region. People called to one another to come to the windows to see us go by. We found comfortable quarters at a tavern a little out from the center of town.

The next morning we followed the road made by our army in 1779 and plunged into the wilderness. We soon came to an indifferent barren country devoid even of forest. We slowly climbed the mountainside to a pass known as the Wind Gap where we obtained an excellent view of the surrounding region. There we rode into a rougher country and our progress became more difficult, but was scarcely slower, for the Friend seemed to feel no weariness and was most eager to press on as rapidly as possible toward Jerusalem. Rather early on the fourth day out from Worcester, we descended the steep mountain slope to the Susquehanna river and lodged at the new inn opposite the public square in Wyoming.

Before continuing our journey I thought it best to consult the commander of the fort concerning the condition of the road and the possibility of interference by hostile Indians. The officer in charge advised me to remain at the inn for two or three days until a detachment of soldiers arrived from Sudbury. As the soldiers were required to continue on northward to take supplies to Fort Tioga we would be able to travel eighty-two miles up the river in their company. The

Commandant said that the Indians of Pennsylvania and New York were supposed to be still friendly toward the Government, but it was known that Brant, Butler, and Simcoe were all trying to induce them to take sides with the Miamies and their allies in the West, who had not only defeated Harmar but had perhaps also overthrown General St. Clair. General Wayne had been sent to reinforce St. Clair's expedition, and if the Miamies had really won a victory it would prove at best a temporary advantage.

Nevertheless the success obtained by the Miamies had caused the Senecas to grow sullen or arrogant. They professed friendship but had daubed on their war paint. No outbreak had occurred since the skirmish on Pine Creek in which the Indians had received decidedly the worst of it, but it was reported that they had assembled at the Painted Post north of Fort Tioga and it was feared that they would sooner or later break into hostilities. To be sure people were all the time passing without molestation up and down the regular routes. If we were in haste and went on at once, he did not anticipate that we would meet with any trouble; but if time were not material, he would advise us to wait for the detachment of soldiers.

I returned to the inn determined to acquaint Enoch with what I had learned and obtain his advice as to how best to induce the women to delay without unduly alarming them. I found Enoch in a back room playing dice with a group of drunken soldiers. Rather reluctantly, for he was a rough clownish fellow quite unlike his sisters, he gave up his game and went with me outside where I reported in detail what I had learned from the Commandant. To my surprise he told me he

thought I was misinformed. The soldiers with whom he had been associating had traveled back and forth on the route to Tioga and knew the conditions a great deal better than the Commandant who never left his comfortable quarters in the Fort.

The soldiers had told him that the only Indians seen along the Susquehanna river in weeks were the Oneidas with whom he had camped on the way down and who had been the friends of the Colonists from the time of the French and Indian War. Most of the Senecas had gone West to help the Miamies, and if any of the remaining warriors had assembled at the Painted Post, as I had been told, it was probably because they were planning to make a show of friendship in the hope of diverting attention from the part their tribe was taking in the western campaign. For that reason he believed that the present time was opportune for a journey.

As there seemed no possibility of reconciling our views, I was forced to yield to Enoch's desire to refer the argument to the Friend, although I feared that her eagerness to reach Jerusalem would tempt her to brave whatever dangers threatened. When Rachel had ushered us into her presence, I reported faithfully what I had learned from the Commandant although I disliked to alarm her; and Enoch in turn told what he had heard from his companions. He also said that, as every one was aware, the transactions of the quartermaster's department were the most dilatory of any connected with the army. He had been informed that we would probably have to remain at Wyoming for two weeks if we waited for the soldiers who were to bring the supplies from Sudbury.

The Friend glanced at me anxiously as she made her reply; and I saw that she was seeking to give her decision in such way as not to displease me. She said that the rumors we had heard of an Indian uprising, whether baseless or well-founded, would doubtless be taken to her colony in Jerusalem. Under such circumstances her place was with her people. She did not wish the Friends in Jerusalem to believe that their leader would hesitate to share the perils to which her people were exposed. Moreover the danger did not seem to be acute. If, at the worst, the Senecas were inclined to be hostile, she did not believe, in view of the traditional friendship that had existed between the Indians and the Quakers, that the red men would attempt to injure her party. For years she had looked forward to gathering her people about her in a New Jerusalem, but hitherto had been debarred from obtaining even a glimpse of the promised land. Now that Providence had brought her so far on the way, she could not bear the thought of delaying merely to obtain the somewhat uncertain protection of an escort of soldiers.

Although far from convinced of the wisdom of the Friend's decision, I accepted her words in good grace; and within an hour we were travelling along a dusty road that followed the beautiful winding Susquehanna. The river was six or seven hundred feet wide and in places ran swiftly with a pleasing murmur and elsewhere placidly reflected the trees and lofty mountains that border its sides. Along the fertile bottoms luxuriant crops were growing and new frame buildings were giving evidence that the destruction wrought in the Massacre of 1778 would soon be forgotten.

When we halted for luncheon and the horses were

grazing, the Friend and I strolled into the forest. "Art thou wroth with me, John, that I did not follow thy advice?" she asked meekly.

"Not at all," I replied, "but you have delayed the journey to your colony for so many months that I should think a few days now would make little difference."

"Every moment of delay maketh me unhappy. It was bitter enough, I had dreamed so long of founding this colony, to leave the beginning to others; but Judge Potter thought I must remain in Philadelphia while the people continued to flock to our Meeting. Last March he told me the end was in sight, but then thou didst come; and against the Judge's advice I guiltily lingered. When at last thou saidest that thou wouldst go with me into the wilderness, I felt as if nothing could restrain me. I could not bear to wait a day longer. Besides there came then that voice that driveth me from the East as with a lash. Forgive me, John, if I have been too distraught and too eager to see Jerusalem to consider thy advice with sober judgment."

"Perhaps it is just as well," I said, "that we have hastened on. In two or three days we shall meet Guyanoga. He will secure us an escort of Oneidas to go with us the rest of the way."

She was pleased that I took so cheerful a view and, looking up into my face with a twinkle of merriment, said, "I can fear no Indians so long as I am with thee. My man of battle will drive a thousand before him like grasshoppers."

"A thousand is a large number," I rejoined, half lost in the contemplation of the dark eyes looking so trustfully into mine.

"If as a soldier thou shouldst be unsuccessful in subduing a thousand by force," she continued playfully, "I will come forward and tell them I am a Quaker and will rule them by love."

"God forbid," I exclaimed with sudden seriousness, for more than once I had feared that complications might arise with the Friend's Quaker scruples against war if we should fall into any emergency where it became necessary to use arms.

Jerie saw the look of horror in my face, as my thoughts had flashed back to the terrible cruelties with which Little Beard had put Boyd to death, and answered sympathetically, "I trust that it will not be necessary to use either your method or mine. We are the servants of God. He who hath brought us thus far in safety will continue to lead us on through all perils to Jerusalem."

That night we were hospitably entertained at a farmhouse situated beside a fine brook which entered the river from the east. Here as elsewhere we were told that while there were many rumors of trouble with the Indians no atrocities of any sort had been committed in the neighborhood. The next morning we rose early and forded the brook and found that the trail at this point left the bottom lands and grew narrow and rocky. To avoid ledges of rock that rose sheer from the water the path often climbed the hillside and for a considerable distance left the river. During that day we saw no white inhabitants. Late in the afternoon we came to an old Indian hut that had been repaired by some hunter or trapper and was in fairly good condition. It was built of logs in the typical Indian style with two tiers of berths on each side and

a hole in the roof to permit the escape of smoke from a fire built in the center. As it was not cold and there were no troublesome insects we built our fire outside. Supper was soon prepared, and a bed was spread on the floor of the hut for the women. Enoch and I threw our tent over a rope tied between two saplings and the quiet of the forest settled on our camp.

I had had a long undisturbed sleep when I was awakened by the screams of the women. The fire had sunk to a mere flicker and I could see nothing; but there was the sound of commotion in the hut. I seized my rifle and rushed toward the fire and snatching a dimly blazing pine knot dashed into the cabin. The bed clothing was tossed about in disorder. The women in their night clothes were lying or cowering in terror—all except Jerie who was standing erect and was saying, "I refuse. Though I die, I will not yield again."

At that instant from behind the door the brand was struck from my grasp and a shadowy form leaped through the doorway. I followed and obtained a glimpse of some one passing the fire. I quickly swung my long rifle to take aim; but the muzzle struck a tree and the piece was discharged to no avail. I ran in the direction taken by the intruder but was soon forced to halt, for I could not distinguish even the trail in the darkness. When I returned to the hut, Rachel had lighted a candle and was asking for water. Enoch threw leaves and boughs on the fire and I made my way to the river which was at a distance of a hundred yards and filled our pail. Enoch met me as I hastened back saying that the visitor was not an Indian but was a white man and probably a sneak thief. I started to enter the cabin with the water but Margaret took the

pail at the door and said that the Friend wished Enoch and me to try to sleep. The Friend knew the intruder and believed there was no reason to apprehend personal danger or his immediate return.

Enoch seemed satisfied with these orders and explanations and was soon sleeping as peacefully as before the disturbance. I heaped the fire with wood and sat at a little distance on my blanket with my back to a tree and with my rifle freshly primed, cocked, and in hand. "If he returns," I said to myself, "one glimpse will be enough."

In thought I retraced my whole life through but I could not solve the mystery. That one fleeting glimpse just as the muzzle of my rifle hit a sapling in the darkness had shown me an outline that seemed strangely familiar. Had I seen that form at one of the Friend's meetings in Philadelphia, or was it a far off memory of my captivity in the wilderness? I grew vexed and weary with my fruitless endeavor to locate the recollection. Meanwhile in the hut the candle burned brightly and there was sound of feet and a whisper at long intervals. At last with the first streaks of dawn Margaret Malin went to the fire to prepare, as I thought, food or medicine for the Friend. I must then have fallen asleep, for the next I knew, Rachel called Enoch and me to breakfast.

Without help from us, the women had prepared a meal and had packed most of the duffle. We sat about a blanket spread on the ground and ate with a relish. Rachel sparkled with a forced liveliness which I knew was intended to prevent discussion of the experiences of the night. But I was not to be turned aside so easily. As we were about to mount our horses, I asked of the

Friend, "Do you think it best to continue our journey in view of what occurred last night?"

"What else can I do?" asked the Friend in tones of discouragement and indecision most unusual in her. "I see now that I can never be rid of him. If he can find me in this wilderness, what does it matter where I go?"

Rachel and Margaret in the hope of avoiding further discussion of the subject seized their horses and forced the Friend to mount; but Eliza who understood what was taking place raised her brows and gave me a swift significant glance. We had gone but a short distance when the girl edged her way to the rear and sought to engage me in talk. This Eliza had done a dozen times on previous days and I had usually discouraged her attempts at conversation for the girl's chatter was scarcely more than the vaporings of an empty head and soon became tiresome. On this occasion, however, I abandoned my monosyllabic answers and tried to induce her to speak.

"The first thing I knew, I heard Margaret shriek. It curdled my blood. The hut was as black as Egypt and the Friend was telling the man she would never give him any more money."

"Who is the man?" I asked.

"I know no more than thou knowest. He is none of my kind or kin," answered the pert little miss, deliberately turning her horse and causing him to leap over the end of a log that projected into the edge of the path. "For two years he hath been following the Friend from city to city and making her give him money."

"What hold has he on the Friend? Why does she heed his demands?"

"Thou wouldst give him money also if he would other-

wise scare thy wits out. But I think she heedeth him because he threateneth to injure the Society of Friends."

"Then why does the Friend not turn him over to the officers of the law? Back in Philadelphia Judge Potter or I could easily have trapped this fellow and have placed him behind bars."

"Friends avoid controversies at law," observed Eliza wisely; "and besides thou must understand that this is a very secret matter. It is not to be mentioned in the Friend's own household. Rachel and Margaret would take me sorely to task if they guessed that I spake of it to thee. Even now Rachel seeketh me. Farewell." Thus saying she gave her horse a smart touch with the whip and rode quickly to the front.

CHAPTER XIV

ABOUT noon we came to the ruins of a farmhouse. A chimney was standing but all of the buildings had been burned. Several small harvest apple trees had escaped destruction and were now loaded with ripening fruit. While Enoch filled a bag with apples, I searched for water and was successful in finding a spring that issued from the base of the bank bordering the meadow. As I dipped the pail, my attention was attracted to footprints in the mud. I called Enoch. "Oneida Injuns came here yesterday for water," he volunteered after a moment's observation.

"Why Oneida?"

"The Oneidas are carryin' messages all the time between the forts; and nobody has seen Senecas south of Tioga. They must be Oneidas," he replied.

"No Oneida foot ever made that impression," I answered, pointing to one of the most distinct of the footprints. "The Oneidas never make a seam along the instep. That is the mark of a Seneca moccasin or I am much mistaken."

"An Oneida could wear moccasins bought of a Seneca or captured in war, couldn't he?" rejoined Enoch.

"Never," I said. "An Oneida would as soon paint himself with a Seneca totem. That moccasin was worn by a Seneca warrior who drank at this spring yesterday; and there were at least six other Senecas in his company."

I showed Enoch that there were prints made from moccasins of different sizes and shapes but all were of Seneca design. He was not convinced. He was so obstinate in his opinion that I gave up the argument and proceeded to study the tracks and draw my own conclusions. After a few minutes of examination, I told the Friend that I believed that on the preceding day a party of eight Seneca warriors going west had crossed the river trail at this point. I thought it best for us to continue to travel toward Tioga as we were nearer that fort than Wyoming and the Senecas did not seem to be following the river valley.

During the afternoon, although Enoch complained of our speed as unnecessary, we travelled as rapidly as possible and at dark found ourselves in a sheltered spot beside the river and not more than twenty miles south of Fort Tioga. The Friend expressed satisfaction at our accomplishment, for if all went well we should be easily able on the morrow to reach the Fort, where I assured her, the commandant would give us an escort of soldiers or where my friend Guyanoga and some of his fellow scouts would furnish us as much protection as we needed for the remainder of the journey. With much cheerfulness, accordingly, although it was dark, all engaged in making camp and preparing supper. I placed my rifle, nevertheless, where I could seize it instantly should there be an alarm, and from time to time went a few steps into the forest and listened that we might be forewarned in case any Seneca happened to be sneaking around our camp.

Once when I had walked out a short distance on the trail immediately after we had eaten supper, I thought I detected a slight movement in the brush at my rear.

I crouched behind a bush and waited. Slowly a dimly seen form made its way out of the darkness and proceeded in the direction of our party. When it had advanced within five or six rods of the fire it paused and seemed to be spying out our camp. I listened for a full minute or two and as I could detect no one in my rear, I also advanced cautiously to within six or eight paces of the intruder and shouted, "Forward with hands up, or I'll fire!"

"Don't shoot. My name is Balden. I'm a settler in these parts," cried a high-pitched voice; and a hatless wretched-looking white man entered the circle of light about our fire. His hands were above his head but the left was supported by the right and the left sleeve of his shirt was drenched with blood.

"How many in your party?" he hastily inquired as I rushed to his side. "Seneca Indians are on your trail. I hid under a bridge and learned from signs they made that they intend to make a circle and attack you. They have followed your tracks from the ford four miles back. This morning they scalped my brother-in-law and shot me through the arm," said Balden displaying his bloody shirt.

The Friend and Rachel, who had come to the door of the tent when I gave my challenge, quickly began to search their baggage for bandages and ointment. The Friend had received some medical instruction and was accustomed to minister to the ailments of her flock when a physician was not obtainable. Accordingly, with Rachel's help, as soon as she had secured what she needed, she began to roll back the man's sleeve and examine his wound. A musket ball had grazed the fleshy part of the elbow, inflicting a minor but painful

injury. While the women were washing the wound, Enoch inquired whether an immediate attack from the Senecas was probable.

Balden replied that the Senecas usually attacked at daylight and that they could scarcely do otherwise as it would be almost impossible to travel the trail or make a circuit through such a country on a dark night. The Indians had camped near the bridge and even had they started when he did they must be a considerable distance in the rear. He himself had proceeded with great difficulty, yet he had lived in that region since 1779 and knew it better than any Indian.

"How wast thou injured, Friend Balden?" asked Jerie sympathetically as she applied a bandage to his wound.

"Last spring when the Senecas were beginning to grow restless they kept coming around my farm on Pine Creek and asking for food and poultry. As we were so far away from neighbors and the forts, we fed them and treated them kindly, but they demanded more and more and when our last chicken was gone grew threatening and abusive. One afternoon my brother-in-law, Samuel Brady, found them stealing our calf. He called me and we shot two of them before they were finally driven off.

The Oneidas told us that the Senecas would surely return and scalp our families. So Brady and I took the women and children to stay with relatives near Fort Tioga. We also stayed away until we went back to cut our hay a week ago. We were at work this morning near the edge of the woods when six or eight Indians opened fire from cover and Brady was killed before he

could even pick up his rifle. I leaped the fence and ran toward a swamp but was shot through the arm and hid in a thicket of nettles. When they gave up the search, I used a short cut over the hills and beat them to the Tioga trail and saw nothing of them until I hid under the bridge."

"Perchance thy brother-in-law was only wounded and escaped them after all," observed the Friend hopefully.

Balden groaned. "While I was under the bridge, hiding behind a log and keeping only my nose above water, a Seneca squatted twenty feet from me washing my brother's scalp in the stream and using a knife to remove the fragments of flesh."

Rachel left her task and went to the tent. The Friend skillfully completed the fastening of the bandage although her face was deathly pale.

"Let's git out of here as fast as we can," suggested Enoch.

"Let's send the women at once in charge of Balden on toward Fort Tioga," I replied, "while you and I stay here and delay the Indians by making a show of defense. Balden knows the trail so well he can travel it even at night."

"No one can go far on this trail with horses at night," Balden interposed. "The route after going down to the river crosses a ford, and then climbs a hill, and soon passes along a cliff where every year several horses fall over even in the day time. But only a half mile from here, just above the ford, is a ravine in which the women could hide in safety. I kept my family there once for a week when the Indians were on a raid."

"Then let's move," exclaimed Enoch energetically. "If the ravine's a safe place, let's all git into it as soon as we can."

"The ravine's not suited to defense," replied Balden. "The safety of the women will depend on their remaining hidden and our attracting the attention of the Indians to some place outside. A mile beyond is a hill-top covered with rocks where we can easily make a stand."

"Won't the Indians be able to-morrow morning to follow our trail to the ravine?" I asked anxiously.

"They'll be good Indians if they do," replied Balden exultingly. "The river continues shoal between the cliffs above the ford until we can turn into the brook. We'll not need to take the horses from the water but can carry the women and baggage to a ledge of shale smooth as a floor. There screened by trees near a waterfall they can stay under a shelf of hard rock that will keep them as tight and dry as if they were in a cave."

"Can you reach it in the dark?" I asked.

"When my family were there, I often went up the river at night," Balden replied.

We quickly packed our baggage and fastened the eight horses together tandem, the women occupying their saddles as usual. We then heaped the fire high with wood to give our pursuers the impression that we were still using the camp. Balden took the bridle of the foremost horse, Enoch kept at the middle of the long line, and I followed in the rear. Our progress down to the ford was painfully slow. Again and again Balden walked back to caution us against rock, log, or

overhanging bough. It seemed to me that an hour passed before we reached the water, but I suppose it was only a few minutes. There the stars and a tiny crescent of a new moon gave sufficient light and our leader took us as rapidly up the river as we could move in the water which was almost waist deep. I had a dim recollection of having noticed these cliffs when I descended the river in the early spring in Guyanoga's canoe; but all appeared different in the darkness. Where a notch in the cliffs became visible we turned to the right and went a short distance up a swift brook a foot or so in depth until we heard the roar of a waterfall. There the women dismounted on a smooth ledge of rock and we unloaded most of the baggage.

At the northern edge of the ravine behind a thick growth of evergreens, we found by the aid of our lantern, which we had cautiously lighted and muffled, a shelf of rock that projected over the smooth shale. Underneath there was sufficient space for a dozen people to lie or sit and room for our baggage which consisted chiefly of blankets and provisions.

Balden then turned the long line of horses and began to retrace his way to the ford. I could scarcely bear to follow after. It seemed as if I were deserting Jerie in time of danger, although I realized that her safety depended on our diverting attention from her retreat and securing help from Fort Tioga as soon as possible. I advised her under no circumstances to leave her hiding-place; and if she had not been already rescued, she could depend on my coming again to the ravine the following night if it were humanly possible. There

was no time for a longer farewell. I felt the pressure of her hand in the darkness and quickly resumed my place at the end of the line.

After we had returned to the ford and had completed the crossing of the river, we turned left and climbed the steep bank, turning gradually toward the ravine and crossing at some distance above the waterfall. We came at last, after another journey that seemed painfully slow, to a round hilltop covered with great heaps of broken rock. As there was no greater elevation near by, the place seemed to be a natural fortification.

After we had tied the horses in a protected place, we held a council of war. It was agreed, as Balden knew the country far better than either Enoch or I, that he was to start as soon as it was fully light for the fort to secure help unless we had been previously attacked. In the meantime Enoch was to keep watch in camp until midnight and I, the remaining period. Balden, on account of his wound, was to be spared from sentry duty. We saw that our rifles, of which we had four, were freshly primed and everything in shape for instant action; and then Balden and I took our blankets. Almost instantly Balden fell asleep. I also soon grew drowsy and slept soundly until Enoch awakened me to take my turn as sentry.

The thin crescent of the new moon was sinking over the western hills and gave a feeble and weird light hardly sufficient to dim the stars. The air was absolutely still and I could hear no sound as I sat at my watch except the hushed flow of the river that considerably below us ran between precipitous banks or cliffs. The hours crept by and there was no change, yet once or twice I had that feeling that sometimes comes to

one—perhaps due to a delicate unrealized sense of smell—that a living being though unseen and unheard is near. I tried to dismiss the suggestion as a fancy, but at the first streak of dawn I did detect a movement behind a bush. Instantly then I was alert to the tip of every nerve, but I gave no alarm for I did not wish to take a chance of foolishly disturbing my companions merely because a hare had come out to take a dewy breakfast.

Soon after I heard a sound as of a stone rolling a foot or two down the declivity. I crept toward Enoch and Balden yet I still hesitated to rouse them. Then through a crevice in the rocks I clearly saw an ugly painted Indian face. I was able to waken the men without a noise and told them that I thought the Indians were about to make a rush on our camp. With four rifles ready we waited dispersed at about equal intervals within the circle of the fortification. It had now become light enough for accurate shooting at a distance of one hundred yards; but further away the view was obscured for wisps of fog were drifting about the base of our hill and the river valley seemed to be wholly hidden in mist. Behind a rock I saw a figure moving and raised my head a little to determine whether there was any possibility that the Indian were Oneida. My answer came in the form of a rifle bullet that passed through my hat.

The shot seemed to be the signal for attack, for with a horrid yell the savages came forward from all sides. There were seven or eight in all. Some discharged their pieces as they rose and others reserved their fire hoping to obtain a clear view over our parapet. One of the latter, who had advanced to within

one hundred feet of our position, I shot through the chest and he rolled behind the bowlder he was about to surmount. I turned to the left and saw Balden in the act of shooting a giant Indian who with a French boarding sword in his hand was almost within striking distance. Balden fired and the savage fell with scarcely a quiver. Enoch seemed to have discharged his rifle in vain; but the Indians having failed in their surprise attack and seeing two of their number already killed retreated to their former positions.

We quickly reloaded our rifles and awaited developments. We found ourselves under much less nervous strain than when we were awaiting attack and we were encouraged by our success in killing two of our opponents without ourselves receiving a wound. I even had my doubts whether they would return to the attack since we had a superior position and they did not now greatly outnumber us, having lost two of their party.

Just a little beyond Balden's reach over the wall of rocks lay the dead giant and beside the body was the broadsword. Balden said the sword would be a valuable weapon to possess should the Indians decide to make another charge and he asked whether I thought it would be safe to try to get it. I told him that it was unnecessary to take the risk and that we might better depend on our rifles and knives. There were probably but five Indians left. If they came again we ought to stop at least two of them with our rifles. As there would be then left for us to fight but one Indian apiece, we ought to be able to meet them man to man with clubbed rifles and knives. Balden was not convinced. He said the Indians probably had been put off their guard by the death of their comrades and

would not be alert; and if they were alert, he would be able to draw their fire by a ruse and seize the sword before they could reload. He raised his cap on a ramrod above the parapet; and two rifles rang out. Thinking there were but two Indians on our side of the hill, he quickly leaped over the rocks and grasped the sword and had almost regained his place when a third rifle sounded and he fell heavily within our enclosure.

In horror I leaped to his side. Blood streamed over his face. A bullet had entered the back of his head and had come out between the eyes, killing him instantly.

Enoch also had run to the spot where Balden fell and in crossing the circle had exposed himself to the view of the enemy. Two or three bullets from the north slope of the hill whizzed through the air missing him apparently only by inches. "This is gittin' almost too hot for me," said Enoch huskily, hugging the ground as close as he could.

"Yes," I replied, "we shall have our hands full if they have discovered that there are only two of us left."

"We might cut a couple of them hosses loose and make a dash for that fog," suggested Enoch, looking down the trail on the Tioga side of our hilltop where a great bank of white fog made the trees appear indistinct at a distance of only a few hundred feet.

"It would be almost a miracle," I replied, "if each of us got to cover alive. We'd better hold our position a while longer. If I should be able to pick off one or two more of them, they might decide to give up the attack."

"More likely they'll make another rush and will

try to git over the parapet and tomahawk us," said Enoch anxiously looking about him; and after a moment he added, "The fog is risin'. The wind is movin' it up over the hilltop. In a moment it will be too misty to shoot and then the devils will be upon us."

"You are right," I said. "Since neither we nor they can see to shoot, we won't wait for them to come. As soon as the fog reaches us, we'll follow your plan and cut the horses loose and make a dash for the woods. If you get through, go to Tioga for help; I'll try to stay near the women."

CHAPTER XV

FROM our knapsacks we took our ammunition and a small supply of dried beef. Everything else we discarded. Then with rapidly beating hearts we waited while the first wreaths of fog drifted over the hill; the mist soon grew thicker and Enoch started to rise, but I made him hold his position until I thought the fog had reached almost its maximum density. Then we rushed toward the horses and cut them loose and indiscriminately lashed them out on the trail except the two that we mounted. Enoch preceded me, as I had paused a moment to head a horse that was turning backward. In the confusion I saw only the dashing horses and the suddenly looming shapes of rocks and cedars. I heard the yells of the Indians and two or three rifles were discharged; but I saw nothing to shoot at and held my fire. My horse ran down the rock-strewn hillside for perhaps two hundred yards when he fell. I was thrown against an evergreen; but, seizing a branch, was able to strike on my feet uninjured. I dashed diagonally up the slope into the woods. At first I sacrificed all precaution to speed but when I had gone a half mile from camp I took pains to travel without making noise and to hide my trail as much as possible. The hillside had once been burned over and was now covered with a thick growth of young pines. The foliage everywhere was so dense that I soon thought it safe to sit down and rest.

If Enoch survived those first rifle shots and his horse had been able to keep to the trail until it climbed above the fog, he ought to reach Fort Tioga at noon; and a detachment of soldiers or Guyanoga's scouts should appear at the ford by the next noon. Therefore if the women could remain hidden for a single day, I could expect all to turn out well. But suppose Enoch had been killed or captured? A contingency might arise in which it might be well for me to know whether aid had really been summoned. I determined to descend to the trail and examine it for tracks to see whether Enoch had been successful in making his escape.

With care not to make a noise but with no endeavor to hide footprints, I went diagonally down the hill and struck the trail about two miles from the scene of our skirmish and about half a mile above the river. To my great joy I found fresh prints of a horse's hoofs. Enoch evidently had travelled the path but an hour before for the water splashes where a brook had been crossed had not even begun to dry. I took pains to leave footprints on the trail as if I too had gone on toward Tioga and then I returned to the brook that Enoch had crossed and there descended to the river.

I wished to reach the opposite side of the stream in order to obtain a wide view of the Tioga trail. As the fog was growing thinner, it seemed best to make the attempt at once. I was successful in finding a small pine log or pole that had dead branches projecting from the sides. Some I cut off; but one I left as a lever to hold in my left hand while I swam; and thus I kept the log from rolling and wetting my rifle and ammunition which I had fastened between stubs on the upper side.

I crossed without attracting attention so far as I could see; but to make sure that I was not followed I climbed to a lookout and waited until the fog had lifted sufficiently to give me an extended view of the river. On both slopes of the valley was a luxuriant growth of young pines that I remembered having noted when I passed down the stream from Tioga in the preceding March. After I had waited for some time without observing anything unusual, I began to make my way slowly southward; and at last I came in sight of the ravine, the ford, and the trail ascending the eastern hillside to the rocky knoll where we had been attacked.

No sound, smoke, or movement gave evidence that any human being was within miles. From my knowledge of Indian habits, however, I concluded that a sentry would probably be located near the ford, since from that position an alarm could be given if any one approached on the trail from either the north or the south. Accordingly I kept where the pines were thickest and, with rifle cocked, proceeded with the greatest caution. I must have used nearly an hour in travelling the last quarter of a mile toward the trail. When I approached the path, I crept under a low pine and waited. In the course of time I became convinced that something occasionally moved at my left. Over the soft pine leaves I made my way absolutely silently in the direction of the sounds I had heard and at last saw an Indian seated on a stump in a thicket of pines keeping his watch over the trail.

I chose a spot where the pines had sprung up amid some fallen logs that I thought would hide me if the Indian should walk around and at the same time would afford me a fairly clear view of the sentry's position

and of the trail. I had scarcely settled down when the Indian leaped to his feet and cocked his musket. He evidently heard some one coming along the path. I quickly rose to my knees, for I hoped that the travellers were the promised detachment of soldiers bearing supplies from Wyoming to Fort Tioga. I brought my rifle into position and was determined that the Indian should sacrifice no white man's life in giving his alarm.

Suddenly the sentry lowered his musket and called out a greeting in the Seneca tongue. A moment later there came into view a tall lank white man. There quickly flashed into my mind the figure that I had seen pass before me through the doorway of the hut on the night of our midnight alarm, the figure that had seemed so strangely familiar although I was then unable to identify it. In a moment all became clear. From under the small felt hat there projected locks of bushy red hair; and as the man turned, I saw his face—the face of William Wyatt, the notorious Tory of New Milford and Fort Niagara.

I backed out of my cover to get a position where I could kill both the Friend's villainous persecutor and the Indian at a single shot. I crept behind a tree and in a moment had them both in line; but I hesitated, for they were discussing the events of the previous day and it seemed that each had been with a separate band of Indians. I wished to learn what I could from their conversation and I reflected that if I shot Wyatt and the Indian, the sound of my gun would probably attract additional savages to the vicinity of Jerie's hiding-place, a result most undesirable.

The Indian, I judged from the conversation, considered the death of his two companions in the skirmish

of the morning as bad medicine and wished immediately to move on toward the west. This Wyatt opposed with much energy. In the stress of his feeling, the Tory dropped the Seneca language and spoke in English.

"You can't leave this watch until you have been relieved," said Wyatt, "and you won't go to the Genessee until you have been to the Painted Post."

"Me no like Susquehanna," whined the Indian in broken English. "Me want to go Chimasee."

"No Seneca will stir a step from this station," responded Wyatt roughly, "until we have found the white woman and all of her party."

Wyatt turned abruptly and walked toward the ford and the Indian followed after still whining a complaint against being detained at the Susquehanna. I followed at a distance behind the Indian wishing to seize the opportunity to take a new position nearer the river bank where I could see the opposite shore and, while it was still light, plan my course to the ravine.

The mouth of the gorge was clearly in view about three hundred yards further up stream than my present location. I could see the interior walls of the ravine marked with alternating lines of hard and soft rock and studded here and there with bushes and small trees. The cliff on the left of the mouth of the gorge was considerably higher and more abrupt than that on the right, up which ran the path from the ford. Up this path Wyatt climbed on issuing from the river. He was in plain sight for a few minutes but finally disappeared behind rocks and trees, which I remembered bordered the trail before it crossed the ravine above the waterfall.

The sentry stayed at his post for the remainder of the afternoon, but became restless as soon as it grew dark. He tramped among dead branches in a very unsoldierly manner; and when finally relieved, plunged instantly into the ford. He was anxious, evidently, to get his hands into the kettle of venison or dog or whatever the food might be. I waited for some time longer, hoping that the new sentry would doze or fall asleep. Whether he did or not I do not know, but using all possible caution I made my way into the water in safety. Then I no longer had any fear that I should be seen or heard, for the slender crescent of the moon gave scarcely a gleam of light and the shadows of the cliffs hung over the river. The ripple of the stream drowned every sound of splash or rolling stone. I could see little except the notch of the ravine against the sky but was able to enter the brook without trouble.

I followed the bed of the stream until I heard the sound of the waterfall and then quickly pushed my way behind the trees to the overhanging shelf of rock. I heard nothing and hesitated how best to attract attention without causing alarm.

"Margaret, Rachel, Eliza,—Jerie!" I whispered; but there was no reply.

With my hands I felt over the entire surface of the smooth rock and found nothing. With trembling fingers I used my tinder-box and lighted a bit of candle. The light penetrated to all corners but showed nothing. Shielding the flame with my hat I examined the ground between the ledge and the brook and found nothing that could give information; and was about to give up the search when in the soft gravel in the edge of the stream I saw the print of an Indian moccasin.

I extinguished the candle and lay flat on the rock and cursed my own foolishness. I had hesitated to shoot Wyatt when I had had the chance and thus had let him continue the search until he had found my Jerie.

But Wyatt was a white man; and evil as he was, I could not believe he would subject her to all the unthinkable brutality and tortures used by the savages. Of that, could I be sure? He had followed her to get money, but now that she had with her no money to give, might he not rob her of whatever valuables she possessed, and then to cover his evil deeds turn her and the other women over to his savage allies?

Under an impulse to rush to the Indian camp and join the women in their captivity, I rose to my feet. A slight noise, however, brought me to my senses; and I realized that if I were to accomplish anything for their relief I must act with discretion. If I could shadow the savages for even a day, perhaps soldiers would come either from Tioga or Wyoming and aid me. I must resume my caution at once for the Indians might be still patrolling the ravine.

In the darkness I saw a form moving silently, almost imperceptibly. It was coming my way. I stepped behind a little evergreen and grasped my rifle. On second thought I pushed my gun to my left hand and drew my knife. It came nearer and was on the other side of the evergreen and almost within arm's reach. I could hear the breathing and my own heart beat so loudly I feared it would betray my presence. As I leaned forward, knife in hand, I discovered that before me stood a woman.

"Jerie!"

"Oh, John, I feared thou wouldst never come!"

"What has happened? Where are the others?"

"Thus far all are safe. An Indian searched the ravine and nearly found us. At dark I moved everything to a place on the cliff that I think is safer. At least we are in a location from which we can see the trail and signal the soldiers if they come by."

I scarcely heard what she said, I was so overcome by what seemed to be her sudden return from a condition that I counted little better than death. Strong man as I was at that time of my life, I fear I sobbed a little. For an instant I put my arm about her and supported myself from her shoulders.

"How thou dost tremble? How wet thou art and cold! Come, thou must have food and clothing."

I did not trust myself to reply but followed along in silence. In the darkness we went closer to the waterfall and there climbed to the top of the hard stratum of rock that had furnished a roof for the old hiding-place. Then following along with hands against the side of the cliff we were able to keep our footing until the ledge became wider. After that we walked easily and gradually attained a considerable height above the floor of the ravine. Then my guide warned me that the ledge again grew narrower and treacherous; but we passed in safety and came to the buttress that made the angle at the junction of the ravine with the gorge of the Susquehanna. There we found a nook under an overhanging ledge much resembling the former location but roomier, dryer, and apparently well screened by bushes that grew before the opening. As I laid down my knapsack and rifle, I heard the soft breathing of the Malin sisters and Eliza.

CHAPTER XVI

OUT of the darkness Jerie drew my duffle bag, and at a point a little removed, I changed my clothing. When I returned, I was given biscuit, meat, and an apple from the stock we had brought with us from the ruined farmhouse. Then at the outer edge of the chamber, where the air drew in pleasantly from the river, Jerie spread a blanket for my bed and placed my bag for a pillow.

"Are Balden and Enoch safe?" she inquired.

"Enoch. I hope, has reached Tioga and has given the alarm; Balden was shot through the head."

"And killed?"

"He died instantly."

"Will one life satisfy them?"

"I fear not; we killed two of their warriors."

"Dost thou think they will seek revenge?"

"We must remain concealed until help comes."

"Perhaps they will give up the search."

"While I was hidden I heard Wyatt tell them not to leave until they find us."

"Is he still following us?"

"He is. I learned to-day that he is the man who torments you."

"In my simplicity I thought I could elude him by fleeing into the wilderness."

"It is his retreat. From the early years of the War

Kanadasaga has been a gathering place for Tories and outlaws."

"I would I had confided in thee earlier and had not deprived myself of thy sympathy. Let me tell thee now."

We seated ourselves on a blanket with our backs to the cliff. The moon had disappeared. Below us lay the deep gulf with its darkness. Across, weirdly rose a shaggy slope. From up the ravine was heard the dull roar of the waterfall and out of the depths at our right came now and then the ripple of the river as the breeze freshened or fell.

"When Uncle Abraham Richards died," began Jerie, "he left two wills, one giving all his property to my Aunt Sarah in trust for the Society of Friends, and a later will in which he specified that a considerable part of his estate should go to his old companion, Wyatt. This later will in my arrogance I burned. Wyatt learned of my act; and from time to time hath compelled me, under pain of exposure, to pay him money from the Society's funds. No one knoweth what tortures I have endured in keeping this sin to myself. I am a thief, but am denied the solace of making public confession. To shield the Society from the consequences of my act, I am compelled to cover my wrong-doing until a competent leader hath been trained to take my place."

"Does Judge Potter know of this?" I asked.

"No," she replied bitterly, "he swears before all the world that I am a holy woman."

"Didn't Sarah Richards and the Malin girls know of what you did and approve of it?"

"That they did so approve does not justify me.

They and James Parker are blinded by their prejudices. I dare not trust their judgment concerning anything I do."

"Why not trust them?"

"They believe I am endowed with authority and privileges I have never possessed."

"You mean you do not trust their testimony concerning the miracle through which they say you were called to the ministry?"

"I believe James Parker's recital of the events but I dare not trust his interpretation. When thou didst go to the War I was a willful thoughtless girl; and when the report came that thou hadst been killed by the Indians, I took to my bed and my strength fell away. Friends and physicians said I died. On returning to consciousness I found myself possessed of the power and purpose to organize and rule a Society. When I stepped into the pulpit, my heart was illumined with an inner vision; and my mouth was filled with speech. Of the source of my inspiration I could only guess. Unto this day, although I am a sinful woman, I am uncertain whether my body still shelters the soul of Jemima Wilkinson, or is the tabernacle of a Celestial Messenger sent to rule to this Society."

"Aunt Sarah and James Parker excuse your errors, I suppose, by maintaining that an inspired spirit entered your body and, therefore, whatever you do, you are incapable of sin?"

"They do not speak so clearly as that. They say I am the Apostle of Heaven, the Prophet of the Most High; and—although I have denounced their words with all the force I can command and have forbidden the Society to think of such claims—they even call me

Lamb of God. As soon as I point to my weaknesses and sin, they grow deaf or mock me; and relying on their imaginings and forgetful of my frailty, they load me with the responsibilities of a great organization believing that my wisdom and strength are infinite."

"Their enthusiasm for your gifts, makes them forget that you still have a woman's nature."

"I have need that some one should understand that," replied Jerie, attempting to stifle a sob. "Those who should have been my friends, are my disciples. In their desire to exalt me as their leader, they have kept me so aloof that I have become the lonliest woman in the Colonies."

"Doesn't Rachel understand how you feel?"

"Her sympathy is boundless; but she hath blinded her eyes to my sin. Because of the testimony of James Parker and Aunt Sarah, she believes I lack the frailties of ordinary women."

"Then she has no doubt concerning the miraculous nature of your call?"

"None. I have faced that uncertainty alone. . . . Why God should desire a wicked, sinful creature such as I to undertake His work, I do not know. If I knew I had not been divinely appointed to this work I would find relief in confessing my sin with Wyatt. On the other hand I would be able to lock up my heart and go on forever, if I could be certain that He hath ordained me to this task. As it is, I am tortured with doubt. Through my weary brain, like a door creaking ceaselessly in the wind, swings the question to and fro: *If the gifts are of myself, how come the works? If of God, whence this weakness and sin?* Either way, the Society must be carried on. It is the Lord's, not mine.

His work must not falter because of my errors and doubt."

"God forgive me, if I should selfishly seek to take advantage of your doubt," I said, "but whatever the testimony given by James Parker and Sarah Richards, I cannot believe that you were appointed to the ministry through a miracle, or that your call differs in any respect from that of other gifted preachers who are said to be divinely ordained. Had I not been convinced that you are in body, mind, and soul the Quaker maiden I loved in New Milford, I should never have followed you to this place."

"This body, I know, was once Jemima Wilkinson's."

"But no attractions of face and figure could lure me a second time into the wilderness. It is the Quaker girl's mind and heart that have drawn me hither."

"So am I urged by my own instincts but have not dared trust them. When I waited for thee by the waterfall, I was almost persuaded that the heart as well as the body is hers; but if so . . . whence came the new Being that illumined me as I rose from the bed of sickness?"

"Perhaps trial and illness prematurely ripened virgin keenness into womanhood."

"I would I could be assured of that beyond peradventure of a doubt. If I could satisfy myself that I am not divinely required to carry on this work, I would give over the leadership to others more worthy and would take up the life of Jemima Wilkinson at the place where she laid it down when thou didst go to the War."

A long time we sat looking into the deep dark abyss that seemed to change weirdly as we gazed. We talked

of the days before the War, of love, and of the maze of circumstance that had brought us to the present perilous situation in the wilderness. The danger we knew we must meet in the morning drew us very close together and made us seek one another's sympathy as never before. At last I said, "It is almost morning. You must sleep and be prepared for to-morrow."

"I shall sleep with a calm mind," said Jerie. "The ache flies away when the heart is unlocked."

As she spread the blankets for her bed, Eliza changed her position and Rachel rose in alarm to a sitting posture. "Friend John hath returned," Jerie explained soothingly.

"Art thou uninjured, Friend John? Is all well?" Rachel whispered anxiously.

In a few words I gave her an account of our fight with the savages and of Balden's death. Rachel was greatly moved, and declaring that she could no longer sleep, put on her shoes and warmer garments and seated herself beside me. I then told her other details of our encounter and spoke of seeing Wyatt, but suggested that we defer our discussion of the latter matter until morning to avoid keeping the Friend awake.

"We shall not disturb her," Rachel replied. "She already sleeps. She endures all labor and fatigue until a time comes for rest. When she wills it, she sleeps."

For an hour we talked of Wyatt, for Rachel was willing to tell me all she knew as soon as she learned that the Friend had taken me into her confidence concerning the burning of the will. She said that when Richards was informed that he could not live, he drew up with his own hands a new will. It was witnessed by Margaret and herself without knowledge of the con-

tents. They supposed it to be of the same tenor as a previous will in which he had given all his property to Sarah in trust for the Society of Friends. After his death, however, they found that he had diverted five thousand dollars from the trust fund and had given it to his former associate, Wyatt.

This discovery, as the five thousand dollars covered the better part of the property, was a severe blow to Sarah and the Friend. Richards, although formerly a man of evil company and apt to backslide, had as he grew older become interested in the Society of Friends. In Meeting more than once he had announced that at the death of himself and wife, his entire property would go to the Society. As his interest in religion had increased he had often expressed sorrow for the questionable transactions of his youth and had come to regard Wyatt as his evil genius.

As a consequence of this change in character preceding Richard's death, it was quickly agreed at a conference of the Friend, Sarah, Margaret, and herself, that the second will was the product of a mind weakened by illness and that the earlier will represented the seasoned and honest judgment of the deceased man. The Friend, therefore, with the approval of her associates, unwilling that the work of the Lord should falter, removed the second will from the packet of papers, and walking to the fireplace burned it in the presence of her three advisers. The first will was then sent to probate.

About a month later there was returned to Sarah a letter that her husband had written. It was addressed to Wyatt, but he had not been found. From this letter the Friend and Sarah learned that Wyatt had a few

months before the death of Richards become enthusiastic over speculation in Canadian land and had attempted to induce Richards to invest money. When the latter had failed to supply the desired funds, Wyatt had demanded money that he said was still due him on account of their former transactions in Tory lands in Connecticut. He had threatened violence unless this old claim was paid. As death drew near, Richards brooding over these threats and fearing for the peace and security of his wife and child, or perhaps contritely admitting the justice of the claims, had written Wyatt that he had included in his will a bequest giving his former Tory associate five thousand dollars.

"Wyatt's claim against Richards was uncollectible," I interposed, "both because of its origin and because Wyatt was an outlawed Tory; and for similar reasons Wyatt was incapable of receiving Richards's bequest."

"We Quakers know little of law," Rachel replied, "and had the Friend been fully acquainted with legal technicalities, she would not have availed herself of them. The Friend felt that she had from youth cherished an unrighteous hatred of Wyatt. Being convinced by the letter that Richards with sound mind intended to pay Wyatt's claim, she used every means to find the outlawed Tory. She was unsuccessful until an August night in New Milford when I woke in terror, seeing a man's face at our casement. I clung to the Friend; but she, according to her wont, put on her gown and going to the window called, 'Friend, what is it thou desirest? If we can help thee, we will.' The intruder proved to be Wyatt seeking Richards."

Rachel then told me how the Friend brought the Tory into the house and confessed the burning of the

will. Believing that the Society had no right to Wyatt's bequest and not doubting the genuineness of his claim, she agreed to repay him five thousand dollars in installments from the current funds of the Society. At first the Tory had seemed grateful, but when the principal had been paid, he demanded interest. Later he came again and said that the Friend in burning the will had committed a greater crime than even he had been guilty of. On that account, on pain of exposure, he had asked for additional payments. He came at night and used the vilest and most outrageous means to terrify the Friend and her women and force compliance. For three or four years he had been a cloud over the Society and a source of great expense.

A little breeze from up the river drew over the ledge and the air grew chilly. As soon as Rachel had finished her narrative she went back to bed. I continued to keep my watch and when left to myself meditated vengeance on Wyatt. I did not share in any degree the Friend's unjustifiable desire to spare the red-haired Tory's life. I determined that if he came again into sight, and the circumstances were such that I could venture another shot at our enemies, no Indian should get my lead. I had not sat long when I saw the crimson shafts of dawn beginning to climb toward the zenith, and little by little the sweep of river and forest-clad hills came into view.

Near me on the narrow ledge of rock lay Jerie, her bosom gently heaving as the tides of sleep swept to and fro. Her dark hair lay loosened on the blanket beneath her head like the shadow on which a painter paints a face. Not a wandering tress touched her queenly forehead. How pale she was! No color but

of lips—a dainty girlish mouth. Not seeing Jerie's glowing eyes, how could one say she lived? A house at night with all the shutters closed. Dark lids, bruised with every one's sorrows. Might I kiss them gently, holily, each one? She murmured in her sleep; and her breath came with a quivering sigh. I watched until all was calm; and then I lay down to sleep.

After hours had passed, I gradually became conscious of a quarrel or dispute conducted impatiently in low voices. The women were awake. Eliza, it seems was inclined to move too freely in our narrow quarters and had not preserved the quiet that Rachel thought necessary for the common safety and my sleep. I opened my eyes. The sun was shining brightly. The ledge which the Friend had chosen for a hiding-place was twelve or fifteen feet wide and half of it was over-roofed by projecting rocks. At the outer edge and just below us, the earth had hung to the ledges; and cedars and other growth screened our retreat to a height of four or five feet. It was nearly a hundred feet down to the river and the descent over the loose earth and rock was so steep that it could not be passed over with safety even by a mountaineer. Above us the shale rose almost perpendicularly for seventy-five feet. The only means of access to our hiding-place was by the narrowing ledge that extended up the ravine to the falls.

The women were dressed in their usual costumes and cheerfully reported a good night's sleep. The Friend was directing the preparation of breakfast from the stock of supplies we had brought with us.

As I looked out over the gorge again I noticed that our location was well screened but was difficult to de-

fend. There was nothing in front of us to stop bullets and the opposite wall of the ravine rose a little higher than our position; but as our safety was dependent on our remaining hidden and not on fighting, I did not deem the defect of much consequence. The ford was in clear view; and the trail along the opposite bank of the river could be seen at several points. It was impossible that soldiers could go up or down the river or along the trail in daylight without our being able to attract their attention. I scrutinized carefully every foot of the trail in view and looked up and down the river but could see neither friend nor foe. We made a meal of smoked beef, biscuit, water, and most agreeable of all apples which we had brought from the ruined farmhouse. For a day there had been no chance to build a fire or vary our food but we ate with cheerful spirits for it seemed that the enemy had gone and that we should be able soon to forego the enforced caution and quiet that had become irksome to us all.

We had nearly finished our meal when Margaret lifted a warning finger. Turning we looked through the shrubbery and saw five Indians crossing the ford. We carefully concealed ourselves and remained quiet to await developments. They crossed the river and disappeared behind the projecting angle of rock at the mouth of the ravine. For a long time they remained out of sight but finally appeared following the river upstream to our brook. They again disappeared; and we concluded they had taken a position directly beneath us on the bank of the river, for from time to time we thought we could hear an indistinct sound of conversation. After an hour's time, hoping to observe something that might be useful in defense or offense,

in case the soldiers appeared on the trail across the river, I crept with extreme caution to the edge of the ledge in a spot where there was no loose rock or earth and looked down.

The savages were grouped on a flat table of rock similar to ours but without roof and elevated but a few feet above the bed of the ravine. Two were stretched out for sleep, others were engaged in conversation, and one was keeping watch at a point where he could look out through the foliage and gain a view of the opposite bank of the river and of the trail. They spoke so guardedly that I could understand nothing that they said and the signs they used had little import. Accordingly I returned to the cover of the shrubbery and nothing occurred for an hour or two except that we had difficulty to induce Eliza to remain quiet.

Not far from noon I heard a slight sound of falling rock and earth and, fearful that one of the savages had discovered our presence and was attempting to climb to our hiding-place, I crept again to my outlook and found that the noise evidently was without significance and had been made by the sentry who had slightly shifted his position. I signalled back that all was well; and Eliza made a sign that she wished to come to me and look over. I shook my head and hastened as quickly as I could back to the shadow of the overhanging ledge.

Then Eliza asked for an apple from the bag which we had left behind some blueberry bushes at the outer corner of our retreat. I started to get it for her, but she insisted on getting it for herself; and following my example crawled carefully over the rock to the bag.

She selected the fruit that appealed to her and was nearly back in her former position when in some way an apple slipped from her grasp. I leaped to my feet like lightning, but in spite of the best I could do, the apple rolled over the edge of the cliff.

CHAPTER XVII

FOR an instant there was silence. Then came a guttural "Ugh" followed by the sound of scurrying feet. Eliza began to sob and a look of terror swept over the faces of the Malin sisters. The Friend was calm. "What shall we do?" she asked.

"I have plenty of ammunition," I replied. "Perhaps I can hold them off until the soldiers come."

"Is there no way we can avoid killing them?" she inquired plaintively.

"I'll not shoot until it is necessary," I answered. "But I'll shoot to kill if it becomes a question of their lives or ours."

In the meantime the group of Indians had scattered in all directions. One we saw crossing the ford; two were climbing the opposite bank of the ravine in an endeavor to gain a height from which they could look down on our hiding-place. The others ran up the ravine as if they planned to climb to the top of the bank above us or were to attempt to follow our path along the ledge.

As a precaution, I took all our baggage and blankets and piled them behind the thickest shrubbery and made the women lie flat on the rock behind the pile; but it made a very poor barricade and would barely be able to stop a half-spent musket ball. There was absolutely no loose earth or rock at hand for building a more substantial protection.

The women had scarcely taken the position I had

indicated when from across the ravine came the crack of a rifle and lead spattered down on us from the rock above. "Now," said I, "I wish I had disposed of one or two of them when I had a fair chance."

"Let me go down and speak to them," pleaded the Friend, half rising. "I do not believe they will injure us if I can reason with them. The Indians have always respected Friends."

"Lie flat on the rock and remain quiet," I replied roughly.

One or two other bullets struck the rocks above us and then from directly across the ravine came a rifle ball, aimed better than the others, that hit a corner of one of our bags and passed within three or four inches of my head.

"That fellow is at the top of the bank where he can look down on us," I exclaimed. "We must do something at once or he will pick us off one by one."

Jerie turned her eyes imploringly toward me, but I avoided her glance. After a moment's thought, I added, "I'll go down and do what I can to use up time in the hope that Enoch and the soldiers will come before it is too late."

Having tied my handkerchief to my ramrod and holding it aloft as a white flag, I stepped out upon the ledge and started on my perilous undertaking. I had not gone half way to the fall, however, when a rifle shot was followed by a scream, and Eliza who had leaped to her feet came toward me as fast as she could.

"Margaret is shot," she cried, "Margaret is shot."

I turned and crowded by Eliza, not caring whether I lived or died, and fearing most that Jerie might be shot dead by the savages before I could reach her.

I found the three women still lying on the rock. Margaret's white collar was stained with blood. "It is nothing," Margaret said bravely. "The bullet barely touched my ear."

I found her words to be true. The wound in the rim of her ear was scarcely as deep as the width of a goose quill, but the blood flowed in a stream.

"They respected thy flag," gasped Rachel, "but fired on us, probably thinking that other armed men are hidden here."

"Evidently they wish to force us from this position. I believe we'd better all go down," said the Friend.

"Just as you think best," I replied in desperation, for I did not place the slightest trust in the savages and I felt sure that whether we went down to the ravine or stayed on the ledge we were all doomed to death.

As we went out on the ledge, bearing our white flag, one or two shots clipped the bushes that screened our retreat; and then the firing ceased. Just before we passed from sight of the ford, I saw two or three Indians coming from across the river. When we reached the end of the ledge near the waterfall, seven or eight savages were waiting to receive us.

With an authoritative manner I waved the Indians back and gathered the women in a group and led them from the shrubbery to a level piece of open ground that had the cliff in the rear. An Indian approached and asked in English for my gun. "Stand back," I said, clubbing my rifle and stepping between him and the women.

"Give gun," repeated the Indian.

"Don't come any nearer," I ordered with great stern-

ness, walking to and fro before the women and swinging my rifle about me.

The Indians in spite of my threatening manner gradually closed about us, their knives drawn and tomahawks in hand. The horrid display was too much for Eliza. She became hysterical and dashed through the circle of our captors and started to run down the ravine. The warriors quickly seized her; but she screamed and kicked and caused them no end of trouble. They were forced to tie her to a sapling. Then the Indian who spoke English turned toward me and again demanded my gun. I made no response; but when I observed that he was sending a young brave with his musket into a clump of bushes near by, I sullenly handed over my weapon. Several of my captors instantly seized me and took from my pockets everything I possessed and, after depriving me of my coat, tied me to a tree near Eliza.

The Friend had remained silent while I was making my vain efforts to cause delay; but as soon as she saw that I could accomplish no more, she stepped forward and said to one of the savages, "I am of the Society of Friends. Neither I nor my people have ever quarrelled with Indians. Take me to your leader."

After a moment of whispered conversation among the savages, the Friend and the Malin sisters were conducted unbound down the ravine; and before I had time to realize what was going on, they had passed from sight. Two Indians remained to guard Eliza and me. The rest followed after the Friend to the mouth of the ravine and like her disappeared around the corner of the bluff.

I was greatly disturbed by Jerie's departure and tried to question my captors in English to find out where she was being taken, but the savages pretended they did not comprehend. I did not address them in the Seneca dialect, for I did not wish them to know that I understood their language. Eliza soon ceased sobbing and complained that the rope with which she was bound hurt her wrists. I tried by signs to induce one of our guards to loosen it, but was unsuccessful. All I could do was to counsel her to keep up her courage. I told her I hoped we should be taken to the place where the Friend and the Malin sisters were detained, and that every moment of delay added to the probability of our being rescued by the soldiers.

After an hour had passed, an Indian came rushing up the ravine and at a distance from us exchanged a few hurried words with our guards. We were quickly released from the saplings; but our hands were tied behind our backs and a rope linked Eliza and me together but permitted us to separate to a distance of about six feet. With two Indians before us and one after, we were hurried to the river. As we were going in the direction taken by Jerie I was nothing loath to make as much speed as my captors desired until I reflected that our haste was probably due to a report from the Indian outposts that soldiers were approaching. Acting in accordance with this idea, I attempted to delay; and was successful only in drawing threatening gestures from the Indian in the rear and finally a painful blow from the butt of his musket. We waded down the river to the ford and crossed to the west bank. There instead of turning southward into the Wyo-

ming trail, we took a settler's road that went due west up the hillside.

As we passed along, I observed the path carefully and saw that the road had been much travelled by Seneca Indians but there was nothing to indicate that Jerie and the Malin sisters had taken this route. I watched keenly for an opportunity, when the attention of the Indian at our rear was diverted, to break twigs or leave footprints or other signs that might be of use to a rescuing party in following our trail; but I soon discovered that such effort on my part was unnecessary. About a mile from the river we left the settler's road and took a little used trail that climbed a steep declivity. Eliza not being able to use her hands in climbing and not being accustomed to so rough travelling slipped and fell again and again, and thereby left traces sufficient to indicate clearly the route we were taking. The Indians jerked her roughly to her feet and attempted by menacing gestures to make her more careful. The circumstances stirred my sympathy, for Eliza's face was badly scratched and was stained by tears and grime; but I did not see how I could help her.

When we had gone about two miles from the river and the warriors still showed no intention of halting to seek a place of concealment in which they could remain until the soldiers had passed by, the full realization of the truth came over me that the Indians intended our separation from Jerie to be permanent and they were now taking Eliza and me into the unexplored forest where if we survived, we should probably never be able to learn of the Friend's fate. In my anxiety, although I knew only too well the nature of

the Indian, I besought my captors in English to tell me where they had taken the Friend and when we should see her again. I received no reply, nor even any indication that my questions were understood until at last one of the savages more ill-natured than the rest stepped behind me and drew the cord that bound my wrists so tight that it cut cruelly into the flesh. I took the hint and said no more, but strained my ears to catch some syllable of their talk that might give information.

At the top of the ridge bordering the Susquehanna on the west we descended through thick woods to a brook that flowed into another valley. We followed the stream to a small pond of clear water and at sunset camped at its margin. The Indians built a fire and roasted fish which they caught from the pond. They then untied our bonds completely and keeping within arm's reach permitted us to eat our supper. After we had taken as much food as we desired, our hands were tied before us, but less tightly, and we were fastened by other ropes to two of our captors.

When we lay down for the night Eliza crept close to me and wept a little. The best I could do to console her was to whisper, after our guards went to sleep, that the party sent from Tioga would probably be successful in following either the Friend's trail or ours. In either case the fact of our capture would become known and eventually means would be taken to effect our rescue. I also reminded her that I had passed several years as a captive among Indians and had lived to tell the tale. My secret thoughts were less optimistic. I knew it was the custom of Senecas on entering one of their villages with captives to compel the

prisoners to run the gauntlet; and if it suited savage whim, even women were subjected to torture. The thought of what might be in store for her or Jerie, kept me awake far into the night.

The next morning to facilitate progress, our captors left our right hands unbound. I continued to listen attentively to every word spoken by the Indians, and although they not unfrequently talked in my presence I heard nothing that threw light on our fate or destination unless it was a reference to a council that some of the Indians expected to attend. About noon we came to a fork in the trail and when we halted I was thrilled by hearing one of the Indians say in the Seneca tongue that we were then but five miles from the place where we were to meet the women. I wished to tell Eliza that we were about to rejoin the Friend and the Malin sisters; but fearing that an indiscretion on Eliza's part might reveal the fact that I understood the Seneca language, I kept the information to myself. Eliza in the meantime had assumed a more cheerful attitude than on the previous day. She had smiled so winningly at the youngest of the three Indians that he had condescended to carry on a conversation with her in broken English; and had at last yielded to her request to adjust her bonds as she directed.

In mid-afternoon we came to a small river which we followed down stream. The conversation of the Indians showed that the camp we sought was located on an island we were approaching. We plunged into the water to our waists and I looked eagerly among the trees to catch a glimpse of Jerie's gray gown; but I saw only a group of greasy squaws.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE squaws came rushing toward us with a great pow-wow. Some offered the warriors roasted fish and other food, but on observing that their consorts had taken prisoners, all other thought fled from their minds. They surrounded Eliza and me making remarks intended to be humorous about our appearance and clothing. When one fat squaw said I had a face like a rabbit, the woods resounded with their stupid laughter. We were taken to the center of the island where there were several shelters made in the Indian fashion of bark and evergreen boughs. At a camp fire kettles of fish stew were cooking. The squaws served the warriors with food and then crowded about the terrified Eliza. They untied the rope that bound her and began to remove her clothing.

I leaped forward waving my free arm and shouted, "Stop!" But I was at a loss how to enforce my command, and being without other means, attempted to make use of Jerie's device and added, "She comes from the Society of Friends and must not be harmed."

Perhaps for a moment the squaws hesitated; but the warrior who had previously tortured me by tightening the cord until it cut into my wrists, left his food and with the help of the women soon subdued my struggles and bound me to a tree with both arms pinioned to my sides.

The squaws then returned to Eliza and without re-

gard for her screams proceeded to divest her of her remaining garments. They tied her utterly naked to a sapling; and divided her clothing among them, each mature squaw receiving as far as possible one article, if it were only a stocking. Had not the occasion been so alarming, the scene would have been grotesque indeed; for squaws paraded about displaying their booty and in some cases attempting to wear Eliza's underwear over their ordinary clothing.

As soon as the braves had finished eating, they lay down in the shelters or under the shade of the trees and went to sleep. The curiosity of the squaws over the strange garments was at last exhausted and a group of them loosened me from the tree, leaving the rope fastened to only one wrist, and took me to the camp fire and offered me food. I made a sign to bring Eliza. This they did; but they seated her on the ground, with ankles tied, and kept close beside her.

As the warriors seemed to be depending entirely on the squaws to guard me, I began to think of the possibility of escape, but quickly discharged it from my mind. It would be impossible for Eliza to travel through the woods without shoes and suitable clothing; and I was unwilling to leave her. But I felt an insane impulse to break away and run that it was difficult to control. I did not fear so much for my life as for Jerie. The misfortunes that had come to Eliza, I thought, might be even less than those meted out to Jerie, Rachel, and Margaret.

When I had finished eating I searched my pockets to see if the Indians had left any possible coin or trinket that I might use to bribe a squaw to supply Eliza with clothing. I found nothing. I then appealed to the

oldest squaw and by signs and language—although I still concealed my knowledge of the Indian dialects—I asked for clothing. The squaw smiled, and when an over-grown Indian girl, a little younger than Eliza, came near, the squaw snatched her calico dress over her head and delivered it to Eliza. This act was greeted with much laughter by all the women and was regarded as a great joke. I too laughed vigorously and pointed to Eliza's feet and asked for moccasins. These also the old squaw good-naturedly brought from one of the shelters.

This bit of good humor on the part of the Indian women encouraged me to try to learn from them what had become of the Friend's party and what our destination was likely to be. I repeated my questions over and over and soon attracted a circle about me; but even the squaws who knew the most English seemed to fail to understand. In spite of all my inquiries they either gave no answer or shook their heads.

When evening came I was tied as before with my hands behind my back and with ropes extended to the right and left to the warriors who slept beside me. Eliza, who had grown cheerful and somewhat playful after receiving her Indian garments, was left entirely unbound and slept in one of the huts with the old squaw who had befriended her.

The next morning the air was cool and the sunshine bright and almost every one on the island was occupied with some sort of work or play. One of the warriors was cleaning and oiling his gun; the youngest brave was sharpening his knife but seemed to give the most of his attention to a game of tag in which Eliza and some of the older children were engaged. The third

Indian with the help of a squaw to paddle his canoe was spearing fish in the river. Some of the women were dressing fish and drying them in the smoke of the fire; others were preparing pitch and birch bark for the patching of a canoe. The young Indian seemed so much interested in Eliza's game that I beckoned to her and suggested that she try to draw him into the sport; and, when he became settled in good humor, attempt to learn from him what had become of the Friend.

Eliza was ready enough to carry out my suggestion and soon proved successful in her efforts. In a few minutes the young brave was taking an active part in the game. The fun grew fast and furious. Eliza and the children were screaming and laughing and running from tree to tree with great zest. Eliza, in spite of her ludicrous appearance as she raced about clad only in moccasins and a dirty calico dress that reached barely to her knees, thoroughly enjoyed the sport or else was an accomplished actor. Finally when closely pursued by the young brave she ran to a tree near me and paused apparently to get her breath.

"Come on; come on," urged the Indian in broken English.

"Tell me first what has become of my friends."

Without the slightest delay the young Indian replied, "White squaws far away village of big chief."

Scarcely pausing to cast a glance at me, Eliza resumed the game. The Indian's lack of hesitation in answering and his general demeanor convinced me that he spoke the truth. The information, however, brought me little cheer. The words 'far away' immediately suggested my own unhappy captivity in Canada; and my

imagination pictured the intolerable conditions that would have to be endured by a woman under similar circumstances. The only cheering thought was that since the soldiers from Tioga had not followed our trail, they had probably followed the Friend's, and had already rescued her. However that might be, it was important that I waste no time in securing Eliza's co-operation in a plan for escape. The children had given up the game of tag, but Eliza and the young warrior were still absorbed by the sport and it was some time before I could secure my fellow prisoner's attention. I had given her but half my plan when her companion approached and she raced away. I was unable to speak to her again until supper time.

When the kettles were being taken from the fire and almost every member of the party was eager to obtain his share of food, I informed her that I planned to escape that night in one of the canoes. After retiring, she was to wait an hour or two until she felt sure that all but her and me were asleep, and then should come to the camp fire with all possible caution—as an error might cost us our lives—and untie my bonds. She agreed to do faithfully just as I said and to use the greatest care of which she was capable. I would never have dared to ask Eliza to assist me in such a plan had I not learned from my sojourn among Indians that they sleep more soundly than white men.

As soon as it grew dark, my hands were tied as before and two ropes of four or five feet in length bound my wrists to the wrists of two of my captors. The women and children disappeared in their huts and my guards and I lay down beside the fire. It was scarcely five minutes before one of the warriors began to breath

heavily; and a little later another fell asleep, and within fifteen or twenty minutes the third was sleeping soundly. I breathed a sigh of relief; and a long time I waited. I wished then that I had arranged some signal that I could give Eliza. There was no sound except the notes of a few half-hearted katydids and the rhythmic purr of the rippling river. An hour or two went by and still Eliza did not come. Perhaps the old squaw, I thought, was not sleeping, or Eliza had observed something that rendered it dangerous to make the attempt. It had become so late that I doubted whether it was not best when she came to postpone the undertaking, for I thought that we should not be able to go far down the river before it became light. At last I fell asleep.

The next forenoon considerable excitement was caused by the arrival on the island of a warrior who it seems before we left the Susquehanna had been detailed as a scout. As soon as he appeared on the mainland bearing a large buck, he was greeted with shouts from the entire rabble, for the women and children had been living for so long a time on fish and blackberries that they welcomed the prospect of fresh venison. Two or three of the squaws rushed into the water and brought the carcass to the island. As if moved by curiosity I moved forward with the others as far as I dared toward the bank of the river in the hope of hearing what the scout reported to his companions.

"Oneidas, Oneidas," he called to the three warriors, swinging his arm from east to south and pointing down the river.

The words thrilled me like the name of a friend. Instantly I ventured the guess that a party of scouts had been sent by the commander of Fort Tioga to ob-

serve our movements and to gain the information needed for effecting our rescue. The four warriors withdrew a little from the spot where the others were gathered about the slaughtered deer and engaged in an animated discussion. I could find no excuse for approaching closer to the group, but I overheard enough of their conversation to convince me that my first surmise was at least partly correct. The scout said that there were but three or four braves in the party of Oneidas and their object seemed rather to observe our movements than to give battle. One of these Oneidas I felt sure was Guyanoga. If he had learned of my misfortune, I did not doubt that he would put forth every effort to release Eliza and me from captivity.

As the warriors were still discussing the scout's report and the squaws were busy with the deer, I thought it a good time to call Eliza and learn why yesterday's plan of escape had miscarried and to arrange with her such changes as were necessary to ensure our escape the coming night. After some effort I succeeded in attracting her attention. "What was the trouble last night?" I asked in guarded tones.

"I thought I'd have a nap first, I was so sleepy; and I didn't wake up until morning," responded Eliza carelessly.

I groaned and bit my lip; but Eliza without further explanation or waiting for other questions or advice rushed away to take part in one of the children's contests and soon was laughing as noisily as any of her savage playmates. For a moment I felt inclined to work out a plan of escape that did not include Eliza. I disliked the thought of going away and leaving her to the tender mercies of the savages even though her

predicament and mine was the result of her own willfulness. My first duty, I thought, was to myself and Jerie. Moreover if I gained my freedom and was able to communicate with the Oneidas or the troops at the fort, the chances of Eliza's being restored to her friends would be greatly improved. Nevertheless after I had digested the matter, I decided that since Eliza was scarcely more than a child and had been placed by circumstances in my care, no arguments could justify me in abandoning her. Unless I could perfect a plan of escape that should include her as well as me, I must patiently endure my fate.

As I walked to and fro with my hands tied behind my back meditating whether it were best to make myself useful to my captors in some handicraft, or to profess witchcraft, or to feign insanity, as a means of inducing the Indians to untie my hands, I came to the spot where the squaws had skinned and divided the buck. Part of the carcass still lay on the ground, and near it I discovered a small hunting knife with horn handle. I quickly glanced around. As no one seemed to be observing me closely, I gave the knife a kick, hoping that I could move it along with my feet until I sent it into the river at some spot where Eliza under my direction could find it. I had moved it eight or ten feet when I saw one of the warriors approaching. I glanced feverishly here and there for some stone or log under which I might thrust the weapon with my feet; but I saw no place where I could have hidden it even had I been free to use my hands. The Indian was drawing nearer.

In desperation I gave the knife another kick and it flew a dozen feet and fell at the base of a butternut

tree. There when I approached, I saw a chipmunk hole, for the island was overrun with the little creatures. I placed my left foot beside the hole and by carefully pushing and lifting with the right I managed to guide the point of the knife into the opening. My movements attracted the attention of the brave and he came rapidly toward me. The handle of the knife still extended about two inches in plain sight above the ground. I placed my heel on the butt of the handle and forced it into the earth, meanwhile gazing most earnestly toward the top of the butternut tree. Then suddenly I shifted my gaze to the forest across the river and in English shouted at the approaching Indian, "Did you see the great bird with the long bill?"

The Indian looked across the river and seeing no bird glared at me with suspicion. I kept my eyes on the tree-tops and again ground my heel into the earth. For a few moments the warrior studied my face and then turning slowly rejoined his companions at the center of the island.

A glance toward the foot of the butternut tree showed me that my efforts had been successful. The knife had been thrust so deeply into the earth that it was entirely out of sight. I noticed the location as 'two feet from the butternut in the direction of a maple sapling eight feet distant' and prepared to notify Eliza before the loss of the knife was discovered, for I feared that when the Indians became aware that the weapon was missing, measures might be taken to keep Eliza and me from communicating.

It was a long time before I could induce Eliza to come to me. She evidently feared that I intended to reprove her for her carelessness the previous night. At

last, however, although we were under the distant observation of the warriors, I was able to tell her where I had hidden the knife. She promised most earnestly to keep awake and come to cut my bonds that evening as soon as she believed every one to be sound asleep.

CHAPTER XIX

WHETHER or not the loss of the knife was discovered that evening, I do not know. Certainly no alarm was given. But as soon as supper was over and we took our positions for the night, the owner of the knife with a grunt thrust aside one of my bedfellows and, tying a rope that bound me to his own wrist, lay down at my side. His precautions and suspicions, however, availed him little, for his arduous duty as scout and a full stomach of deer meat made him the first of the party to fall asleep. Some of the others soon followed. The warrior on my right was more restless. While I awaited his heavy breathing as certain evidence that he had fallen asleep, I heard a slight noise; and in the uncertain light of the fire and a small new moon, I dimly saw Eliza pass from her hut and disappear in the direction of the butternut tree.

My heart beat violently as I thought what would happen if she should make a premature appearance. Tied as I was, I could do nothing but lie quietly and await the consequences whatever they might be. The warrior on my right sighed and slightly changed his position. Several minutes passed and Eliza did not come and I grew more hopeful. I had thrust the knife so deeply into the earth that it might take her some time to extract it.

Finally the restless warrior began to breathe with

the regular rhythm of sleep; and almost immediately Eliza appeared. She moved quietly toward the group of sleeping warriors; and at last bent over me to cut my bonds. Perhaps she supported the rope so that the strain as she severed it was not passed to the wrists of the sleeping Indians; but to me in my agitated condition it seemed that she bungled the work dreadfully. Nevertheless she did succeed in removing the ropes without alarming the sleepers.

I rose and followed her a short distance and then directed her to search about the fire, which glimmered but dimly, for one of the remaining pieces of venison, which according to the Indian custom had been suspended from the branches of trees. Having secured food, she was to meet me at the lower end of the island. I returned to the group of sleeping Indians and, after a long search and a narrow escape from overturning an empty kettle, I was able to find my own rifle and ammunition, an old musket, and a tinder-box.

Carrying the two guns and avoiding the trees as best I could, I crept to the lower end of the island. Eliza had arrived before me. She had brought three fish, all the food she had been able to obtain. I quickly gathered the paddles from the various canoes and placed them and the guns in the canoe I intended to use. All the other boats I set adrift. Then Eliza and I launched the canoe I had chosen and slipped silently out into the current.

In the darkness I took a few swift strokes of the paddle endeavoring to keep our fragile craft as near the middle of the stream as possible. We had gone but a short distance when something behind me attracted my attention. I instantly turned our boat toward

shore and attempted to escape observation in the shadows. The object came nearer and in my excitement I held my breath; but what I had seen proved to be only one of the drifting canoes.

Again we set forward and at first I used the paddle vigorously preferring to risk running aground or collision with rock or log to possible recapture by the Indians. Then I recollected that it was still early evening and even if the Senecas had awaked and discovered our escape they would have no canoe or paddles with which to pursue us and probably would not be able to find any or prepare substitutes until light. After that I used the paddle just enough to keep our boat headed toward the middle of the stream. The stars were visible overhead for the moon was scarcely at quarter and was hidden by the forest; no sound came to our ears but the dull ripple of the river and that soon became unnoticed. Varying odors were our best indication of progress. We passed through the unpleasant evidence of a pole-cat's quarrel, the damp smell of wet ferns and moss, the odor of a sulphur spring, the fragrance of pines.

The shadows grew darker. Neither Eliza nor I seemed inclined to hold even a whispered conversation. The river evidently was becoming narrower and the banks steeper. The sky that showed between the trees overhead was cut to a slender path. I found it difficult to determine the middle of the current. A feeling of oppression came over me; and then the branch of an overhanging tree swept by, it seemed, with the speed of a race horse. Were we nearing rapids or a fall? I suddenly realized that the ripple of the stream had gradually become a roar.

Although I had spent years in the forest and had become accustomed to its night fantasies, I was touched with panic and struck wildly for the bank. On the way we grazed a rock and were in danger of being overturned. But we seized a branch and drew the canoe to the shore. Then we seated ourselves on a rock and waited for morning. As the hours passed our inaction became harder to endure than our fear of rapids. With the first gray of dawn we continued our journey. The current swept us at great speed among projecting rocks; but we were fortunate enough to avoid all obstructions. The river became broader as the morning grew brighter. On reaching calm water Eliza took a paddle and used it effectively. Together we made rapid progress and our spirits rose.

The sun crept above the hill and lighted up the snow-white fog bank that hung over a marsh that we skirted. Showers of dewdrops gleaming like jewels fell from the foliage that we disturbed in our progress. Eliza sang a little song. I advised caution, but felt myself like singing. Ducks whirled from our path. A great blue heron rose from the shallow water and slowly flapped his way down stream, his long legs trailing out behind. It seemed as if Eliza and I were out in the early morning for a pleasure trip rather than that we were fleeing from a band of savages to save our lives.

Across a low-lying point, as I looked down the river, I caught the gleam of a paddle. A brook that came from the east seemed to offer a refuge and I sent the canoe to cover around a bend screened by alders. I was manoeuvring to find a spot where I could safely peer through the bushes and observe the stranger when suddenly the on-coming canoe, containing a single In-

dian warrior, swept from the river round the bend of the narrow brook and nearly ran us down.

Notwithstanding my surprise I seemed to be less startled than the Indian and was able to seize my rifle and cover the warrior before he could make a move to seize a weapon. He remained immovable and I observed that he was dressed in the Oneida costume.

"Oneidas friends of white man," he said in broken English.

I lowered my rifle and addressed him in the Oneida tongue and received a smile in return. In reply to my hurried questions he said that Enoch had not appeared at the Fort when he left. Guyanoga with three other Oneidas of which he was one had been sent out from Fort Tioga to investigate a rumor that roving bands of Senecas had entered northern Pennsylvania with hostile intent. He and his Oneida companions had gone but a few miles from the Fort when they had crossed the trail of a band of mounted Indians who were evidently on their way to the Painted Post where it was reported that Little Beard was about to hold a council. No doubt these mounted Indians were those who had captured the Friend. Guyanoga and another of the scouts had followed the trail taken by the horsemen; my informant and the other Oneida had come to explore the Tioga river. His friend was to patrol the lower part of the river while he went south to find the Senecas or explore as far as the island where they were accustomed to encamp.

I gave the scout the information I possessed and a fuller account of my experiences. He advised me to descend the river two or three miles to an ox-bow and swamp bordered on the west by a high bluff. There

by following up a brook at the rear of the bluff I could safely build a fire sufficient for cooking; and on the ridge I could find a hut that the Oneidas had used as a lookout. On account of the rough country there was no trail on that side of the valley. He thought we could safely occupy the hut until he descended the river when he would come for us and would conduct us to the Fort by the easiest route.

I accepted his plan without hesitation and immediately paddled out into the stream. As we were about to part, the Oneida turned and advised great caution until he returned or until the last of the Senecas had descended the river; for Little Beard, he said, was blood-thirsty and heartless, and we could meet with no worse misfortune than to be carried to his encampment. I assured the Oneida that I needed no warning regarding Little Beard. Neither Guyanoga nor I could ever forget the cruel treatment meted out to the prisoners taken at Conesus or the unspeakable tortures with which Boyd and Lieut. Parker had been put to death.

After a few minutes paddling we came to the ox-bow and swamp but had some difficulty in finding the brook, for its course was circuitous and we entered several blind channels from which we were forced to return. The stream when found had scarcely water enough to float a canoe. After leaving the swamp we followed it for a short distance through the forest, and then by a right hand turn we entered a narrow gorge that lay west of the bluff.

We disembarked and climbed up the side of the gully to the height of land between the brook and the river. There we found the hut of which the scout had spoken. The place was admirably suited to the purpose for

which the Oneidas had used it, for the land was high and commanded a view of the river and ox-bow for a mile; and yet a growth of pines and shrubbery screened an observer from sight of all who went up or down the river. The hut which was built amid a group of pine trees was well roofed with bark and was carpeted with a thick layer of hemlock boughs. Even in rainy weather a person could have lain within the shelter in comparative comfort and kept his watch through the open door over the valley.

I found the spot where our predecessors had built their fires in the brook bed and I thought it safe to follow their example as the place was well-screened by the wooded ridge and was at least a mile from the main channel of the river. I cut wood from a log of dry white pine which I believed would make little smoke, and with the help of the tinder-box built a tiny fire. Over it we roasted two fish, and completed our breakfast with water from the brook and blackberries which grew near by in abundance. As the day advanced and I thought that the Senecas had had sufficient time in which to descend the river, I began to keep watch from the lookout. Eliza took a nap, and in the afternoon from time to time relieved me of sentry duty. Mosquitoes from the neighboring swamp troubled us. I was glad to move around. I made myself a bed of hemlock boughs outside the hut but close to the wall; and I helped Eliza gather fern to make her couch within the shelter more comfortable.

CHAPTER XX

TOWARD evening we cooked our remaining fish. It made us a poor and scanty meal; but we had to make the best of it, for had I seen a deer I would not have dared shoot it for fear of alarming the Indians. We kept watch without seeing any Senecas until it grew dark. Then we lay down to sleep. A little breeze from the river kept the mosquitoes and heat from driving us frantic. I was desperately in need of sleep and dozed off immediately. Eliza was restless and peevish. Her single thin garment furnished poor protection against insects and she soon roused me with her complaints. I cut thick hemlock boughs and laid them over her. She remained quiet but a few minutes when she came outside and lay down near me saying that the heat in the hut was intolerable.

Again I fell asleep; and as it seemed to me was immediately wakened by Eliza who said that she heard some one stepping on dry twigs. I sat up and listened, for I hoped that the Oneida scout was returning. All I could hear was a soft rustling. "It is only a field mouse," I said, "or possibly a pole-cat who is more afraid of us than we of him."

She did not seem to be satisfied. "I wish there was some one here to comfort me," she moaned.

"I wish to God," I said, "that you had safely reached Jerusalem and were with your mother."

I walked over to the edge of the bluff, a distance of twenty or thirty feet, and I sat down with my back against a large tree. The breeze there was fresher; and the mosquitoes and gnats seemed to be blown away. Over the river glimmered the setting moon. Eliza's sobbing grew fainter and there was no sound, except the distant rustling of dry leaves disturbed by some small nocturnal animal.

"Yes," I said to myself, "I wish Eliza were with her mother and I with Jerie. Compare Jerie's fearlessness even before I went to the War with the terror of this silly girl who is frightened by a mouse."

With a shriek Eliza leaped to her feet and ran toward me. "Look at them! See their eyes!" she shouted.

In the dim moonlight I saw the glare of several pairs of eyes—not the eyes of mouse or skunk—but great gleaming eyes. I was startled and cocked my gun. But thinking better of it, I seized a pole that had been discarded by the Oneidas when they built the hut and walked toward the animals. Against an opening in the trees as I advanced I saw a shaggy outline.

"Hedgehogs!" I exclaimed; and rushing at the nearest I was able by vigorous blows to dispatch it. "Now it is certain," I said, "that we shall not starve."

Eliza stood near the edge of the bluff sobbing and trembling. Thinking myself a brute, I went to her and asked her to sit down at the foot of the large pine tree where I had previously found freedom from insects and heat. There I put my arm about her and drew her head to my shoulder. Eighteen years had not made Eliza into a woman. She was only a child after all. I was surprised at how quickly she responded

to my gentleness and grew calm. "I wanted somebody to be kind to me," she murmured.

"I promise that as soon as we have found the Friend and the Malins, we'll either take you to your mother or bring her to you, whichever seems best."

"My mother careth naught for me," Eliza whispered.

"Hush," I said, "I don't want to hear you talk that way." Then thinking that perhaps Eliza was in need of a woman's counsel, I added, "To-morrow or next day I hope we shall overtake the Friend. As soon as there is opportunity, I advise you to speak with her. She will listen kindly and keep your confidence."

"The Friend hath been kinder to me than any one else; but no one ever hath confided in me," whispered Eliza.

"Then speak with the Friend," I urged. "She is the warmest-hearted, the most understanding and human person . . ."

The breeze drew in from the river and moved the branches of the pine trees. The glimmer of the setting moon shone on the meandering creek and the circle of the distant river. While my fingers toyed with Eliza's hair, my thoughts ran far away. I forgot who was with me. I who worshipped an ethereal spirit there in the darkness bowed to graven images.

With lightest touch of her hand where it lay on mine, Eliza murmured, "Thou thinkest I am too young to talk with; but thou art wrong. I have such feelings as thou hast. I heard what thou saidest to the Friend the night on the cliff."

"What is that?" I exclaimed, snatching my arm from about her. "You overheard what I said to the Friend the night before we were captured?"

"Yes," said Eliza, drawing herself away from me with dignity. "I heard thee make love to her."

"What you heard, you may be able to interpret more wisely when you are older," I remarked with sternness.

"I have often been so advised," responded Eliza disdainfully.

"Did you hear the Friend's explanation of why Wyatt follows her?" I demanded.

"I heard her tell thee she burned my father's will."

"Be careful not to repeat that," I urged, rising to my feet and walking nervously to and fro. "You must remember that the Friend's religious bias causes her to condemn herself when she is in no respect guilty. Your mother and the Malin girls give her credit for doing the best she could under very difficult circumstances. It would be most unjust ever to repeat a syllable of what you overheard."

"I don't think I shall ever mention it," replied Eliza with offensive calmness and a mature air; "but after this I won't let anybody stare me out of countenance because I happen to think of doing something different from always working for the Society. I learned that night that everybody else hath the same sort of feelings that I have."

A snarl from near the hut attracted my attention. A group of hedgehogs were gathering about their dead companion and seemed to be lapping up his blood. I drove them away; and taking the carcass began to skin it in the dim light of the coming dawn. When it grew lighter I built a fire with pieces split from the pine log and suspended bits of porcupine flesh above the coals, as I had seen the Indians do in Canada.

Just before the sun rose I climbed the bluff to call

Eliza. She came at once and made no reference to the experiences of the previous night; but, as she seated herself beside the fire and began to eat her breakfast of porcupine meat, a new constraint was evident in her manner.

Suddenly came a piercing yell and four Indians with muskets leaped toward us. Opposition was useless. With the swiftness of dreams we again became the prisoners of our former captors. Whether the fragrance of burning pine or roasting hedge-hog had attracted the attention of the savages as they descended the river in their canoes, or whether in the misty morning air a tell-tale cloud of vapor from our fire had hung over the mouth of the brook, I do not know.

Our arms were again pinioned behind us and we were made to take seats in two canoes which had been drawn up at the mouth of the gully. Before we started on our journey, the Seneca scout, who had found his knife and five or six paddles beside our fire, exchanged canoes with the Indian who had had me in charge and by half intelligible English and vindictive gestures indicated the torture that he hoped to inflict as soon as we reached Little Beard's encampment at the Painted Post.

In two canoes, each of us guarded by two Indians, we passed rapidly down the river. Within three or four hours we turned into the Canisteo and had proceeded but a mile or two further when on a sandy point we saw a group of canoes drawn up at the landing-place known as the Painted Post. I could see the smoke of fires; and I expected every moment to hear the shouts of a rabble of squaws and children as they ran to the river to receive us. The least consideration that Eliza

and I could hope for, I feared, was a temporary respite in case we were successful in running the gauntlet. All the horrid stories I had ever heard of the treatment of prisoners on the return of a party of warriors to an Indian village filled my mind.

CHAPTER XXI

AS we drew near the landing, however, only two or three warriors approached us and no women and children were seen. As soon as we had stepped from the canoes the warriors engaged our captors for a moment in earnest whispered conversation. Then the Seneca scout approached Eliza and me and untied our arms. While I was gloomily wondering what disposal was to be made of us, Eliza gave a shout and rushed from my side. Looking up the path I saw Rachel and Margaret approaching. Margaret, greatly disturbed by Eliza's uncouth appearance, immediately turned back and led the girl away; but Rachel came on down the path to meet me.

"Friend John," she said, seizing me by both hands, "we have been desperately worried about thee, but the Lord hath shown us the light of His countenance. He hath spoken through the Friend and hath humbled the hearts of the Indians."

"Is she well?"

"All is well. Yesterday we had a feast, and the Friend preached to the Indians. She is now in conference with Little Beard."

"Have you heard from Enoch?"

"Yes, he was captured by the Indians soon after he left thee but he hath been returned to us unharmed."

"Does the Friend know that Eliza and I have come?"

"She doth not, but she expecteth thee. Little Beard pledged thy safe return."

As we came around a bend in the path I saw the Friend's tents at a little distance neatly spread; and beyond them under the trees the conference was in session. There was a slender semicircle of warriors and Jerie, clad almost too brightly for a Quaker, was standing before them. Most of the warriors, Rachel explained, had already gone with their women and children farther up the Canisteo river. Somewhat in advance of his attending braves, I saw Little Beard seated. I recognized the stolid cruel features that had been indelibly impressed on me at Conesus. A little removed from the warriors, at the left, was Wyatt, the notorious Tory; and seated beside him was Enoch looking very much at ease and evidently on the most friendly terms with the Friend's villainous persecutor.

"The Friend," said Rachel, "hath already been granted permission to proceed to Jerusalem unharmed; but she is unwilling to leave so long as the Senecas meditate war. She is now attempting to persuade Little Beard to postpone hostilities until he hath met the President's representatives in a council."

The Friend was speaking in English; and, as I noted no interpreter, for a moment I feared that they were trusting to Wyatt to translate her discourse. Then I remembered that Little Beard spoke English almost as fluently as Brant himself. The group of warriors at the rear were not less respectful and attentive in manner than was their chief although it is not probable that most of them understood a word of the Friend's discourse.

"Why then were we attacked, made prisoners," Jerie

was saying, "treated with great discourtesy, and our guide and maidens taken from us, and——"

Here the Friend, turning, caught a glimpse of Rachel and me at the rear of the circle. She hesitated, and I thought her cheek flushed a brighter red, "—and—are now returning after I know not what hardship. Thou hast said that thou didst not know we were Friends. But why do thy young men wish to attack any of my countrymen who are making a peaceful journey through the forest? Thou hast replied that Indians have been murdered on Pine Creek and that thou meditatest war and that there will be no peace with any white men, except Friends, until the Governor of Pennsylvania cometh up the Susquehanna as far as his canoes can carry him to see thee. Thou hast required hard and impossible conditions. The Governor cannot be absent so long from his great city.

The wise men of the Indians in former days were wont to sit a month in council for fear they might act with rashness. Why is it now different? Have the Senecas been giving ear to an evil adviser—to some one who is not fair with them and seeks to make the Indians' wampum speak his message, some one who seeks to draw the red men into the quarrel that stretches across the great waters?

Little Beard, let none influence thee to war. If thou wilt restrain thy warriors from further hostilities, we believe we can influence the representative of the President or the Governor to meet the Iroquois in friendly council at Kanadasaga or Canadaigua or some suitable place near Jerusalem—perhaps at the time that the leaves fall from the maples in the full of the moon. A Commissioner will come, if thou wilt wait patiently,

with authority to light a great fire that will not be extinguished until the clouds are dispelled and the red men and their white brothers are again able to see the smile of friendship in each other's faces. Take my hand, Little Beard; pledge me that thou wilt listen to no more selfish advisers but wilt speedily send about a belt of wampum to ask thy brethren to cease from hostilities and await the gathering of a council."

After delaying a few minutes with great gravity, the chieftain rose. "The white sister has said that since the Senecas are preparing for war they must have listened to evil advisers. No doubt this is true. War is always bad and a burden. When Little Beard is troubled, he follows the teaching of his fathers. They have told him that when the way is dark and many are calling, he must stand still and listen for the voices of his friends.

During the War," the chieftain continued, "the Colonists sent against the Senecas a great army, numerous as the leaves of the forest, to burn our houses and destroy our crops. To escape starvation and the cold of winter, our wounded and sick, the aged, and women and children, turned their faces toward the west; and the trail to Niagara was strewn with their dead bodies. Those who reached the Fort were met by this man (pointing to Wyatt) and another whom the Commandant sent out to us with blankets and food. We were told that those who wished to go to the forest and hunt could cross the river into Canada; the rest would be fed at the Fort until spring came again. Since that winter we have loved this white brother. As we trust the words of our white sister, so have we heeded the voice of this friend. If Mr. Johnson has given us evil council, let him now tell us about it."

All looked at Wyatt. He stepped forward with a haughty air and said, "I am guilty of giving Little Beard evil counsel if it is wrong to advise him to adhere to the British who fed him in 1779 rather than to the Colonists who on the approach of winter burned his food and desolated his towns. This learned woman accuses Little Beard's adviser of drawing Indians into the quarrel that stretches across the waters. I would ask her at what time the Indians ceased to be involved in this quarrel? The Senecas took arms against the Colonists in 1777. Did Sullivan's Expedition heal the breach? Has love for the Colonists been stirred in Indian hearts by the taking of their lands, and by the constant deceit, treachery, and bloodshed that they have suffered? In New Milford the Colonists took away my land and drove me an outcast into the forest to live a miserable existence, often forced, as this woman knows, to resort to the basest means to fill my mouth with bread. Does she expect me to urge the Indians to become the friends of the Colonists?"

The Colonists tell the Indians that the recent cessation of hostilities ended the war and that the red men are now at the mercy of the United States. I tell them that this war will never end until the last rebellious subject in America acknowledges the King's authority. The King's forces still hold the forts at Oswego and Niagara; and as soon as there is peace in Europe, his army will come, thousands upon thousands, and utterly destroy all who oppose them. Who gives the Indians the better advice, one who tells them to remain faithful to their father, the King, who shows them his bounty winter after winter and has dealt justly with them ever since they

acknowledged their allegiance by adopting the arms of the Duke of York in 1684, or those who urge alliance with a party of rebels so soon to be disastrously overthrown?"

When Wyatt ceased speaking I turned eagerly toward the Friend expecting that she would demolish the Tory's arguments. When several moments had passed in silence and she did not reply, I began to be alarmed; and I thought of asking Little Beard's permission to respond, for I did not then understand the Friend's power of reading what is in men's minds before they speak. While I hesitated, Little Beard rose.

"Little Beard has listened to the words of the white woman," he said, "and he has attended to the voice of his friend, Mr. Johnson. Little Beard will not act rashly. He has seen the harvest moons of many autumns and has learned wisdom and patience. He will not make war (although it will be difficult to restrain the young warriors) until he has heard the message that the President or Governor will send when the leaves fall from the maples. The Quaker woman is free as soon as she sees fit to go to Jerusalem. None will molest or injure her now that she is known to be the friend of Little Beard."

The chieftain's words produced an utter change in Wyatt. He immediately lost his haughty and boastful demeanor and his face showed keen disappointment. I happened to catch his eye; and like the young jackanapes I was then, I leered at him rather contemptuously.

Instantly his disappointment changed to resentment; and pointing a trembling finger at me, he said, "This disposition of the prisoners must not include the guide.

He is the man for whom we have been searching all the spring, the deserter that Little Beard promised to send back to Governor Simcoe. I know him well. A member of his family led the mob that drove me from my home. At Newtown this man deserted from the American forces and was enrolled in Butler's Rangers. He served in the British army at Fort Niagara until last March when a second time he deserted. I have a warrant here for his return to the Fort."

"You liar," I shouted, utterly losing control of myself and rushing toward Wyatt. "Take back what you said," I commanded, seizing him by the throat and giving him no opportunity to reply. The warriors closed about me with uplifted tomahawks, but the Friend and Little Beard ordered them back. As I cast Wyatt from me, he dropped the paper that he held; and I snatched it from the ground and saw that it was a warrant for the apprehension of Joshua Williams, deserter.

In my anger I tore the paper in pieces and threw it in his face. "You dog," I shouted, "you sneak around in the dark to frighten women, but you are too cowardly to fight."

I turned and there stood Jerie, erect, pale, and sorrowful. "Friend John," she said, "hast thou so suffered in thy captivity that thou art beside thyself and wouldst destroy me?"

In shame I watched her as she stooped to gather up the torn paper and match the fragments together on the grass. "Joshua Williams," she read; and raising her eyes and turning her poor pale face to the miserable Wyatt, she asked, "Why is it that you attempt to arrest this man, well known to you as John Spaulding, on a warrant calling for Joshua Williams?"

"Names are not material," replied Wyatt sullenly. "Deserters customarily use feigned names."

Bent as I was to reply sarcastically concerning the use of feigned names, I was mindful of Jerie's agitation and kept silent.

"Furthermore the description does not fit," continued the Friend. "Williams is said to be tall, thin, of pale complexion, and fair hair; but this man," she said, turning toward me with a little flutter in her eyes and making me conscious of my soiled garments and unshaven face, "is of medium height, well-built, of ruddy countenance, and dark hair."

"Whether the description is accurate or not," replied Wyatt sullenly, "I know that Spaulding is the man called for by this warrant; and I remember that Little Beard promised Governor Simcoe that his warriors would bring deserters back to the Fort."

"Little Beard," said the Friend, in tones that grew clear and musical as she became more earnest, "I pledge my word that Spaulding is not the man called for in this warrant. Spaulding is no deserter. From boyhood he has supported the Patriot's cause. He left New Milford, as I have reason to know, in 1779, and enlisted in Sullivan's army. He was made captive and was carried far into the Canadian wilderness. Only this year was he able to return to his friends."

"The woman condemns him by her own testimony," said Wyatt with a vindictive gleam in his eyes. "She says this man enlisted in Sullivan's army in 1779 and has been absent until this year; and only through a story of captivity can she account for his long absence. I know where this man has been. When he deserted

from his regiment after the battle of Newtown, he came to the King's army and pretending loyalty asked to be enrolled in Butler's Rangers. I myself kept him under guard and finally took him to Niagara. He remained at the Fort and served there indifferently as a private until last March when he disappeared without leave."

The Friend with monitory glance attempted to forestall a possible outburst of my anger; but her caution was unnecessary. Wyatt, I perceived, had at last overreached himself.

"Little Beard," I said, "this man is your enemy and not your friend. He says that he took me after the battle of Newtown to Niagara and that I enlisted in Butler's Rangers. He condemns himself. Let the great chief send his thoughts back to the fight on the hillside at Conesus. Do you not remember how in the early morning where two brooks meet you ordered four captives brought before you? The brave lieutenant and one other you delivered to your warriors for torture. To the Chippewas as their share of the booty you gave an Oneida youth and a red-cheeked white lad—first stripping off from him the uniform of Morgan's Riflemen. Little Beard, how could I have been led in disgrace by this man to Niagara since you yourself sold me that morning into captivity among the Chippewas? This man, who calls himself Johnson, is an outlaw named Wyatt. He cannot be your friend for he tries to deceive you."

Wyatt for a moment was at a loss what to do, for he saw in Little Beard's face the confirmation of my story. He saw that he had overreached himself and that if he had stuck to a true account of Governor

Simcoe's attempt to impress me, he might have prevailed on Little Beard to hold me captive; but as a result of his lies, he had lost me irretrievably.

Little Beard spoke. "Johnson is my friend, for he fed the Senecas when they were hungry. His memory is a white man's memory. Little Beard does not forget; he remembers the morning he gave this youth to the Chippewas. Some other person is the deserter Little Beard promised to send to Governor Simcoe. This youth is free to go with the Quaker woman when she is ready."

Jerie, fearing that other complications might arise, quickly stepped forward. "The Universal Friend is to send a letter to the President," she reminded the chief, "and Little Beard is to summon the Iroquois to the council."

"As soon as the President's answer comes, our runner will bear a belt of wampum through the Five Nations," responded Little Beard.

"Send also a runner to Jerusalem," added Jerie with a smile, "that the Universal Friend may place the great kettle over the fire. She will expect a visit from her Seneca brothers when they are on their way to the council."

"The Indians and the Quakers can never be enemies," replied Little Beard grasping the Friend's hand and smiling with great cordialty.

The Friend then turned toward Wyatt who kept silence sullenly, a picture of disappointment and defeat. "Wilt thou also not give pledge of friendship? Whatever wrong thou hast done, thou hast suffered much. I myself have hated thee guiltily. As freely as I wish God to forgive me, I now forgive thee."

A look of surprise came into Wyatt's face and he raised his eyes doubtfully to the Friend's as if to see whether the words she spoke were indeed uttered in kindness and good faith. Only an instant he gazed into her face and then speedily took her hand murmuring something about regretting his past life and being grateful for her goodwill.

The Friend thinking she saw a flash of sincerity in his look added wistfully, "If thou desirest to live a better life, I would I might help thee."

Wyatt, surprised by her moral appeal, dropped his head shamefacedly but after a moment's thought, lifted his eyes and looked at me, for it evidently occurred to him that if I were of as forgiving nature as was the Friend, a way could be opened by which he might check my enmity and escape the penalty of his crimes. My unyielding countenance made him hesitate, but finally he stepped boldly forward with a hypocritical smile and extended hand.

"Stop!" I shouted. "You get no forgiveness from me until we have met man to man with the sword. If you refuse, I shall at the first opportunity deliver you to the civil authorities."

Wyatt glanced appealingly first toward Little Beard and then toward the Friend.

"It is time that we forget our long-cherished hatred," urged the Friend. "Speak the word of forgiveness, John."

Deep as was my regard for the Friend I was little moved by this appeal, for Wyatt's appearance convinced me that he was feigning contrition to take advantage of the Friend's Quaker scruples to escape present difficulties and perhaps lay a foundation for future

trouble and offense. "I will not make peace with this Tory until he has received some punishment for his crimes," I replied obstinately.

The Friend waited a moment to give me time for further reflection and then said, "He was goaded into crime through long-continued injustice. He hath been deprived of his property; and his friends have been scattered. Let us now lay aside our vows of vengeance and leave punishment to Him who seeth the beginning and the end."

I was no more moved by this second appeal than by the first; but it occurred to me that if I could find means of making a truce with the Tory and effectually ending his attempts at blackmail and threats of exposure of the burning of the will, that the welfare of the Friends' Society might be promoted and Jerie's happiness increased. Therefore I said, "I agree not to injure Wyatt so long as he makes no further attempt to injure you or your Society."

The Tory's face brightened and his smile showed his satisfaction. Again he approached me with extended hand. I made no move but attempted to stare him out of countenance.

"We have gone so far in reconciliation," urged the Friend, "that I would fain wipe out all thought of his wrong-doing and give him a fresh start. Speak the word of forgiveness, John."

With sudden revulsion of feeling I retorted roughly, "I will not"; and defiantly swept my eyes around the circle of Little Beard's stolid warriors, saw Enoch vigorously munching wintergreens, and at my left Rachel looking at me, oh so wistfully. There my courage failed me and I dared not glance again at Jerie;

but turned and walked hastily toward the tents intending to search the baggage for my razor and a change of clothing.

In a few minutes Enoch brought my rifle and informed me that the Friend was taking leave of Little Beard and required her saddlebags, as she wished to give presents to the Indians. I delivered the bags to Enoch and sullenly kept on with my work. I found that most of our personal effects had been restored to us but two pack animals were missing. As a result of that loss our saddle horses were greatly overburdened when they were finally prepared for the journey. When the Friend came, we at once moved forward toward the narrow path that follows the left bank of the Chemung river eastward.

CHAPTER XXII

I THOUGHT it probable that Guyanoga and his Oneida friends had followed our trail to the Painted Post and were lurking about the outskirts of Little Beard's encampment where they might observe our movements and lend aid if necessary. I looked ahead at every turn of the trail hoping to catch some sight of my old companion; and sure enough we had gone but a mile or two down the river when Guyanoga and three other Oneidas came forward to greet us. Underneath the sober demeanor demanded by Indian decorum I could detect the joy he felt at our escape from the clutches of the hostile Senecas. Although we assured him that we now travelled under Little Beard's protection, he was determined to accompany us for a few miles on our journey. A short distance down the trail, he said, was a settler's homestead where we could secure lodging for the night.

The settler, who said his name was William Hencher, received us with great cordiality, for on account of the hostile attitude of the Indians he had been on the point of abandoning home and crops and taking his wife and son to Fort Tioga. The news we brought of the Indian truce and proposed council was so welcome that he overflowed with hospitality. He offered to take his family and the Oneidas to his barn and place his two-room cabin at the disposal of our party.

That evening William Hencher and a young son, a keen-witted boy of fourteen years, were interested listeners while Guyanoga and I for a second time recalled old days and recounted past experiences. The Friend sat with a tallow dip writing letters which Guyanoga was to take to the Fort and which were to be forwarded to Philadelphia at the first opportunity. From time to time as Guyanoga told of his adventures, the Friend raised her eyes from her writing; and presently ceased writing altogether, so impressed was she by the youth's resourcefulness and candor. Before the evening was half over, she drew me aside and boldly proposed that Guyanoga be engaged to carry her call for a council all the way to Philadelphia or New York and place her letters directly in the hands of President Washington himself.

When we laid the plan before Guyanoga, the adventurous nature of the mission at once appealed to him and he agreed to undertake the delivery of the letters as soon as he had reported to the Commandant at the Fort. That having been decided, I made haste to write to Mary and to inform Uncle Robert of the continued activity of Governor Simcoe in inciting the Indians and of the truce that had been secured by the intervention of the Friend.

We rose very early the next morning as the Friend wished if possible to cover the remainder of the journey to Jerusalem in two days. Before light we handed Guyanoga the letters he was to deliver and instructed him to bring replies to the Friend at Jerusalem and to me at Canandaigua. When we began to load our baggage, the settler insisted that his young son should use his two horses and relieve our overburdened animals

by carrying our packs as far as Catherine's Town on Seneca lake where he said we could make arrangements with Thomas Orman, a boatman, to have the baggage shipped by water to Norris's landing, a hamlet not far distant from the Friend's settlement in Jerusalem.

In our course down the Chemung river we passed cabins of pioneers every mile or two. The broad and fertile river flats, which frequently were devoid of trees, had attracted settlers to this region a year or more previous to our coming. Through fear of an Indian uprising many of these cabins were now deserted. Our report of the Indian truce and proposed council, however, served to quiet the alarm of those who remained and everywhere was a cause of happiness and rejoicing. Our coming, moreover, from mere novelty, was a memorable event in the dull lives of these pioneers. We were continually delayed to answer questions, to all of which the Friend replied courteously. I fretted because of the time consumed, knowing how anxious the Friend was to reach her colony in Jerusalem. But she rebuked me. "John," she said, "the Great Weaver hath crossed the threads of their lives and ours. It is His design that the brighter illumine the dull and harsh."

On leaving the river valley we travelled northeastward into an unsettled region. We had covered a considerable distance and had not seen a clearing when we were overtaken by a farmer on horseback who said he was carrying medicine to a sick woman. The previous day a settler who lived several miles back in the hills and had no one in his family except himself and wife had come in great anxiety begging that he go to Fort Tioga for medicine for the settler's wife who was des-

perately ill. The farmer had started for the Fort at night and had changed horses at his home on his return and was now but a few miles from his journey's end.

The Friend in spite of her great desire to press on to Jerusalem instantly changed our route and with the farmer as guide turned into an obscure path that followed a brook into the hills. We made as much speed as possible and at evening came to a little clearing where the settler and his young wife had located their home.

Attracted by the sound of our horse's hoofs, the settler came to his door; and more plainly than words, his listless manner and hopeless eyes informed us that we had come too late. On his return from seeking help, he had found his wife dead.

The Friend and her women took charge of the cabin. As best they could they put the house in order and used some of their own garments in preparing the corpse for burial. While Enoch dug a grave, the farmer and I with a cross-cut saw cut from a pine log a section about seven feet long and with wedges split off the upper third. We then, taking turn, and working carefully far into the night, with no tools but axes and knives, hewed out a cavity large enough to contain the woman's body.

The next morning we gathered under a pine tree near the edge of the clearing. The rude open coffin in which the body had been laid was resting on poles placed across the grave. The Friend taking her place at the head of the coffin described an immortal reunion superior to death. Her clear confident tones seemed to penetrate the clouds of darkness. When we turned

from the grave, the gratitude in a haggard face showed that to the despair of bereavement she had brought a new hope and forward-looking thoughts.

We had gone but a short distance on the trail that leads to Catherine's Town when we came upon a reminder of my first journey into this region. On the return of the army from Conesus, it became necessary at this point, it seems, to shoot a large number of worn-out horses. A year or two later the Indians arranged the skulls of the slaughtered animals in rows that extended for several hundred feet on each side of the trail. Whether so intended by the Indians or not, this display of skulls served as a vivid reminder of the hardships we endured on that memorable expedition. Turning due north we soon plunged into the swamps that had caused the army much misery but we passed through with comparatively little discomfort for previous travellers had removed all obstacles except an occasional fallen tree; and the trail had become so well worn that we were in no danger of losing our way.

In the early evening we came into Catherine's Town, a little settlement of two or three log cabins built on the site of the ancient Indian village. To the Friend's great surprise and joy among those who came from one of the houses as we rode into the clearing were Benedict Robinson, Richard Smith, and Thomas Hathaway. With few words but faces revealing the deepest affection and regard they grasped their leader's hand. Most alarming reports of an Indian uprising having come to Jerusalem, the three had started for Fort Tioga in hope of obtaining news of the Friend's progress. They said the Friends in Jerusalem, though torn with anxiety, were continuing their regular occupations in an-

ticipation of the coming of their Leader. Richard Smith, the youngest and most emotional of the three, was so overjoyed at the safety of the Friend and her success in concluding an armistice with the Indians that he would have started off at once in the darkness to bear the news to Jerusalem had he not been checked by cooler heads. As it was, he was far ahead of us on the trail when at sunrise the next morning we spoke farewell to the Hencher lad and resumed our journey.

After proceeding two or three miles we turned into a path that diagonally climbed the western hillside. As we began to ascend the slope Hathaway and Robinson assured us that we had at last set foot within the boundaries of the region known to pioneers as the Genessee Tract or Lake Country. We had gone but a mile or two from the valley when at the top of a steep declivity the Friend and the Malin sisters gained their first view of Seneca lake. They were thrilled by the sight of water that lay to the northward as far as the eye could see like a ribbon of silver between darkly wooded hills.

We halted our horses. The Friend sat erect with swelling bosom and dilated eyes. I shall not attempt to interpret the vision that she saw but I thought I understood Rachel's bowed head. After innumerable trials and tribulations the young enthusiast felt that she had passed the gateway into the earthly paradise. A few miles more and she would enter the very valley wherein the Friend was building the golden Jerusalem of their dreams. Robinson and Hathaway, having noted the emotion of their leader, sat both upright, covered after the manner of Quakers, but the expression of their countenances was that of men who have removed

their hats. At a little distance in the rear Enoch and Eliza were chattering about some trivial matter, missing both the view of the lake and the emotion of their companions.

The character of the woods changed as we journeyed on. The tablelands were covered with immense pine trees intermingled with oak and maple that spread a green roof over our heads and afforded only an occasional view of the lake. Except for hazel bushes, the ground was free of underbrush and the trail disappeared. Even Robinson and Hathaway who were familiar with this region missed the direction, and we came to deep ravines that we could not cross over until we had climbed to the headwaters. In the hollows, mammoth grapevines loaded with green fruit grew in profusion, and ripe blueberries and blackberries tempted us to linger by the way.

Over a round hilltop covered by a growth of pines four or five feet in diameter the footsteps of our horses on the soft needles were almost unheard. Here looking westward we gained our first view of Keuka lake, a comparatively small body of water that adjoined the Friends' settlement and seemed to us even more beautiful than Seneca. A south wind was blowing and the blue surface was broken into white foam. Across the water rose a precipitous hillside covered with a dark forest.

Down the slope of the pine clad hill we went to the northern end of Keuka and found a flat bottom thickly wooded with great basswood trees, sugar maples, and black walnuts. Deer leaped continually from our path and were so tame that they ran but a few rods before they turned to gaze at us. There in the bottoms our

trail joined the highway that runs from Kanadasaga, or Geneva, as it is now called.

As we crossed the boundary into the township of Jerusalem, we came to an open field, the first seen since we left the Chemung valley except the Indian clearings and orchards near Catharine's Town that had been desolated at the time of Sullivan's Expedition. Wheat, tall, full-headed, bountiful, stood in sheaf. The farmer and his family were waiting before their door to receive us. The Friend dismounted and greeted husband, wife, and children affectionately. Soon we came to cabin after cabin occupied by Friends. As Smith had spread the news hours in advance of our arrival all had laid aside their work and dressed in their best attire were standing by the roadside to welcome us. From each farm they joined our company—men, women, and children, mounted or on foot, bearing gifts in their hands, and went on with us toward the house that had been prepared for the Friend. They bore baskets containing delicacies such as brook trout, venison, berries, and fresh butter; and one man I saw riding along with a lamb in his arms.

At a new log bridge thrown across the Brook Kedron, a half mile from the Friend's mansion, Sarah Richards at the head of a company of forty or more persons, came across the flat to meet us. In the presence of nearly the entire membership of the Society, the returning Leader dismounted to greet her deputy. She extended her hand to Sarah with simple words of affection and a quiet smile conforming therein to that appearance of restrained emotion that Friends delight to use on such occasions.

Before us up a moderate grade wound the roadway,

newly widened and smoothed in honor of the return of the Leader. The entire company had dismounted when the Friend as she greeted Sarah had given the bridle of her horse to one of the young men. She had evidently intended to walk the remaining distance to the dwelling but Rachel would not have it so. "Mount," she said in low but emphatic voice. "Mount." The Friend gazed at her in surprise, but obeyed. Up the hill we passed slowly, a silent company, only the Leader riding. Rachel's tense face caught my eyes. Her lips were sealed but I could hear her heart shouting, "Hosanna, hosanna in the highest. Blessed is She that cometh in the name of the Lord."

As the road came over the brow of the declivity we entered upon a clearing that overspread the level hill-top. Some fields were covered with ripened wheat and others still smoked where logs and brush had been burned in preparation for the plow. There in the center partly shaded by giant oaks and pine trees reserved from the forest stood the great mansion which still is a marvel in that region.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE Friend's dwelling was an impressive frame structure three stories in height. Twelve windows looked toward the south and nine toward the east. Massive chimneys rose above the roof. I could see a separate kitchen at the rear and in the distance log barns and stables. The effort and labor demanded from the members of the Society in the construction of this imposing dwelling was almost incredible. The machinery in the saw-mill, located a little below our crossing of the Brook Kedron, had been brought through the forests from Albany, a distance of three hundred miles. It had been loaded on batteaus and hauled by oxen or men up the rapids of the Mohawk and around all obstructions to navigation to the headwaters of the river near Fort Stanwix. There it had been transported four miles overland to a stream that flowed into Oneida lake. From this point the regular water route was followed to Norris's landing on Seneca lake. Ox teams then hauled the machinery overland the remaining fifteen miles to Jerusalem. Blacksmith's tools and the iron from which the nails were forged followed the same route. The shingles were hand shaved and the exquisite panelling and fretwork were fashioned by hand with incredible patience. Affection for the Universal Friend was the most potent source of the builders' enthusiasm. Many, however, were

moved by a religious desire to erect a fitting place in which to worship—a house better suited than their rude log cabins to draw their thoughts from the hardships and pains of their pioneer life. Some worked in reverence and humility, hating the sound of hammer and saw, and feeling that what they wrought was a holy work that would ere long through the presence of the Great Leader become in very truth a temple.

I had heard in Philadelphia from Judge Potter that the Friends in Jerusalem were erecting a building that was to serve as a home for the Universal Friend and as a meeting house for the Society, but I was, nevertheless, astonished by what I saw. It seemed impossible that a community of two or three hundred people who dwelt in log huts in the wilderness could build a mansion of such size and architectural beauty.

I looked for the Friend. I was curious whether she could maintain her Quaker reserve in the presence of this great testimonial of the affection of her disciples. She was standing in silence before the entrance of the mansion but her eyes were not raised to view the imposing structure. She was gazing into the faces of her flock.

After we had been shown to rooms in which every convenience was provided for removing the grime of our journey we were conducted to the shade of four great pines where tables had been set and a feast prepared. At one of these tables, I noticed, was seated a group of orphans, the wards of the Society. The buzz of conversation suddenly ceased as the Friend rose to return thanks. Then followed such a repast as could have been served no where nearer than Philadelphia. In addition to whatever was essential to a substantial

meal, there had been provided through the loving solicitude of the Friends a great variety of pioneer delicacies. Maidens, bright-eyed and ruddy, dressed in spotless costumes of Quaker gray, flitted here and there dispensing cheer.

When the feast was over Rachel and Thomas Hathaway led me from Friend to Friend. I grasped hands with the Botsfords, Ezekiel Shearman, Beloved Luther, Castle Dains, George Sisson, Ashiel Stone, Jacob Wagener, Eleazer Ingraham, and many others whose names I cannot remember but whose warm greeting I shall never forget.

The next day was Saturday, the Friends' Sabbath. I woke after a refreshing sleep in the large square room in the southeast corner of the second story. From my window I looked over the forest to Lake Keuka which two miles distant lay blue and beautiful in the deep valley. A clearing surrounded the mansion but elsewhere as far as the eye could see was unbroken forest. Although I had been distinguished by having a room to myself I found on rising that the house was crowded with Friends who had come from distant farms and who had been lodged overnight in the mansion and the surrounding barns and outbuildings. Although it was the custom of the Society to observe the Sabbath with great scrupulousness, there was much suppressed excitement as ten o'clock, the hour for religious service, drew near.

The house was built with two great hallways crossing at right angles and dividing the lower stories of the dwelling into four corner rooms. In the east and west hallway, which contained the principal staircase, there had been constructed above the western entrance, a

landing which served as a pulpit for the Friend. The audience could fill the upper and the lower halls and overflow, if there was occasion, into each of the corner rooms which on two sides connected with the halls by generous doors. There was on this occasion need for nearly all this available space both above and below for in addition to the two hundred and sixty-one Friends who were present there had gathered from one motive or another most of the settlers from the adjoining region.

At ten o'clock the Friend went to her chair on the landing of the stairs and a few minutes were passed in quiet meditation. On rising she said the Society had established itself in Jerusalem not to set forth a new philosophy, but rather to make a practical demonstration of doctrines eighteen hundred years old. They had come to this wilderness not to gain new advantages in the world's struggle for mastery—a principle copied from beasts—but to find a retreat where they would be free to organize a community that would conform to the Christ-given rule of brotherhood and helpfulness. Here the settler would find no arm extended to hold him back but everywhere hands reached out to aid. Here none would covet another's wealth for land and dwellings and the more important goods of life would be held in common. In times of scarcity all would suffer. When crops were abundant all would feast. The traveller and the stranger would be entertained and not even the savage would be turned away hungry. They would rear the orphan, nurse the sick, soothe the dying, bury the dead.

God had led the Friends into a valley well-watered and fertile and far removed from prejudice and oppres-

sion. In this location they would be able to serve themselves and their country. The success of their experiment was assured unless the Friends themselves failed. Unless love burned in every heart, selfishness would ruin all. The greatest happiness on earth, she said, is for each of us to take the soul that God at birth lent us, to nurture its affections, to make it fit to rule the body and strong against temptation, and though grown discreet still kept pure, worthy to stand before Him through all eternity. She depicted the joy of righteous living and extolled chastity of body and soul and conformance to moral law as an artistic creation and a thing of beauty.

I knew the lives of these pioneers too well to be surprised at the response to the Friend's appeal. These men and women were starved from lack of emotional satisfaction. Their barren lives offered little means or opportunity for esthetic enjoyment. They could paint no pictures; they could write no poems. Their strict religious discipline discouraged even the singing of songs. They lacked the score of other means that you people of Philadelphia or New York use unconsciously—such as attractiveness of dress and dwellings—to express esthetic feeling. It is true that they did respond to the beauty of nature and of woman's face and form. They rejoiced in the outburst of spring, the distant view of Keuka, woodland shadows, and the rough storms of winter. But these were passive pleasures; and their emotion demanded effort and action. They were starved for lack of opportunity for active esthetic expression. When the words of their Leader showed them how to make their daily conduct into a thing of beauty, their response was immediate.

I glanced about the hall and the adjoining rooms. Rough-clad, burly men, with bronzed foreheads, crowded spare, pinched women in the halls and doorways. All had their eyes on their Leader, even those who were almost beneath the landing on which she stood. The sunlight reflected softly from the white walls, fell over the speaker, bringing out the luster of her gown and lighting—transfiguring, it seemed to me—the sweet womanly countenance. The eyes of the flock were directed toward the Universal Friend; but they saw not what I saw, for their hearts were illumined with an inner vision.

Ill at ease I turned. Eager listeners at my rear who filled the eastern doorway opposite the Friend, involuntarily crowded forward to hang on the words of their Leader. I seized the opportunity to yield my place and slip out unobserved. I could not longer endure the conflicting emotions that tore my heart. I crossed a field bright with sunshine and followed a wood road into the primeval gloom.

After years in the wilderness, I had recently, by unbelievable exertions, made my way back to civilization—for what purpose? . . . Better had I perished in the northern solitudes than return to deprive a community of two hundred and sixty-one wretched souls of their fountainhead of sweetness and light; and, on a pretense of unselfish love, to tempt a gifted and heroic soul to close her eyes to the call to duty. Back and forth I paced the rough trail for an hour or more; but when I issued from the forest, I had decided that as soon as Thomas had come and Uncle Robert's business was so arranged that I could safely quit it, I would go to some

other point in western New York where I could be of service to my country and would leave the Friend free again, without hindrance or temptation on my part, to build up physically and spiritually, in accordance with her ideals, the New Jerusalem she had planned; and I hoped I should be able wherever I went as the years passed by to draw the ashes of forgetfulness over the love that was threatening to consume my heart.

On returning to the clearing I found another feast in progress. Rachel with doubtful and reproving eyes came forward to meet me. "I saw thee when thou didst leave the meeting and I feared thou wert ill."

"Not ill, Rachel. Why I left, I cannot tell you now."

"Thy reasons thou mayest hold from me as much as thou pleaseth," replied Rachel, half seriously half roguishly, "but thou cannot keep them from the Friend. She readeth every man's thoughts."

I was not pleased with Rachel's mysticism but I made no reply and was led to a seat at table that she had reserved for me next her own. At the conclusion of the dinner the greater part of the company went to their homes but others remained hoping to speak again with their Leader. It was not long, however, before the Friend retired to her room, and it was understood throughout the company that the guests were dismissed that she and her maidens might rest.

Meanwhile I grew restless. I wished I could find opportunity to say farewell to the Friend and go; for it was my way once having made a resolution to begin to carry it out as soon as possible and before hindrances could arise, either without or within, to make its execution more difficult. It seemed best to me, however,

to delay my departure until the following morning, for the Friends in Jerusalem are loath to have members of their households undertake a journey on the Sabbath except for religious purposes. While I thus meditated Rachel came again and said after the manner of maidens of the family, "The Friend hath need of thee."

CHAPTER XXIV

HAVING conducted me to the large square room in the southeast corner of the lower floor, where I found that the Friend had established her boudoir, Rachel at once withdrew, closing the door softly.

The Friend, who had been sitting in an easy chair at the window, rose and stood before me.

I spoke first. "Rachel says you have need of me."

The Friend looked at me with wistful eyes. "I had need of thee this morning when thou wentest forth from the Meeting."

Her reproof seemed to be the first step in telling me that a continuance of our relations was obviously incompatible with the performance of her duty and that she had decided that we must see each other no more. Nevertheless I thought it best to let her proceed as she chose without interrupting her to say that I had already come to a similar decision.

"The need of this flock begins to exceed my strength," she continued. "And wouldst thou fail me, John—thou who alone understandeth how weak I am? Wouldst thou leave me in this crisis to carry my burden alone?"

I was silent with astonishment at her knowledge of my decision.

While I hesitated, again she read my thoughts, answering before I asked the question. "I saw thy face when thou wentest forth from the Meeting and when

thou didst return; and I understood how thou hadst wrestled in the forest and what thou hadst determined. . . . Speak, John."

"I cannot speak. I am overcome by your remarkable gift for discerning my thoughts."

She drew closer with eyes softly luminous gazing into mine and whispered, "No gift, John; only love's divining."

I seized her in my arms and pressed a kiss on her forehead but did not speak.

"Speak. Must I woo thee?" she said. "Since the night on the precipice thou hast not told me that thou lovest me. All the way from Little Beard's encampment thou didst not utter a word of love. Now speak."

"What need to speak if you can read my thoughts?"

"Speak, John. I wait thy voice. I thirst to hear thee say, 'I love you.'"

"Oh, Jerie, the pitiful need of these men and women made me resolve to go away and not hold you from them; but I love you so I fear I can never give you up."

"He requireth not the sacrifice. Others are far more fit than I to minister to this flock."

"Jerie," I answered sorrowfully, "you read other hearts better than your own. You are the sun of this garden. Your absence would bring night; but——"

"Not the sun," she said with a smile, "only a distant star, a far away planet that reflects the sun. At times I can illumine, but as daily leader I should fail. My faults show black if I approach too near. The success of this return has taught me that this great work can best be done if I go away, perhaps promising to come again but leaving the daily tasks to others."

She then spoke so confidently of the Society's being

able to prosper without her personal supervision that in the course of a brief conversation I was easily convinced. With scarcely a thought I thereupon discarded the resolution which had cost me that morning so bitter a struggle to achieve.

Seated beside the window she told me the plans she had already made. When she left Jerusalem she expected to appoint several resident administrators. Chief among these because of her firmness of character would be Sarah. "Sarah's steadfastness," she said, "I lack. She is not torn by temptations, doubts, and fears as I am. Her house is founded on a rock. No wonder the Society prospers. Soldiers never had more resolute leader."

"I think her firmness is her fault."

"In a way, yes. I saw her meet Eliza on our return. The child ran sobbing to her arms, but was quickly calmed with precepts of restraint and self-control. Even a mother's feeling could not make Sarah vary a hair's breadth from the standards set by orthodox Quakers and Shakers."

"Her example will never induce Eliza to follow in her footsteps."

"Sarah says Eliza is willful. Surely the child is not so willful as I was when thou first knewest me. I think Eliza's willfulness is but youthful zeal and spirit and if rightly fostered may make her fit for leadership. That bed thou seest there is for her. I have decided to make her the companion of my chamber—the first I ever had. Sarah's discipline seems too harsh for such a child as Eliza."

"And too harsh for the orphans."

"Margaret will shepherd the children. Sarah will be

the visible head, the guardian of the Society's authority and discipline; but I have found," she said, "that one cannot direct all. Many will aid her, each according to ability. Judge Potter, of course, will care for the funds. James Parker will conduct the Meetings and organize the committees of inquiry. Rachel as now will be the secret fountain of spiritual zeal. Her life and conversation are beyond reproach. More successfully than ever I have done, she will inspire the people's hearts and reclaim the erring. Soon, very soon, I hope, competent supervisors will be found for every task, and then thou and I will go."

"And we shall be married in Philadelphia and spend our honeymoon at The Hills," I exclaimed joyously.

"Dost thou not know," demanded Jerie with serious face, "that the Society of Friends is supposed to have incorporated into its creed the Shaker interdict against matrimony?"

"I did not know it," I replied gravely.

"Sarah reminded us of the doctrine this morning after thou wentest from the Meeting."

"Do you favor her views?"

The Friend sat with downcast eyes and remained silent.

"Answer me, Jerie," I pleaded.

"What doth the scripture advise?" she asked, raising a face that I discovered was warm and roguish with smiles.

"I do not know," I replied impatiently. "Why do you smile?"

She threw her arms about me. "I'll not discuss theology with thee, John. Thou art more apt when thou speakest of love."

So for an hour we conversed, playfully or tenderly, but at last I remembered that the company had been dismissed because she needed rest.

She clung to me as I rose, and passionately whispered, "Stay a little longer. Without thee I cannot rest. The others hold me so aloof and foolishly expect so much of me. Thou knowest how sinful and weak I am. Only with thee can I rest."

But I was resolute, thinking I had stayed too long.

Still she clung to me; but said at last, "I will let thee go, but thou must come again quickly. Remember Rachel's words, 'The Friend hath need of thee.'"

The next morning while all was still, I slipped from the eastern door and started for the barns. As I came round the corner of the house I heard a little sound at a window and turning saw Jerie clad in a soft loose garment. As I drew near she brushed the hair from my forehead, sealing it with a kiss, and saying softly, "Soon we shall go."

Across the dewy meadow I hastened; and, having bridled my horse, turned as the sun rose into the road that passes into the shadow of the pines from the western edge of the clearing. My horse followed the gloomy trail toward Canandaigua but I heeded him little. The vision of the morning clung to me. The woods were unreal. They were like the somber forests of the *Faery Queene*; and I, a youthful knight, threaded enchanted paths.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER travelling for an hour or more I approached the corner where my route joined the highway from Geneva to Canandaigua. There I saw at a distance an ox-cart driven toward Geneva by a roughly-bearded man and followed by a woman and two children each leading cows. I wondered whether this was the cart of some settler who was leaving Ontario county because of the fear of Indian hostilities. I was not long left in doubt for before I had gone more than a mile or two I met a similar group and according to the custom of the times was quickly plied with questions concerning whither I was going, where I had been, and the news.

I gave the information as succinctly as possible and was told in return that 'the whole country was moving out.' Since the news had come of the defeat of General St. Clair as well as General Harmar by the allied tribes in the West, the Indians had been very disagreeable. Only a week before, three Senecas had stopped at the settler's cabin and, without being asked, had consumed the food that had been placed on the table for the evening meal and had fingered knives and tomahawks menacingly when their demand for a chicken from the hencoop was refused. If General Wayne should succeed no better than his predecessors in fighting the Miamies, the settler said, the

Lake Region would be a risky place to live in. His women did not wish to stay in the Indian country a day longer.

Here was a condition that I was not prepared for and had not suspected when I left Philadelphia. It seemed to imperil my entire enterprise. Instantly I decided that I must end this panic whatever it cost. In replying to additional questions I recounted my story at length. I dwelt especially on the Friend's truce with Little Beard, the call for the proposed council, and the increased security that might now be expected. The settler's wife and eldest daughter were visibly impressed by the story; but I did not obtain their full confidence until I told them that I was the agent of Robert Morris and was about to promote the settlement of Ontario county on his account. My uncle's name worked magic. They thought his connection with the Government must afford him sources of information denied to them and that the future of Western New York must in some way be assured or so prominent a financier as he would not be willing to invest his means in this region. As a final inducement, I told the settler—who was a carpenter by trade—that I intended to erect some buildings in Canandaigua and would be able to give him work.

So he and his family consented to return and informed me of a friend of his, a mason, who had made a clearing north of the highway not far from the outlet of the lake and who he thought would be glad to receive employment. We turned aside to see this man and found him harvesting his wheat, but most of his goods were packed so that he might leave instantly if alarming news should come. Again the account of the Friend's parley with the Indians and Robert Morris's name

proved sufficient to induce the man to remain. I thought that if the sovereignty of the United States was to be maintained in this region something must be done quickly. If the present settlers left from fear of the Indians and lack of work, I doubted whether we should ever be able to pour sufficient pioneers into the territory to hold it. Deserted homesteads, I feared, would prove more eloquent to turn people away than any words I could speak to attract them. It was necessary to act at once; and although I had no authority to undertake so great expense, I told the carpenter and the mason to ride throughout the adjacent country and tell the settlers that I would employ at good wages all who would come to Canandaigua.

When I rode into the village I found the old Phelps and Gorham land office facing the square; and scattered near it were twenty or thirty poor huts. Most of these were constructed of logs, but some had a half story of boards which had been sawed in a mill already operating on an adjacent stream. All were furnished with good chimneys for down on the outlet was an Irishman who made excellent brick. I determined that if other means for employing the settlers were lacking I would at once begin the construction of a good brick house which I hoped Robert Morris might one day occupy, for Thomas and I had planned to build a substantial mansion as soon as he arrived.

During the next few weeks the population of Canandaigua greatly increased. Not all who came were laborers or artisans seeking employment. A considerable number were settlers who had lived further west or in outlying regions and hearing of the activity at Canandaigua thought it best in the perilous times to remove

to such a center. There was soon a lack of houses and I began to build dwellings and sell lots. The land office did a more thriving business than I had anticipated would be done within a year or so. During the first few weeks I spent in Canandaigua, it seemed to me, that everybody who lived within ten miles of our office came to see me either on business or out of curiosity.

When no more houses were required in the village and there was room for no more workmen on Thomas's brick house I sent the men I had employed to clear a part of some of the best unoccupied quarter sections and to build farmhouses and barns; and I prepared to offer the farms with improvements for sale the coming spring. I hoped (and in the end so it proved) that all the buildings I had undertaken—the brick mansion excepted—would eventually bring Uncle Robert a small profit or would at least permit him to break even.

Among the inhabitants of Canandaigua at that time were General and Mrs. Israel Chapin, Nathaniel W. Howell, Seth Holcomb, Enos Boughton, John Wickham, Dr. Moses Atwater, John Clark, Timothy Hosmer, Phineas Bates, Abner Barlow, and Nathaniel Sanborn. They were not the type of people one would expect to find in a frontier town. Among them were many men and women of education and refinement. They all received me with cordiality and proved of great assistance in my attempt to induce the pioneers not to relinquish the settlement. I especially appreciated their help in organizing a company of militia which was designed to make at least a show of defense if there should be an attack by hostile Indians or Governor Simcoe's foraging soldiers.

When all was running smoothly I showed John Wick-

ham, a rising young lawyer, and a person for whom I have ever had great affection and respect, the letter of introduction I had received from Uncle Robert and was granted the privilege of resuming the study of law in his office. However, with my duties as land agent, architect, drill-master, and what not, I accomplished little until one September day when Guyanoga arrived from Philadelphia bringing Thomas with him.

I found much satisfaction in Thomas's pleasure in what I had done, as well as in the good news he brought. President Washington had promised to send General Pickering in October to conduct the council; and Thomas said that his father had learned from diplomatic sources that in return for the settlement of certain claims due British subjects formerly resident in America, Great Britain was about to abandon the antagonistic policy she had followed along the western frontiers. Thomas's companionship and this cheerful news made the future seem very bright indeed.

On my next visit to Jerusalem Jerie and I arranged—that if all continued to go well—we would return to the East to be married in the early spring. The Friends had reaped bountiful crops. New followers were arriving from the East almost daily and were being located in the township of Jerusalem on the six square miles of land that had been secured by Hathaway and Robinson as trustees for the Society. Sarah, Margaret, Rachel, and James Parker was each successfully discharging the part assigned in administration and all was going forward with clock-like precision. Even Eliza was attempting to do her part by assisting in the supervision of the Friend's household. The Society's prosperity seemed in every way to favor the

Friend's hope of being able to resign the leadership. Inasmuch also as the political struggle had now assumed a more encouraging aspect and Thomas was able to take over my work at the land office in Canandaigua, everything seemed to favor an early realization of our plans.

I devoted myself to the study of law and when the court met in Patterson's tavern in Geneva applied to Judge John Sloss Hobart for admission to the bar. After a night made miserable by fleas and the shouts and quarrels of a group of noisy gamblers who occupied the room next mine, I stood for my ordeal in the dining-room of the old tavern surrounded by an ill-looking crowd. I thought I missed the good-will that I had met everywhere in Canandaigua. Geneva in those days was not the attractive city that it is now with its college and fine residences. It had not then recovered from the character given it by the Tories and renegades who made it their headquarters during the Revolution. It was at that time only a collection of huts and a part of its population was the least desirable in Western New York.

The judge asked me about my classical training and how long I had studied law and with whom. I was then examined on several points of the law, and failed—at least in my own opinion—to give adequate answers. I expected to have my admission withheld until court should convene again; but Judge Hobart said that it would be some months before I could have another opportunity to apply and while some of my answers did not accord with Blackstone and Coke, I had fulfilled the technical requirements and he would not withhold my papers. As I had shown honest intention and good

sense, he said he would trust me to secure what I lacked as it was required.

Those were easy-going days in the law; but I doubt whether justice was perverted thereby; or whether now when so strict a procedure is followed that lawyers are more conscientious or honest.

The Friend, perhaps playfully, made me attorney for the Society; and Judge Potter, although at that time he knew more law than I, often consulted me concerning leases or purchases of land. I assisted the Society in securing abutting parcels from settlers; and until the Friend thought that the organization had secured sufficient land for all needs, I sold them what they desired from Uncle Robert's estate. All the latter acquisitions were held in the name of Sarah Richards since the Friend anticipated an early surrender of the leadership. The Society had no debt. Once when Judge Potter had wished to give a mortgage to complete the purchase of several thousand acres of land adjoining the Society's property on the north, the Friend refused to sanction the transaction. The Judge still believing that the Society would one day need the land and feeling that property so situated ought not to be held by a stranger, assumed the obligation himself and had the property placed in his own name.

Among those with whom I did business at the land office at that time was Charles Williamson who purchased a great tract of land afterwards famous as the Pultney Estate. Williamson had a dream of founding a city at Bath at the head of navigation on the Cohocton river. He thought that river and the valleys leading to the Alleghany were destined to form the path of communication between the East and the great un-

known West. Of course, in those days no one had foreseen the construction of the Erie canal and the growth of the line of cities that were to spring up along its course. Williamson prosecuted his project with untiring vigor although he told me he did not share in any degree the optimistic view of the British attitude that had just been brought from the East by Guyanoga and Thomas Morris. He believed that the time would one day come when it would again be necessary for the United States to fight the British if the former was to maintain its sovereignty over Western New York. This Williamson was prepared to do if the occasion came, for genial and courteous as he was in his social relations, he was resolute in maintaining the rights of his adopted country and on more than one occasion showed himself to be a dauntless and brave man.

He told me that Governor Simcoe had ordered him to appear at Niagara and explain by what authority he was bringing settlers into territory controlled by Great Britain. He had sent no reply but had constructed a race track at Bath ostensibly to encourage the breeding of speedy horses but really to serve as a parade ground. He had organized a battalion of infantry, a troop of horse, and a company of rifle men. These volunteers were laughed at for their showy parades, but in reality every man knew the purpose of his enlistment and was pledged to secrecy. In what seemed to be barns and stables Williamson had secreted about his race track a thousand muskets, six cannon, and ample ammunition.

As it seemed to me that Colonel Williamson was fighting our fight, I suggested to Thomas that we reorganize our military company at Canandaigua in accordance with Williamson's plans and prepare to cooperate with

him. Thomas not only gladly acceded but also assisted the Colonel in raising an additional company from the patriotic inhabitants of Geneva and neighboring towns.

Although all who enlisted were pledged to secrecy, the precarious state of public affairs became whispered about and the citizens of Canandaigua at this time were blue enough. The rosy future I foresaw when Guyanoga returned from Philadelphia was becoming much obscured. Seneca warriors one by one filtered back from the West and were arrogant and disagreeable beyond all precedent. They openly boasted that Mad Anthony Wayne would soon meet the fate that had overtaken Generals Harmar and St. Clair. They said the British had agreed to help the Indians drive the settlers from Western New York and that they would soon have the Finger Lake Country and the Ohio river as the American boundary line.

CHAPTER XXVI

CANANDAIGUA was situated on the main artery of travel from East to West and travellers kept us fully cognizant of the public feeling. Some parties of settlers passed through the town going East and said that nothing could induce them to remain longer where they felt that their families were in immediate danger of the tomahawk. Some took temporary lodging in town preferring to await the outcome of the approaching council. A few to my great surprise were going west. They stopped at our office largely out of curiosity, or hoping perhaps to secure a bargain, for some of the pioneers had been selling out at ruinous prices. They explained the direction in which they were travelling by saying that they were going to Canada where they had been told excellent land was to be obtained for a song. Some had hesitated to settle in Western New York because they believed residence there would involve them in a war. Others had been attracted to Canada merely by the rumor of ridiculously cheap land. This rumor of cheap land in Canada kept coming up everywhere but was in no way definite. I tried to track it to its source but was unsuccessful. I was doubly interested both because of business rivalry and because I feared it might be a political move to draw settlers out of Western New York.

One day in a crowd of travellers who were talking

noisily in our office I heard a man say, "We can buy land in Canada at one-third that price."

"Where did you get that information?" I called to him from my desk.

"A red-haired fellow who came from Governor Simcoe told me in Geneva," he replied.

I quickly swept my papers into a drawer and hastened into the outer office; but look as I would I could not see the person to whom I had been speaking; and no one seemed to know where he had gone.

Our business at this period of our career grew worse every day and was becoming disorganized. Thomas and I would have felt much discouraged were it not for the fact that the time set for the council was but a few days distant. The entire town awaited the event tensely. After General Pickering and the deputation of Quakers arrived, and the Oneidas and Onondagas appeared first among the Indians, excitement greatly increased. Farmers in the out-lying region suspended their work or hastened through it as rapidly as possible and came daily to town. They stood as interested and somewhat anxious spectators about the camps of the Oneidas or talked in groups in the street or the square before our office.

It was finally reported that the Senecas, five hundred strong, had stopped at the Friend's settlement in Jerusalem and would appear the next day bringing the Friend with them. Interest in the woman who it was generally known had been instrumental in calling the council and to whom the Senecas were showing so distinguished honor, rose to the highest pitch.

Enoch Malin, known to be a Friend, was the center of an attentive throng before my window as he dis-

coursed of the tenets of the Society and the peculiarities of its leader. At first his talk as far as I listened to it seemed to be serious but as he went on a chance remark which happened to draw a peal of laughter encouraged him to try to be witty. When the laughter grew boisterous I became provoked, and going near the window heard him say, "We don't have nothin' that's ours except the clothes on our backs and dogs. The Friend keeps her hand on all the property and gives us what she thinks is good for us. She's prophet, priest, physician, judge, and queen."

"You have to say your prayers to her when you want anything?"

"Yes, to her or to one of the girls. She has my two sisters and a lot of girls to help her besides Judge Potter who is the treasurer and James Parker who is the Prophet Elijah and Sarah Richards who is the Prophet Daniel."

"What do these prophets do?"

"The Prophet Elijah is a sort of deacon and looks after all the young men who might go wrong. One time his hound and mine treed the same bear, and when I come up and started to claim my share, he got mad. 'What you gettin' riled at, Jim?' says I, spittin' out a little tobacco juice. 'Clear out o' here, you reprobate,' he shouted, pintin' where I spit. 'You're deflin' God's pure snow.'"

When the laughter subsided Enoch continued, "The Prophet Daniel, Sarah Richards, was in charge of the Society while the Friend was in Philadelphia. She's a zipper. She's mighty strong on the chastity notion—was married herself once but it didn't turn out well—and is always preaching that the young men and the

young women should stay apart and never git married."

"Does she practice what she preaches?"

"Practice it? Lord, yes. She never had no call otherwise. When she was in charge of the Society, a young feller climbed a cherry tree near the house. He wanted to flirt with one of the girls or look in a window or something. Sarah spied him and set two of the hostlers at the bottom of the tree to git him when he come down. When he was brought before Sarah she fastened a bell round his neck. She said she wanted to give everybody warnin' when he was comin'."

"Did he wear the bell?"

"I guess he did! You'd a worn it till she let you take it off if everything you got depended on her say so. I got mixed up with her once. The Injuns stole my hoss on the way up; and as she was in charge when I come, I had to go to her for another. She kind o' looked me up and down and had the head hostler lead out to me a lazy old nag that you couldn't make trot if you pounded him all the way to Jacob's Brook with a rollin' pin.

On the Sabbath I seen Castle Dains between meetin's and offered to trade till next assignin' day for a skittish little colt that he was afraid to ride. Says I, 'Of course I wouldn't trade hosses on the Sabbath, Castle, but supposin' it was Monday and I come to you and I offered to trade this hoss till next assignin' day for your colt, what d'you want to boot—supposin' it was Monday?' Castle Dains hain't a mite of spirit. He said nothin' but run to Sarah. She sent the hostler to take back my old nag and leave me to travel on foot.

Says I, 'I'll go over her head to the Friend.' I thought I'd have it easy, as I'd travelled all the way from Worcester with her, and besides my two sisters are her head girls. When I went to the house and asked to see her, they said I couldn't unless I told my business. I asked Rachel to tell the Friend the business was private. The Friend sent for me at once and used me real well till I told her what I wanted. 'Why,' said she, 'Friend Sarah took thy horse away for attempting to trade it on the Sabbath.' 'No,' says I, 'not for tradin' on the Sabbath, but for supposin' it was Monday on the Sabbath.'

She laughed and said that if that was all, she guessed I might have my hoss back in a week or two. I made objection to the old nag, but she only shook her finger at me and said, 'To mount unbridled youth on a spirited horse would be a snare.'

Castle Dains soon got so afraid of his colt that he never took it from the stable. I thought that if I told the Friend that the horse would be ruined if it want exercised that she might let me have it. I went to the house several times but she'd never see me. At last I hit upon the idee of pertendin' to be sick and needin' a doctor.

She come right away and felt my pulse and looked at my tongue; but before I could say a word about the hoss, she put a finger to her lips and forbid me to speak. She directed her girls not to leave my bedside; and, although it was a scorchin' hot day, to put hot stones to my feet and give me rhubarb and castor oil every half hour.

'Friend Enoch,' she said a day or two later when

I was out ridin' the old nag and met her, 'I am glad to see how quickly thou hast recovered. I trust thou hast profited by my medicines.'

I tell you, you can't fool the Friend or keep anything from her. She ain't the kind of prophet that Jim Parker is. She can read people's thoughts and tell long ahead what's goin' to happen.

No, she don't pay no attention to the stars or studyin' palms or anything like that. The girls say the Angel Gabriel appears to her in visions and tells her what to do.

The other day I asked Eliza Richards, who sleeps in the Friend's room, if she'd ever seen the Prophet Elijah or the Angel Gabriel or anybody hangin' round there nights; for because of something Parker once said some people think the Prophet Elijah and the Angel Gabriel are the same fellow. Eliza said she had. Although she was awful scared, she peeked one eye out from under the bed clothes and seen the angel outside the window. The funniest thing about it was that the celestial visitor wore a coat just like John Spaulding's. She knew it by the funny buttons."

Almost insane with anger I rushed forth from the office, scattering the uproariously laughing loafers right and left, and seized Enoch. "Take back your scandalous lies, you worm of earth," I shouted, "and tell these men that that story is all untrue and you yourself a contemptible liar." I struck him again and again in the face. To save his life, he cravenly uttered all I bade him. At last I released my hold and he disappeared in the crowd.

Sick at heart for my outburst of violence and for having so bitterly handled a person weaker than my-

self, I went to my chamber to change my clothing and wash my hands. All that afternoon I had no taste for work. It would have been better, I thought, had I received my share of punishment and could have occupied my time in giving attention to personal injuries; but look as I would I could not find a scratch upon me. Until late that night, when I fell asleep my mind was filled with the thought of the bloody and dishevelled figure of Enoch as he slunk away.

CHAPTER XXVII

AT ten o'clock on October fourteenth an Indian runner came into town bringing the information that the Friend and Little Beard with his warriors had started that morning from Jerusalem and were on their way to the council. An hour or so later another runner arrived and announced that the company had halted a short distance from town and were about to make a ceremonious entry.

The news was quickly passed around and the great crowd of people that had poured into town assembled themselves about the square at the center of the village or stood on either side the main street. The Oneidas and Onondagas put the finishing touches on their war paint, adjusted their plumes, and took a position three files deep opposite the land office.

Soon the sound of turtle drum and rattle was heard; and the shout that the Senecas were coming swept along the waiting lines. The first to appear in the distance was Little Beard walking at the head of the procession dressed in the brightest colored costume he could secure and adorned with paint. Directly behind him were Cornplanter, Farmer's Brother, Red Jacket and three or four other chiefs. Then came the Friend clad in a long gray riding cloak and low beaver hat, riding with dignity a spirited gray horse and making a splendid appearance because of her expert horsemanship. Abreast of her mounted on a black horse was

Rachel looking very keen and sweet, but evidently self-conscious or timid because of the attention that the Friends were attracting. Behind them came two maids on bay ponies.

Five hundred Seneca warriors fully armed and painted with all the brilliance of their wild and barbaric tastes followed, marching irregularly but usually about two or three abreast. The presence of so many armed savages would have been disquieting for many of the spectators had it not been for the general opinion that the Friend was able to control them and the knowledge that the Indian love of ceremony would prompt them to preserve peace at least until the close of the council. The rear was made up of a mob of squaws, Indian children, and some pack horses.

As they approached the square, the chiefs with the Friend and her maids took a position at the left; and the Seneca warriors were drawn up in two companies directly opposite the waiting Oneidas and Onondagas. The latter then raised their guns and gave a military salute of three rounds of musketry. This was responded to by the Senecas and then the entire body of Indians fired together until the woods reverberated with the sound. This alarming demonstration caused more than one settler to clutch his rifle more securely; for few, red or white, had come to the council unarmed. Some of the more timid feared that what had begun as a great council might end as a blood-thirsty battle. To me the demonstration was reassuring for I did not believe the Indians would waste powder if they were looking forward to a fight.

Farmer's Brother, dressed in a richly decorated costume, stepped into the open space between the two

divisions of Indians and General Pickering went forward to greet him. Farmer's Brother first handed the commissioner the belt of wampum that General Pickering had ordered sent about as a call to the council and then shook General Pickering's hand. This ended the formalities at this time and the Indians immediately broke ranks and prepared to make camp.

As I approached the Friend, General Pickering was congratulating her on the part she had had in calling the council. I conducted her and her company to Thomas's new house which was far from complete but which Thomas had placed at the disposal of General Pickering and the Friends.

After dinner and shortly before sunset Mr. Savery, Mr. Kirkland, the Friend, Rachel, and I rode out to view the Indian encampment. It was situated somewhat west of town beside a brook which flows into the lake. The scene was unusually animated. The Oneidas, who had come first, had completed their cabins and were employed in cutting up and smoking the meat of deer which they had slaughtered in great numbers. The Senecas, both men and women, were busy with the construction of huts of bark which they were fashioning neatly and with remarkable rapidity. In addition to bark the principal material was the boughs of trees so nicely put together as to keep the occupants dry and warm even in bad weather. Attractive and happy young children were disporting themselves, often entirely naked, in all the buoyancy of youth and health.

A general air of cheerfulness and goodwill pervaded the entire encampment and was, I thought, the most reassuring sight I had thus far seen. Little Beard, Red Jacket, and other chiefs came forward to greet us.

They urged us to remain to see the dances which would begin as soon as it grew dark. The Friend quickly accepted but William Savery looked displeased and made many excuses. Accordingly we rode home with him and Mr. Kirkland; but soon afterward returned with Thomas and Charles Williamson in their stead.

The Friend told me that it was not fear of what might happen in the forest at night that deterred Mr. Savery, but reluctance to remain longer in the company of a renegade Quakeress. She said that in the course of the afternoon Mr. Savery had nearly exhausted all the Christian virtues he possessed in his endeavor to converse affably with one that—to use his own language—had made the Quaker costume grotesque with color. It was Savery's Meeting that had condemned her doctrines in Philadelphia.

When the moon rose and a great fire had been lighted in the center of the cleared area at the encampment, a wild scene met our eyes. Shadowy grotesque forms tomahawk in hand circled about the flames and threaded in and out from shadow into moonlight. The dance was accompanied by the clamor of turtle-shell rattle and drum and a multitude of discordant shouts that rose and fell in barbaric cadence. At times the din was stilled and there followed a succession of musical chants and choruses that at a distance possessed a harmonic quality not unpleasing. However much the musical accompaniment of the dance changed in its character, it never ceased for an instant. It was continuous as long as we were within hearing.

Far in the distance as we entered the town on our return, the sound of the turtle-shell rattle and drum could still be heard falling with strange accent on the

solemn stillness of the woods. The Friend remarked on the contrasting aspects of Indian character evident in this grotesque and formless dance as compared with the solemn and stately procession of the morning. To me the scenes had been somewhat painful. The odor of the sweaty dancers and the smell of the smoky blankets furnished too vivid a reminder of the wretched years I had spent in the northern wilderness.

The next morning in company with Mr. Savery we walked to a natural amphitheatre on a slope in the forest, half-way between the village and the Indian encampment, where it had been arranged that the council should assemble. General Pickering beckoned us to the center of the circle where a few chairs and benches had been provided. The Indians filed into their places with surprising promptness and decorum. A group of chiefs were seated on the ground directly before us. At their rear were the warriors. The younger braves were next. Behind them were massed the Indian women and children. The white spectators, with alert anxious faces, for on the outcome of the council depended the safety of all they possessed, were grouped at our right and left.

The scene was wildly picturesque and could not easily be forgotten. In the background was the dark pine forest, but near us through openings where the trees stood further apart, the sunlight streamed, falling sometimes on a gay colored blanket and lighting the patch of barbaric color into brilliance. Just before us crowded closely were upturned copper colored faces, moulded into cruel and beastly features, but passive now and harmless as a picture.

When the assemblage had sat for some time in quiet,

almost after the manner of a Quaker Meeting, General Pickering rose and, advancing to a small heap of pitch pine roots that had been placed at our left, took a tinder-box that was offered him and lighted the council fire. He stood until the red smoke-tipped flames were rising freely and then announced that the Universal Friend, who had been instrumental in calling the council, was by common consent to be the first speaker.

The Friend looking very fresh and youthful as she took her place before the strange audience, said that according to her custom she would speak from a text and had chosen as appropriate to the occasion Mal. II, 10, "Have we all not one Father?" She paused as soon as she had spoken a few sentences and Jasper Parrish translated what she had said into the Indian tongue. Such was the method of interpretation followed throughout the council. The Friend's clear and musical voice, which naturally was so strong and resonant that it could be heard on the outskirts of the assembly even when she was speaking softly, seemed to quiet the passions of her savage hearers and incline them to conciliation and gentleness even before her words were interpreted to them. She did not enter into a formal discourse but pleaded briefly for a spirit of forgiveness and the recognition of universal brotherhood by both white men and red. Throughout her address there prevailed the greatest gravity and decorum.

As soon as the Friend had taken her seat, Cornplanter rose, and speaking very deliberately, said that many years ago the red men had met the pale faces at Albany and had forged a silver chain of friendship which had been kept bright for many years but recently had become tarnished and one link was very rusty. His

people were deeply grieved because of the murders of their brothers in Pennsylvania. Many of the Seneca warriors had thought that the outrage could never be atoned for without war; but better judgment had prevailed, and the Indians had come hither to the council, hoping that a means of peaceful settlement could be found.

General Pickering responded by saying that he had been sent to Canandaigua by the President of the United States to tell his red brothers how deeply the President regretted the outrages that had been committed. If the men guilty of the murders could be found, they would be punished; but the white people had multiplied until they were as numerous as the stars seen in the heavens on a clear night. Among so many the guilty might be able to escape; but the President wished to do all in his power to atone for the murders. He might not be able to secure the criminals or their property as had been demanded; but as recompense he would give money and gifts; and he had sent a belt of wampum as pledge. He desired his representative, the Commissioner, to wipe the tears from the eyes of the bereaved Indians and to bury the hatchet that had done the evil deed so deeply that it could never again be seen.

General Pickering then left his position in the center of the circle and walking to the chief of the tribe of the murdered Indians went through the pantomime of wiping the tears from his eyes. Then the Commissioner took a spade and dug a hole in the earth before the warriors and figuratively laid the hatchet in the earth, buried it, then metaphorically tore up a great pine tree and planted it over the grave, so that the hatchet might never again come to light.

This ceremony being concluded, Little Beard rose and said that the red men were pleased with what the great chief of the pale faces had done. The hatchet was now buried so deeply that it could never be dug up and the rusty spot on the chain had been brightened. During the coming evening he would advise with his fellow chiefs and in the morning he did not doubt the Indians and their white brothers would be able to form a treaty that would never be broken.

The council then disbanded for the day.

The next morning the Friend prepared to return to Jerusalem. It seemed that contrary to all Indian precedent the council was about to conclude its business quickly and disband. The Friend thought it unnecessary, therefore, that she should go again to the amphitheatre. But when the Indians had assembled and observed that she was not present they were unwilling to resume their deliberations. In vain did General Pickering remind them that the Friend had no official standing in the conference; and that the Quaker representatives of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, who had been accepted both by themselves and the President as their accredited advisers, were present. Mr. Savery who was seated with his associates near General Pickering at the center of the circle evidently felt the embarrassment of the situation for he rose and recounted at length how the Indians had invited him to the council, how the President had sent him official notice of his appointment, and how he had made the toilsome journey for the express purpose of serving his Indian friends.

The Indians were not satisfied. They said it was the Quaker woman's little fire that had kindled this great one. They still demanded the Friend as an additional

aid. General Pickering, thereupon, not wishing to take any chance of impairing the prevailing goodwill sent an urgent request to the Friend to come at once to the amphitheatre. She soon appeared; and addressing the Indians said that she would spend the day at the council but advised them not to expect her presence when they assembled again as it was necessary that she return to her Society; she desired that they would content themselves with the aid of Mr. Savery and Mr. Kirkland and their other spokesmen whom she believed were more capable than she as guardians of their interests.

This explanation of the Friend's absence apparently satisfied the Indians, but there was still evident a spirit of restlessness that was in distinct contrast with the solemnity with which the proceedings of the previous day had been conducted. I found this change difficult to account for. Some of the warriors, quite contrary to the Indian regard for ceremonious decorum, were out of their seats when the council began its afternoon session. A group of Indians was soon seen in animated conversation at the rear of the amphitheatre even while General Pickering was speaking.

When the General had finished I called the attention of the Friend to the unusual situation. "Look," she said, and turned her eyes to the group of warriors at the rear who were using the opportunity when no one was speaking to separate and go to their seats. As they stepped apart and removed the screen made by their lofty plumes, there was revealed the form of a tall, lank, red-haired man dressed not as a backwoodsman but in much worn tailor-made clothes. It was undoubtedly Wyatt.

My first impulse was to rush to General Pickering

and warn him of the Tory principles and dangerous character of the new-comer; but the Friend restrained me and reminded me of my agreement to give Wyatt a new start. It was proper, she thought, not to give rein to our hatred, but to see first what his purpose was in coming to the council. If he respected his promise to try to live a better life, we ought not to put difficulties in his way. If he meditated evil, action could be taken quickly. He could not expect me to shield him if he contemplated acts of villainy.

One of those who had tarried in the rear was Red Jacket. He came forward with the others but did not sit. He said that Cornplanter had pointed out a rusty spot on the chain of friendship and yesterday with the aid of the white woman that spot had been brightened; but the Indians had found that the chain was still dull. On another spot the rust was so deep that a file would need to be used to remove it. He said he referred to the attempt of the white people to take the land belonging to the Indians and drive them further and further toward the North and West. He himself would not be in favor of signing any treaty until the location of the boundary line between the Colonists and the Indians was permanently decided.

Red Jacket's speech caused surprise even among the warriors. They turned and looked toward the rear where Wyatt was still standing. It was clearly evident that the coming of the red-haired stranger had injected a new element of discord into the council.

General Pickering said he was surprised that this matter was brought up at this time. Yesterday no mention was made of a second rusty spot on the chain. This additional spot, he thought, must have been dis-

covered by some new-comer. He had observed that the last speaker, as well as others of the warriors, had been in conference with a stranger on the outskirts of the council. Before he went on, he should like to know whom he was dealing with and who the stranger was who presumed to assign the Commissioner of the United States new matters for adjustment.

"You saw me conferring," replied Red Jacket with dignity, "with Mr. Johnson who has come from Joseph Brant and Governor Simcoe to remind us of our agreement to demand the Ohio river as the boundary line between the British and the Indians on the one side and the Colonies on the other."

"From Governor Simcoe to remind you that you agreed to demand the Ohio river as a national boundary line?" echoed General Pickering. "This Johnson is evidently a British spy. He has no standing in this council. He must leave." General Pickering shouted the last words and by countenance and manner manifested extreme indignation.

Again I felt it my duty to inform General Pickering of Wyatt's record but the Friend insisted that Wyatt thus far had done nothing contrary to his agreement and that for the present I had best let matters take their own course.

Cornplanter rose slowly and smiled. "The council fire grows warm. The sparks are beginning to fly thickly. If we wish to avoid war, we should try to please Joseph Brant and Governor Simcoe. It will do no harm to let Mr. Johnson sit with us in the council. If he is a very bad man, perhaps we can make him better. At any rate we do not have to do as he says."

"I shall not permit any one I suspect of being an

emissary of Great Britain to sit in this council," responded General Pickering. "I lighted this council fire and I shall extinguish it unless Johnson is made to withdraw. We shall go no further to-day. You will have an opportunity to consider this matter this evening. In the morning we shall meet and it will then be decided whether the council is to continue."

The council at once broke up and those seated in the center immediately left except William Savery and Judge Potter, who from curiosity or some other motive, made their way toward Wyatt and proceeded to engage him in conversation.

Thomas, the Friend, and I, walked along with General Pickering toward town. The General was much disturbed by the turn taken by the council. He said he had thought it necessary to act promptly and with firmness, but he was in doubt whether he had done just what was right. He said he would like to call on some of us for advice. Thomas suggested that he meet at dinner those whom he wished to consult.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ACCORDINGLY that evening I dined with General Pickering, General and Mrs. Chapin, the Friend, Rachel, Judge Potter, Samuel Kirkland, William Savery, Charles Williamson, and Thomas. During the dinner no reference was made to the council. The conversation was lively and animated and was largely a contest of kindly wit in which the Friend especially shone. Later in the drawing-room, which from failure to receive glass was hardly proof against October weather but which had been made warm by a great fire, General Pickering opened the conference by remarking that he did not see how he could permit Johnson to continue in the council, but he considered the decision a very serious matter and he desired advice.

Mr. Savery said he did not know just what was expected of him. His position at the present seemed ambiguous. If the conference of the evening had been called to determine the course to be followed by the Government Commissioner, he did not know whether as adviser and representative of the Indians he ought to be present.

General Pickering assured him that his help would be greatly valued and that he would not be expected to relinquish in any respect his obligation to the Indians.

"Then let me say I came here to oppose war and promote peace; but I fear I came in vain. There

will be no permanent peace if the representatives of the Government continue to hide the causes of discord instead of bringing them to light and settling them. You wish to cast Johnson from the council because he pointed out a second rusty spot on the chain of friendship. Yet in my opinion all this expense, all of our wearisome and dangerous journeys, will prove futile unless Johnson's advice is heeded and the difference of opinion regarding boundaries and titles to land is adjusted by the council."

"Our desire to exclude Johnson is due not so much to his bringing up the question of boundaries—a matter difficult or impossible for us to settle—as it is to doubt concerning whom he represents. It is said he was sent here by Governor Simcoe, who is our worst enemy."

"I thought it was understood," Savery replied, "that Johnson represents Brant. As Brant resides with Simcoe, you say Johnson comes from Simcoe; and therefore must be excluded as a British spy. That is hardly logical since the Government invited Brant himself to be present at this council. I do not know anything of Johnson's personal character, but I suppose it is no worse than Brant's. However in a council such as this, I do not know that even that is material. As Cornplanter implied, a person should be heeded or disregarded according to the kind of advice he gives. And whatever the sort of advice he gives, the Indians should be permitted to confer with him if they wish. They are supposed to be free agents or they would not have been called to the council. They should possess as sure a right to consult with whom they please as you have tonight to meet here in conference with whom you please."

General Chapin said, "Whether or not Johnson is to take part in the council is a weightier matter than at first appears. Brant is an Indian of the Confederacy with which we are holding a parley; but Johnson is probably a British subject. No government would permit a representative of a foreign power to sit in a conference to which his nation was not a party. This is a far more important principle than any now at issue with the Indians as it involves the sovereignty of the United States."

"There lies the key to the entire situation," said Thomas. "The Indians would have abided by previous treaties and would not now be making us trouble if the sovereignty of the United States in this region had never been put in doubt by the action of Great Britain. It is the settlement of that question that holds back the development of this part of the state. Only the most courageous or the most patriotic settlers are coming here now. For the welfare of Ontario county and the country as a whole, this council should do all in its power to enforce respect for the sovereignty of the United States throughout Western New York."

"Better than raise the issue of sovereignty at this time," remarked Judge Potter, "is to avoid it. I am in favor of leaving that question alone. I think we had better not advertise the control that Great Britain is exercising over this territory but give the Indians whatever concessions we can in the hope of hushing the matter up. I know a considerable number of people in Pennsylvania who contemplate coming here. If they should learn the real conditions I doubt whether any of them would come. I am informed that the Society of Mennonites who planned to settle here have given up

the idea on account of the uncertainty of public affairs and are now offering their lands for sale. I cannot blame them. In fact if our Society of Friends had foreseen the political uncertainty and the possibilities of a territorial war in this region, I believe few of us would have come. Some of us as it is are now convinced that we made a mistake in settling on debatable ground."

"Our Society made no mistake," said the Friend, speaking slowly and evidently making an effort to restrain any excess of feeling, "when we decided to settle in Jerusalem. Judge Potter should remember that on numerous occasions in Philadelphia and elsewhere it was stated in Meeting that one of the purposes of our Society in coming here was to assist in holding this territory for the United States. The Friends might have found desirable land elsewhere but the Society thought that Divine Providence offered to such of us as loved our country and believed in its future and principles an opportunity here to demonstrate our patriotism and courage. I disagree with Judge Potter in his belief that many of us are now of a mind to recede from that view."

Judge Potter seemed surprised and embarrassed at his leader's rejoinder but the customs and discipline of his Society were such that he did not venture to reply.

When Mr. Savery perceived that Judge Potter intended to remain silent, he determined to speak in his stead. "I am surprised," he said, "that this lady, holding the position she does, should voice sentiments provocative of war. I had supposed that all who copy the language of Friends, however far they depart from the dress of the society or relax its discipline, would at least avoid entering the ways of strife. As a Quaker

I have in the past refused to bear arms to support the sovereignty of the United States; and I am now unwilling to forego the trust the Indians have reposed in me and become the propagandist of the United States in its attempt to assert its dominion over Western New York. I shall have no part in creating new occasions for war. As I understand it, this council was not called to promote the sovereignty of the United States in this region. It was called to make peace with the Indians."

"I supposed," said Thomas Morris, addressing General Pickering, "that this council was called to make peace with the Indians as a first step in determining who is to have sovereignty over Western New York."

"Whether such an idea was in the mind of President Washington when he asked me to call this council," replied General Pickering, "I do not know; but I shall as a matter of course refuse to sanction any action that can possibly imperil the control of the United States over any territory that it claims."

"As Mr. Morris implied," said Charles Williamson, "I believe there would be no need to call councils to make peace with the Indians if the sovereignty of the United States in this region were settled once for all. I am convinced that the Indians would engage in no hostilities if they were not stirred up by Governor Simcoe. If we wish to secure the permanent peace that Mr. Savery mentioned, we must go further than Mr. Savery does. We must cease to regard Indian difficulties as a question hinging on the private ownership of land. To quiet the Indians, we must make them understand that they owe no allegiance to Great Britain and that the sovereignty of the United States over Western New York is unquestioned. Twice within two

months Governor Simcoe has ordered me to Niagara to explain why I am rushing settlers into this region. Only yesterday I received a peremptory demand to abandon the improvements I have made at Sodus. I have given no heed to his demands. I'll take arms and die here before I will yield to him or give up to Great Britain one inch of territory that justly belongs to the United States."

"And so will I," I exclaimed.

"And I," said Thomas Morris.

Some one coughed hoarsely in the silence that followed. Mr. Savery turned toward Samuel Kirkland and said with a smile, "It is now demonstrated that the lady's remarks are provocative of war."

Mr. Kirkland did not reply to his words nor did he speak, but his face grew very grave and serious.

"I regret," said the Friend, "that words of mine have given this unpleasant turn to our conference. It is perhaps fortunate that I shall not be with you after to-morrow."

"We shall lack your advice," said General Pickering courteously. "I have determined that to-morrow I shall insist on Johnson's leaving the council; but on the other hand I shall make every endeavor to satisfy the Indian claims so far as they do not imperil the sovereignty of the United States. Before I left Philadelphia I was told not to yield one hand breadth of land, but in deference to Mr. Savery's views, I shall use my discretion to relax such of our minor demands as seem to the Indians most onerous. With Mr. Savery's aid and the aid of his associates I shall hope that such a compromise will avail to bring the council to a successful issue."

The next morning the others went early to council but Thomas and I remained to say farewell to the Friend. We had seen her and her retinue well down the street and at the corner had turned to walk to the amphitheatre. Thomas had spoken of the Friend as a charming woman and I had replied enthusiastically, intolerant of his moderation. Not receiving the expected assent, I had glanced toward him and saw that his face was a study.

Never until the Friend became his guest, I think, did he surmise that a more compelling reason than traffic in land and the new relation of client and attorney was the occasion of my frequent visits to the Friend. Although there was no man for whom I had more esteem, I had not confided in Thomas because I feared if it were known that the Friend contemplated marriage, she would encounter difficulties on account of the peculiar views held by Sarah and some other members of the Society. It is true that the Friend and I had never gone out of our way to keep our companionship secret, for the idea of clandestine relations was repugnant to us both; but we had made our decisions taking it for granted that no one but ourselves was aware of the future we had planned.

The developments of the last two or three days, however, made me doubt that our mutual affection was unsuspected. Could I rest assured that Enoch had merely needed a name to fill out his ribald jests and had happened to use mine? It was difficult to convince myself of that since Thomas had been able to read our secret with limited opportunities for observation. Perhaps my love for the Friend had already become apparent to the members of her household and the knowledge was

spreading into gossip. If such was the case, I must act speedily before the great work that the Friend had wrought was in any way impaired. Either Sarah must assume the leadership of the Society at once while it was running smoothly at its best, or I must forego for the present all association with the Friend. Impulsively I chose the former alternative and determined if the council should have a fortunate issue, that I would not take no for an answer but would insist that the Friend go East with me at once.

When Thomas and I entered the amphitheatre after bidding farewell to the Friend we found that Johnson had already been dismissed and had gone; but the skies seemed far from clear. The Indians said it had been agreed the previous spring among the tribes that in all future councils the Ohio river was to be demanded as the national boundary between the red men and the whites. Also they wished restored to them the property rights to a strip of land four miles wide near the Niagara river which they had ceded to the United States for the location of a road. They said they were unwilling to conclude a treaty unless the Commissioner was ready to proceed through this path.

General Pickering said that the demand for the Ohio river as a boundary was ridiculous. The idea he well knew was inspired by the British commander at Niagara who sought an occasion to take the first step toward making the Ohio river the boundary between English and American possessions. It was a question that he declined to discuss in any respect with the Indians. If it were ever to be considered, the Government in Philadelphia would confer directly with the Government in London. As regarded the surrender of the road along

the Niagara, he did not think it possible to grant what was desired inasmuch as the Government for its own protection must preserve its right to cross its own territory even where Indian reservations existed.

With a smile Red Jacket replied that the Federal Government must anticipate the growth of great cities and much traffic if it needed a road of that width. He knew that the white people had done wonders but he thought they would surpass all their previous achievements if they were about to build a highway four miles wide.

While a menacing and discourteous laugh ran over the assembly of Indians General Pickering tried to explain that a strip four miles wide was required in order that the highway might be laid out to the best advantage by the surveyors and to provide land for the support of the trading posts and settlers necessary to the security of the road and its adequate defense.

The Indians refused to abate any detail of their demands. They said, "When you called this council, you sent us a pipe; and we have carried it through all our nations. Men, women, and children have smoked out of it. Now we return it to you. Smoke out of it yourself."

As General Pickering kept his seat and made no reply to this statement, the Indians grew glum and sullen. Savery and his associates spoke several times but seemed to have no influence over them. The council for that day accordingly ended in gloom.

That night the village and adjoining forest resounded with the whoops and yells of prowling bands of savages who assumed a most menacing demeanor and evidently were making the night hideous as a hint to white men

of what might be expected if the demands of the red men were refused.

For two or three days the Indians failed to attend the council. The Quakers met the chiefs in several conferences before the warriors could again be brought together. When they were finally assembled, General Pickering opened the council with a conciliatory speech in which he offered to relinquish the claim to the four-mile strip, except what was actually required for an ordinary country highway.

Red Jacket acknowledged the concession and said that all would be of one mind as soon as the Commissioner agreed to accept the Ohio (by which he meant the Alleghany, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers) as the national boundary. If the Commissioner was not prepared to agree to this demand it would be best to cover the council-fire and permit the Indians to go home, for the red men had decided as long ago as the previous spring that they would conclude peace on no other basis than that.

While General Pickering was conferring with General Chapin before making his final reply, a Tuscarora runner dashed into the center of the amphitheatre, and raising his hand, ceremoniously presented a belt of wampum to Little Beard, and spoke a message so rapidly that even the interpreters could not understand its import. The Indians instantly were thrown into the greatest confusion and the council seemed suddenly to terminate. With no little apprehension we who sat in the center of the assemblage wondered what had happened.

We were not long left in doubt, for the Tuscarora runner made his way toward us and from his bosom

drew a packet which he delivered to General Chapin. It contained a letter from Brant announcing that General Wayne had disastrously defeated Little Turtle and the Miamies. With the greatest self-control we endeavored to conceal the jubilation we felt at this message. At one stroke the news cut the foundations from Seneca hostility and arrogance. It made good in an instant all the unfortunate results of the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair. General Pickering raised his hand above the hubbub and with difficulty announced that on account of the important news received the council would adjourn its session until mid-afternoon.

At noon I sent for Guyanoga and asked him to question the Tuscarora for details of the news. Guyanoga reported that the confederated tribes had been utterly routed. The runner's account of the battle was, "Pop, pop, pop—boo, woo -o o—, wish, wish, wish-e—ee, boo, woo—kill twenty Injuns one time; no good, by damn."

When the council reassembled although the Indians made a show for a time of continuing their claims, they had lost their taste for argument. Their attention was focussed rather on the feast and the presents they hoped to receive than on national boundaries.

When the treaty was drawn up and signed the Indians guaranteed perpetual peace on the basis of the existing boundaries. The United States returned to them all the land along the Niagara river and Lake Erie except the triangle at Presque Isle and space for a road. The Iroquois were given the right to hunt over all territory they had previously granted to the United States. An annuity of \$4500 and \$10,000 in presents was also provided for them.

So ended the most memorable council ever conducted

by white men and Indians. It terminated all fear of Indian uprisings in Western New York. Its conclusions were definite and distinct and they were never broken either by red men or pale faces.

CHAPTER XXIX

MY resolution to try to induce the Friend to leave with me at once, if the issue of the council was favorable, I found impracticable of execution. It was November before the last of the Indians left Canandaigua and evidently was too late in the season to undertake a journey to the East. When early spring came the matter of passing to Sarah as prospective leader titles to the Society's land delayed us, for some titles proved defective; and it also seemed to the Friend that James Parker was in need of further instruction and help concerning plans for the moral and religious supervision of the Society. One matter after another had delayed us but finally the Friend gave me her promise that when July first came, she would shut her eyes to whatever was unprovided for and would go.

There had also arisen considerations of my own that would have made me hesitate greatly to leave Ontario county at an earlier date. Governor Simcoe's demands for the evacuation of Sodus on Lake Ontario had not been settled. Copies of a speech to the Indians made by Lord Dorchester, Governor General of Canada, had been extensively circulated and had stirred up rumors of impending war. Lord Dorchester in a widely circulated address had at last stated clearly, what the official attitude of Great Britain toward America had all the while implied, that the British nation regarded the peace of 1783 as no more than an armistice and that

the struggle with America might be resumed at any time. The demands for the evacuation of Sodus and the settlements in Western New York as far as "the old French line" (a term vague enough to include Canandaigua, Geneva, Bath, and all settlements in New York west and north of the tributaries of the Ohio) together with a transcription of Lord Dorchester's speech, had been forwarded to Robert Morris and President Washington.

After several weeks of waiting, the cheering news had come that our report had been successful in arousing the Federal Government to instant action. Ambassador Jay had been empowered to negotiate a new treaty in London; and as the United States was prepared to grant concessions regarding the payment of claims of Loyalists who had been deprived of property destroyed during the Revolution, it was expected that Great Britain would in the very near future agree to withdraw her troops from Forts Oswego and Niagara and acknowledge the sovereignty of the United States throughout Western New York.

We waited eagerly for news of the signing of Jay's treaty but days had passed and no word came. The acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain that the United States was entitled to the supreme control of the disputed territory would, of course, release me from further obligation to reside in the Genessee country. But until such acknowledgment was made, I felt that my duty to my country, as well as to Uncle Robert, prevented my leaving permanently.

At noon on a day early in July a messenger came to the land office announcing that Charles Williamson was on his way to see me concerning important business. I

was advised under no circumstances to leave my desk until he had come. At once I realized that some new development had occurred regarding Sodus. I sent for Thomas and had not waited long before both he and Williamson were closeted with me in my office.

Williamson said that a British lieutenant sent by Governor Simcoe had landed at Sodus and had informed Mr. Moffat, who at the time was Mr. Williamson's agent, that a ship filled with British troops would appear in ten days in Sodus harbor and would burn the town and would attempt to arrest Mr. Williamson and put him in irons. They would do this even if they had to march inland as far as Geneva or Bath, unless on the day they landed they found that the settlement had been abandoned and Mr. Williamson was present in person to answer the charges against him.

This on the eve of the signing of the treaty seemed a most serious state of affairs. An armed clash, either at Sodus or further south with the party sent to arrest Williamson, seemed inevitable. Thomas, Williamson, and I were unanimous in our opinion that Simcoe had heard of the probable signing of the treaty and was attempting to resort to force to try to create such a situation as would prevent either his government or ours from completing the ratification. To send our troops to meet him, therefore, would be merely playing into his hand and would probably precipitate immediate war.

Very bravely Charles Williamson proposed that he go alone to Sodus on the appointed day and surrender himself to Simcoe's representative, leaving me in charge of his land interests, and hoping that such action on his part would appease Simcoe for the time being and

that when the treaty was signed Simcoe's charges against him could be suitably adjusted.

Thomas would not listen to this proposal. He said Williamson would go almost to certain death as Simcoe, foiled in his attempt to cause an armed clash, would be tempted to execute Williamson at once expecting that such action would be taken as a national affront that would bring on the war he desired.

Then I offered to go with Williamson and negotiate with the officer, leaving Williamson meanwhile within call. Neither did this suit Thomas. He said that when I was at Niagara, Simcoe had listed me as a British deserter and I ought not to take such risk. Thomas maintained it was best that he go alone to Sodus; and on the appointed day without armed escort meet the officer and endeavor to come to some peaceful understanding with him. Williamson agreed only on the condition that he might also go to Sodus prepared to surrender himself in case Thomas's negotiations failed. Thomas was very obstinate; but at last it was arranged that all three of us should go to Sodus, and if Thomas failed to bring about an understanding rather than permit an armed encounter, Williamson would surrender himself.

This matter had hardly been arranged, and Thomas and Williamson gone, before my clerk informed me that another visitor was waiting in the outer office. On stepping through the doorway I saw Rachel looking sweet, youthful, and smiling, but withal a little anxious. She came close to me and said, "Friend John, thou must come. There is trouble in Jerusalem."

I ordered my horse and asked no further questions until we had passed beyond the limits of the town and

had turned into the road that leads to Jerusalem. I then inquired as to the nature of the trouble.

"Eliza hath eloped," she said, turning toward me with melting eyes.

"Eloped? With whom?"

"With my brother Enoch," she replied huskily.

"When did that happen?"

"Enoch hath grown light-minded since he left the Friend's household and hath drifted away and kept bad company; but for all of that Eliza became infatuated with him and a little while ago asked her mother's permission to marry him. Sarah refused her roughly and forbade Eliza to speak at all to Enoch; and when the girl persisted confined her in the Friend's chamber and set maids to guard her. But during the last Sabbath's Meeting, Eliza climbed from the window and she and Enoch rode away together and we have not seen them since."

"I am sorry that Eliza has been so ungrateful to the Friend but in the end I do not believe that her leaving will prove to be a serious loss."

"You know the Friend hoped that Eliza would aid in superintending the Society."

"It was a vain hope. Perhaps some day the Friend will be glad she was forced to give up the idea before much depended on it."

"Margaret says it would have been better had Eliza died; her going this way is a blow to our faith."

"No one but Eliza is responsible for what she did; and as far as she herself is concerned, I don't believe it will turn out so ill. She and Enoch seem to be suited to each other."

"Hush, Friend John," said Rachel reprovingly.

"Look not at it with the eyes of the world. As thou hast helped us in the past, help us now in this extremity. Thou rememberest that the Friends do not encourage marriage. This elopment of Eliza's hath almost disrupted the Society."

"How does the Friend regard the affair?"

"She received the news with great calmness; and that led to still more trouble. When she told Sarah not utterly to refuse Eliza's plea for marriage, but to persuade the girl to delay, using gentleness, Sarah rebelled. She summoned Friend Hathaway and complained that the Friend was yielding to the seductions of the world and was failing to require conformance to the tenets of the Shakers."

"Did Hathaway side with Sarah?"

"He did not. He told her our Society is neither Quaker nor Shaker but a combination and addition."

"Will Sarah try to force her views of marriage on the Society?"

"She would, but she is now ill and can see no one."

"You don't think the Friend will be caused serious trouble?"

"Everything is still in turmoil. Tongues that should be eloquent in prayer are busy with gossip. I know, however, that it is the matter of a day. The Friend presently will still this noise and train another in Eliza's stead and all will go on as before."

"Who takes Sarah's place now that she is ill?"

"The Friend," replied Rachel in surprise. "Who else is capable?"

As I had long been vexed because those who were influential in the Society had been accustomed in every emergency to lay additional responsibility on the

Friend, I reproved Rachel, for the time seemed opportune.

Rachel was full of regret that they could not do more for the Friend. She said they searched far and near to please her appetite; they let no one disturb her rest and none come into her presence unless she willed it.

As Rachel did not seem to understand my point of view and we were nearing our destination, I said hastily, "None of you will never give the Friend the help she needs until you cease to regard her as a superior being drawing strength from an inexhaustible source. Your sympathy will avail her nothing until you admit that she is a woman as fragile as yourselves and as liable as you to error."

Rachel turned toward me with a quiet superior smile. "Thou hast a kind heart, Friend John, and good intention; but thou art not of our faith."

As we entered the approach to the mansion a bell was sounded; and two hostlers came from the barns for our horses; and two maidens from the main entrance of the house came down the gravel walk to meet us. Like all of the Friend's personal attendants they were beautiful girls and were dressed in clothing of the finest materials. In general their costumes were modelled along Quaker lines but departed from that mode of dress in the use of quaint colors so combined as to afford a suggestion, if not of coquetry, at least of playful prettiness.

In reply to Rachel's question we were informed that the Friend was not now to be seen. She was determining a difference brought to her by two members of her Society for adjudication. The maidens relieved Rachel of her cloak and gloves and we entered the hall. Rachel

glanced through a door into the parlor opposite the Friend's boudoir and, seeing a number of people waiting, thrust a book into my hands, saying quietly, "Sit here and read. Thou wilt enjoy this. It is Hannah More's *Poems* just over from England. The Friend will see thee as soon as the matter in hand is ended. I will tell her thou hast come."

When left to myself I was interested in noting the changes that the presence of the Friend had produced in the mansion since I first saw it. The white walls were now covered with tasteful wall-paper evidently imported from abroad. The mahogany and haircloth furniture was still in its place but landscape paintings in water and oils hung from the walls and there was a bouquet of flowers in every room. While I was waiting two girls removed the vase from the table where I sat and placed in its stead a bowl of roses that filled the hall with their fragrance. Bright-eyed youthful attendants continually flitted to and fro. In the public rooms their demeanor was grave and sedate; but from rooms at the rear and from the garden peals of girlish laughter drifted in from time to time like songs of birds.

The bell sounded; and the two maidens demurely tripped down the walk to meet a new-comer. They brought him to the parlor and told him he would not be able to see the Friend until evening; but she wished him to remain and desired his company at supper.

There was so much of interest that I had not looked at the book when Rachel bent over me and whispered, "She will see thee." Rachel held the door open and I entered the Friend's boudoir.

I was not surprised that the Friend seemed worn and languid as she extended her hand to greet me. "Thou

art not the less welcome that thou madest me send for thee," she said with a smile.

I attempted in a general way to excuse my apparent neglect, although, as the reader knows, the real reason was the fear of idle gossip such as that I had heard retailed by Enoch. Of that, however, I did not wish to give the Friend a hint.

"It is well," she said looking at me as I thought rather searchingly. "I rejoice that the error toucheth not thy heart."

"Rachel has told me of Eliza's elopement," I said supposing it was on that account that she had summoned me.

"That is not the gravest danger," the Friend responded. "Another matter imperileth the very existence of the Society."

"What has happened?"

She led me to a chair. "Judge Potter came here yesterday in great anxiety and asked what the tale is about the burning of a will. Also he said he had heard a variety of idle gossip but gave no heed to it, having confidence in his Leader. But he had been asked so persistently for a day or two about this story of the will that he concluded he ought to come to me to get facts with which to deny it."

"What did you say?"

"With a prayer to God to aid me in making a full confession, I admitted my guilt, and said that I had also paid out considerable sums of the Society's money in blackmail.

Judge Potter did not upbraid me but inquired minutely concerning the sums paid and the times of payment, and said that he had become acquainted with

Wyatt and would take means to see that he adhered to his promise never to ask for additional money.

He rose as if about to go; but at the door paused, and with apologetic manner, said, 'I suppose, of course, the Society is supreme in your affections and there is nothing in those silly stories about your chief interest being elsewhere?'

I replied with some dignity that my work for the Society should be evidence of my affection for it and that in the world there was naught that I loved more dearly—unless it were one person.

'One person!' he exclaimed, staring at me doubtfully for a long time. 'Then you admit there is a basis for that gossip? I am surprised,' he added, walking at first aimlessly about the room but finally resuming his seat, 'to obtain such an admission from one who pretends to be Christ's representative on earth.'

I did not think fit to notice his reference to gossip but I told him I had never made any pretense of being Christ's representative. On the contrary I had distinctly denied those claims.

For a moment he peered at me like one who fears he has not heard aright. 'I know it, I know it,' at last he assented, turning his face away and showing evidence of keen distress; 'but your denials sounded so like the words of Christ that I was not convinced. Do you also deny,' he asked in tones that even to me in my anguish seemed pitiful in their earnestness, 'that you rose from the dead and that your call to the ministry is divine?'

'I don't know,' I replied. 'As long as I have been leader of this Society, I have been in doubt concerning that matter.'

Judge Potter suddenly brought his fist down on the

table with a terrible bang and leaped to his feet. 'Then you can't help me,' he shouted. 'The blind can't lead the blind. I need religion to bolster me up. I need a Leader who can give me confidence, not one who weakens my faith with doubts.' He went to the door shrieking almost in hysterics that he had stood up under his doubts as long as he could endure it; he would save his land. He had lost his religion, his ideals—his property was all he had left. He had followed me to the destruction of his faith, but he would not follow me to financial ruin."

"My poor Jerie, how did you ever endure such a shock?"

"There was no shock. For years I have longed to hear some one call me thief. I delayed, dreading to have the innocent suffer with the guilty. At last I have made a beginning, but am still sorely tempted. I had to send for thee. Having made confession, it would be so easy to slip away—leaving others to unravel the tangled skein in which I have involved the Society—and live my life as other women do."

"Do that very thing!" I exclaimed. "Let's stay here only long enough to show that you had no evil intent in paying Wyatt money; and then let's go and leave Potter and the rest of them to manage their Society as best they can."

"Don't tempt me, John," the Friend pleaded.

"I am not tempting you," I responded. "I am urging you for the first time in your life to use common prudence in looking out for yourself."

"There never was a worse time to go," she began languidly, half persuaded in the extremity to yield to my suggestion. "Sarah is ill and inclined to listen to

shrewd advisers. And no one is ready to take her place. Since Eliza's elopement the Society buzzeth with gossip." . . . She paused; but continued a moment after with flashing eyes, "I could shake off the dust of my feet against the carping and gossipings and leave the strong and ready to live by their strength and wits . . . but others are dull, incapable of self-support—no one would care for them. Some are infirm with age—and then those lambs! . . . I cannot go," she at length concluded, "at least until some provision has been made for those who are unable to help themselves."

"That is a legal matter that I think I can readily arrange with Judge Potter—if he should persist in demanding a financial accounting."

"He will persist. This morning I received from him a peremptory written demand that I give to him as trustee sole control of all property owned by the Society."

"Have you made a reply?"

"I have waited for thy advice."

"Has this trouble with the Judge come out of a clear sky?"

"There hath been nothing serious before, but as our lands have increased in value, Judge Potter hath shown dissatisfaction with our policy of all sharing alike whether much or little hath been contributed."

"Then I'll go to him and offer him a liberal financial settlement. I believe it is money he thinks most of," I said hastily.

"He wast not wont to think so—not before I wrecked his faith," responded the Friend sadly.

"Don't be so cruel to yourself, Jerie. Have courage. You have never failed to do the best you knew how.

I need to spend a day or two at Sodus, for Williamson's matter has taken a serious turn; but in the meantime send two of your influential members, such as Thomas Hathaway and Benedict Robinson, to see the Judge. Have them try to clear away his doubts and induce him to return to the Society."

"I will send for them at once and will fully confess to them my wrong-doing."

"As you think best. I shall send Guyanoga to stay in Jerusalem until my return. He will bring me word instantly if anything goes wrong. On my way home I shall stop at Judge Potter's and will try to pave the way for a financial settlement that will protect your dependants and leave you free to give over the legal management of the Society to whomever you choose."

"I place everything in thy hands."

CHAPTER XXX

AS I rode toward Judge Potter's cabin, which was situated about three miles north of the Friend's house on the property that the Judge had purchased in his own name, contrary to the Friend's judgment, I decided on my plan of action. I knew that the Judge, although a good financier, was of an emotional temperament. This was evident in his renouncing a life of distinguished public service—having even occupied the position of treasurer of the state of Rhode Island—to become the financial officer of an obscure religious society. He had throughout his connection with the Society been most faithful in his adherence to the tenets of his sect, receiving without question even the wildest superstitious fancies promulgated by James Parker and other friends of his type. But suddenly on account of a shock to his moral sensibilities, he seemed to have utterly discarded his religion and to have resolved to devote himself to the getting of money.

I did not believe he would persist in this new resolve. Men do not change utterly in a day. I thought—unless some substitute for the Friend's religion were offered him speedily—that he would be able to make a few adjustments in his faith and return to the Friend's flock. I thought that Thomas Hathaway and Benedict Robinson, or whomever the Friend might send, would not have a hard task in inducing him to resume his work for the Society.

The duty of winning him back to his religion obviously did not appertain to me. I could best serve the Friend by appealing to the other important aspect of the Judge's character; namely, his ability for finance. I could make it easier for him to resume participation with the Friends, I thought, if I urged him not to wreck the finances of the Society—a financial fabric that he had worked for years with love and devotion to build. If I failed, I hoped I could at least ascertain his desires and motives, and so lay the basis for a more successful approach at a later time.

As I drew near the Judge's cabin I saw the Judge with coat removed, seated at a table before an open window at work at his papers. The Judge came out to meet me, and extending a courteous greeting called a negro (who with his wife lived in an adjacent hut and kept the judge's house) to take care of my horse.

The room into which I was ushered was like the living apartments of most of the pioneers except that the clay floor was smoother and the log walls were more neatly tamped with clay. The room was fitted with two open wall-cabinets containing papers and law books; and a strong box was set in the masonry beside the fireplace.

I opened the conversation as agreeably as I could and, as I had planned, attempted to arouse the Judge's pride in his success with the business of the Society; but it was to no avail. The first word he spoke concerning the Society was a demand that the land titles be put in his name as trustee and that he be given complete financial control.

"If you were given full financial control, would you be willing to bind yourself to follow certain definite

lines of policy?" I asked. "For instance, what provision would you make for the Friend's dependants?"

"I decline to bind myself in any way; but naturally I would make some provision for charity."

"I don't think that so vague a statement as that would satisfy the Friend. There would have to be some limit to your control. You would scarcely expect, for instance, to have authority to buy or sell property for the Society without consulting others."

"I should expect to have that very right," he said. "I might find it best to buy more land; and I can conceive of circumstances in which it might be well to dispose of all of the Society's property."

"And move to Canada?" I asked.

The Judge at first seemed startled by my attempt to lay bare his motives. His face flushed, but he quickly recovered himself. "I refuse," he said, "to answer further questions concerning my probable policy. If as attorney for the Friend you wish to arrange for transferring the land titles to my name, I am willing to continue this interview; but I will not discuss the domestic policy of the Society with an outsider."

"As representative of the Robert Morris interests the domestic policy of the Society concerns me vitally," I replied. "I sold the Society land at a reduced price with the consideration that the Society was to assist in colonizing Ontario County. If the Society fails to occupy the land for a reasonable number of years, it will violate an essential and, as you remember, expressed provision of the contract which naturally I shall attempt to enforce. If you yourself wish to go to Canada, or for any other reason desire a division and

settlement, I shall be glad to take the matter up. My records give a reasonably exact account of what you personally contributed to the purchase of the Society's land in Jerusalem. From funds in the bank in Canandaigua I will pay you on demand the entire amount with interest."

"I have no intention, at a time when values are doubling and trebling, of being turned out of the Society with what I put in," the Judge answered hotly. "On the contrary I consider my interests so valuable that hereafter I shall not entrust the management to any one else. I'm going to take charge of the Society myself and run it in accordance with sound business principles."

I looked at the Judge in astonishment, surprised at the frankness with which he revealed his aim. His melancholy gray eyes met mine without a quiver. "Suppose the Friend refuses to transfer any deeds to you?" I asked.

"Then I'll require her to account publicly for the money she used to silence Johnson."

"You know that you as treasurer of the Society are responsible for all sums that have been paid out."

He appeared somewhat disconcerted by this suggestion, but said, "I supposed she wanted the money for her salary or personal support."

"Then certainly she is not required to account for its expense; but if on the other hand it should be shown that the Society's funds at any time were used for improper purposes or expended without proper vouchers, you as chief financial officer could be held accountable."

"I have never misapplied a penny of the Society's money," Potter roared, instantly casting aside his self-

controlled manner. "Nor have I ever profited a penny. But that's going to be changed now. I can make her surrender control of the property without touching the Johnson affair. There is another means I can use. If she doesn't do just as I say, I'll make her resign. She is not a fit person to be leader."

"Are you more fit?"

"By God, no; but I have lived in this hovel while she has lived like a queen in a palace. It took the supreme effort of my life to build her a house; but I'll look out for myself now. Either here or in Canada I'll build a house better than she ever occupied. If she hesitates an instant, I'll make her resign."

"Judge Potter," I said, "such a plan is unworthy of you. You have lived a life——"

"Don't attempt to appeal to my conscience," he shouted. "She stole my conscience and my self-respect. Now let her suffer for it! If she doesn't yield me control of the property, I'll start something I have in mind that will make her resign."

"The Friend will never resign under a cloud."

He did not reply at once but sat in moody silence. At last he said quietly, "She may not have the privilege of choosing. It has been her way to have the members of the Society rise and fall before her beck and nod like leaves in the wind; but presently I'll end that."

"Think twice," I urged again, "before you attempt anything that you might regret. The Robert Morris interests will do all in their power to retain the Friend as leader; and she still has the affection of a large part of her Society. Remember your years of labor. A wise man wouldn't shatter in a fit of passion what it had taken him a lifetime to build. I urge you to confer

with friends before you do anything that can injure the Society. To-morrow I go to Sodus with Colonel Williamson; but when I return, two or three days hence, I hope you will have decided either to go on with your work for the Society or to withdraw peaceably after a financial accounting."

"When you return," said the Judge, with a strange light in his eyes, but as it seemed to me a little sadly, for he was again fully in control of himself, "you will find that either I have won by other means what I desire or that the Friend's resignation is in my hands."

CHAPTER XXXI

AT the moment I told Jerie I was about to spend a day or two in Sodus with Williamson, I had had no hesitancy in planning to go; for I thought that the interval of my absence would give Judge Potter time to think over the facts I intended to lay before him as well as the arguments submitted by Hathaway and Robinson. I also knew that Guyanoga's ability to communicate quickly with me would tend to allay the Friend's anxiety. The Oneida had served as her confidential messenger since the time he had borne to President Washington her call for the council. On more than one occasion the Friend had commended the young Indian's trustworthiness. She said he was keen in understanding her wishes and faithful in executing them.

I became worried, however, when Potter gave expression to this mysterious threat to cause the Friend to resign. On reaching home my thoughts were occupied throughout the evening with every resource that the Judge had in his power to use; but I finally concluded that his words were but an idle boast due to a fit of temper. Therefore no harm could result if I carried out my plan to aid Thomas and Williamson in their patriotic undertaking at Sodus.

Accordingly Thomas and I wearing the uniforms of captains of the militia, and Mr. Williamson that of a colonel, each armed only with two pistols, mounted our horses early in the morning and began our long

journey to Sodus. We passed through Geneva and Lyons and before nightfall succeeded in reaching the capacious but empty inn that Charles Williamson had caused to be constructed on the proposed town site near the shore of Lake Ontario.

In the evening Mr. Moffatt called and it was arranged with him that in the morning the fifteen or twenty inhabitants of the village should be removed to the store on the Niagara road, that there might be no suggestion of our relying on force and for the better protection of the settlers in case of possible bombardment by the British ship. Only a negro was to remain. He was directed to stay at the inn and prepare the best dinner the resources of the village could supply.

The next morning when the sails of a British sloop were seen in the distance on the lake, Mr. Moffatt and the villagers left their huts and disappeared up the south road.

The winds were contrary, and it was nearly noon before the vessel came to anchor in the bay opposite the town. Thomas and I went down to the shore, but Mr. Williamson remained in the inn. As soon as we signalled, a boat manned by eight sailors was launched and quickly approached the point where we stood.

Thomas and I had agreed that there would be less probability of a resort to force if Colonel Williamson remained out of sight until we had concluded a preliminary interview with Governor Simcoe's representative. Thomas also thought that since the Governor had charged me with being a British deserter that my personal safety and the success of our enterprise would be promoted if I too stayed at the inn and left the first interview to him alone. This I was unwilling to do

as I did not wish to leave Thomas unsupported and besides I considered it very improbable that the Governor would happen to send as his representative any one of the few at Fort Niagara who would be able to recognize me.

My judgment in one respect at least did not prove to be good. As the boat touched the shore I recognized as the officer in charge, Lieutenant Sheaffe, who had given me kind advice when Governor Simcoe had sought to detain me at Niagara. "It is an unexpected pleasure," he said bowing gravely, "to meet you here, Mr. Spaulding, or (glancing at my uniform) Captain Spaulding, I see I should say."

I presented Thomas and said that Colonel Williamson was at the inn and desired the Lieutenant's presence at dinner. If he would direct his men (each of whom I observed bore a musket) to draw up the boat and occupy a cabin, a servant would bring them provisions which they could cook.

The Lieutenant, who was armed with pistols and sword, did not reply directly but began to recite a lengthy account of his being the representative of Governor Simcoe, and that he had been directed to ascertain whether Captain Williamson had complied with certain demands, etc. Meanwhile the Lieutenant, I observed, was casting glances nervously in the direction of the windows and portholes of the adjacent cabins and the borders of the woods; and his fingers all the while were twitching as if in anticipation of trigger and sword play. The Lieutenant rambled on for a minute or two and then suddenly paused and looked me keenly in the eye.

"Captain Spaulding," he said, "would you as a gen-

tleman be willing to advise me whether you think I could accept this invitation without jeopardizing my responsibility to my superior and to my country?"

"Certainly," I said, "Captain Morris and I promise you safe-conduct to the inn and back to your boat."

"I individually agree to that," said Thomas.

The Lieutenant turned to his men and directed them to row back to the sloop and remain until he signalled.

"Won't you direct them to cook a dinner on the beach?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I prefer to have them on the sloop."

The Lieutenant then dropped his austere manner and, chatting sociably, we walked to the inn. I was about to introduce him to Colonel Williamson as an officer who had treated me kindly at Fort Niagara, but no introduction was necessary as Williamson and Sheaffe had served together as pretty officers in the King's service in England and they proceeded to renew old acquaintance.

At the conclusion of an agreeable dinner, Lieutenant Sheaffe said, "I have been your guest, Colonel; and now it must be determined whether you are to be mine."

"I shall not accept your hospitality unless the invitation is unusually pressing," responded Colonel Williamson with a smile.

"I regret," said Sheaffe, "that I have no choice or discretion. I am ordered to land a force and use whatever resources are necessary to discover and seize you, unless I find that Sodus has been abandoned, or you personally in my presence make affidavit that the inhabitants will be removed at once and the buildings speedily demolished. I urge on you the latter alternative."

"I refuse," said Colonel Williamson, "to take any orders from Governor Simcoe. My record as captain in His Majesty's service was without blemish, but now I owe the King no allegiance. I am a naturalized citizen of the United States and I shall be faithful to my oath of allegiance. My adopted country, I trust, is able to protect me."

"I am sorry to learn that such is your decision," said Sheaffe. "I shall find it very unpleasant to discharge my duty."

"Lieutenant," I said, "Colonel Williamson, Captain Morris, and I have come here hoping to find a means of holding off the outbreak of war between your country and ours until the proposed new treaty can be signed. I am sure you wish to aid us. Your service as a soldier has been too severe to make you wish for another war."

"I would to God I could prevent it," he said.

"Then we should be able to find some means of avoiding it," I answered. "We haven't an American soldier within miles of us; we have sent every inhabitant from the Point except this negro. We are alone; and we ought to be able to find a solution without a resort to force."

"You tell me the inhabitants have all been withdrawn and that there is no one under arms in the neighborhood?" exclaimed Sheaffe. "The solution then is easy. I shall simply report to my commander that I found Sodus abandoned."

"But that is not true," interposed Williamson, unwilling to admit in any degree that Great Britain had a right to demand the evacuation of Sodus. "The villagers have gone only a mile or two to the store at

the Niagara road and will return on the departure of your sloop. Examine their hearths and you will find that they have not even extinguished their fires."

"I shall not quibble about details," replied Sheaffe. "I was told to take no further action if I found that the inhabitants had been withdrawn from Sodus. I am a soldier and shall never disobey orders. It is possible, however," he added with a smile, "that at times my patriotism may make me a little nearsighted or dull."

"But," objected Williamson, "it is my duty to my adopted country to see that I yield nothing, make no concessions that can be used against her when this matter is finally adjusted. I insist that I shall not heed any of Governor Simcoe's demands; and Sodus will not be abandoned."

"Send Governor Simcoe any messages you desire. As his representative I shall receive them, but on my return I shall report to him that I did not attempt to seize your person because I found Sodus abandoned."

A few minutes later we took leave of Sheaffe at the shore. On entering the boat, he said, "When next we meet, I fear it will be as enemies. I shall be surprised if Great Britain and the United States are not sooner or later involved in another war."

We dismissed his fears lightly and warmly shook his hand, little thinking how soon his words were to come true or that our departing guest was destined as commander to oppose the American forces in 1813 at the battle of Queenstown.

We slept that night at the inn; and the next day, wearily, but happily because of the measure of our success, we retraced the muddy trail to Canandaigua.

Guyanoga met me at the door. He had brought a note from Jerie wherein I was informed that Hathaway and Robinson had prevailed upon Judge Potter to relinquish for the present his demand for a division of the Society's property.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE following morning I was still sleeping soundly when Thomas pounded and thundered at my door. "News, news," he shouted. "Get up."

"What is it?" I inquired, opening the door sleepily.

"A messenger from Father has come from Philadelphia. The Jay treaty is signed. England recognizes the line of the Great Lakes as the permanent boundary and agrees to evacuate all forts on American soil. The controversy over Western New York is ended. There will be no war."

While I was hastily dressing, the bell of the Congregational church beside our office began to ring and people poured into the streets, laughing and crying and congratulating one another on the fortunate ending of the long struggle in Western New York. To us who had lived along the frontier, the event was scarcely less important than the victory at Yorktown. I could not eat my breakfast quickly enough. I was determined that no other lips than mine should tell the news to Jerie.

As I rode along I thought how lucky it was that we had been able to transact the business at Sodus without leaving complications to embarrass the new understanding between the two countries. The cause for which I had labored so long had already come to a successful issue. Henceforth Western New York would be as indisputably a part of the United States as was old

Connecticut herself. With this controversy disposed of, only the satisfying of Judge Potter's demands now stood in the way of Jerie's and my return East.

In spite of the Judge's threat and his boast that I would find on my return that the Friend had resigned, I did not greatly fear that we should have difficulty in settling with the Judge. I had not been surprised at the message contained in Jerie's letter. The course I had followed with him, supplemented by the aid of such influential Friends as Hathaway and Robinson, I was convinced, would cause the Judge to delay action until such time as his better judgment would persuade him to abate his demands.

Rachel met me in the hall, her face radiant with smiles. She said that the difficulty with Sarah had been amicably adjusted. As soon as Sarah had been able to leave her bed, she had gone to Meeting and had contritely admitted her fault and had acknowledged that the Friend had been divinely appointed to rule the Society as its Supreme Leader.

Good news was pouring in from every side. Happy as a boy I left the Friend's mansion and walked southward across the meadow, for Rachel had said that the Friend had gone in that direction to play with the children. The clover all around me was in full bloom and knee-deep. I could not bear to tread it down, so I turned and followed the rail fence lined with elderberry bushes and red raspberries fragrant with ripened fruit. On my left was a great field of wheat now golden brown and ready for the sickle; elsewhere the clearing as far as I could see was a mass of green tinted with daisies and clover bloom. The encircling forest was also unbroken green except where groups of pines

showed in the verdure almost black. Rachel had said, "The other side of the meadow, take the wood road; she may have walked even to the ravine." I entered the pines and followed a cart track so far that I had begun to fear that I had missed the way when my attention was attracted by the sound of childish laughter.

In a few moments I came to a broad knoll where as a result of the work of some itinerant manufacturer of Jerusalem currency, namely shingles, the pines were scattered sparsely with fine soft grass beneath and on the sides little glades opened out where clover and daisies grew. There where the sunlight streamed through the pine branches, I gained my first glimpse of the children. Each orphan stood with back to tree, leaning, alert, eager; and Jerie likewise—all except a little girl who as pursuer raced noisily to and fro attempting to pass the penalty to those who dared change station. Each wore daisies in her hair, the record of some previous play.

With yodel, not to startle them, I crept forward and took station at a tree. They were shy at first; but encouraged by the Friend, I was soon admitted to full comradeship. And so we played until the Friend called the children before her and said, "It is time now for the morning lesson. Each find a black-eyed Susan for Margaret, before ye go."

They scattered at her words; but afterward lingered and seemed loath to go and drew away very reluctantly. I followed and to each gave a sixpence; whereupon with jubilant shouts they raced down the cart road, hastening to show their coins to Margaret. As I returned to the Friend and seated myself beside her

under the pines, their cries grew fainter and presently all was still.

"Poor little things!" the Friend said. "They don't understand our sober Quaker ways. Sometimes—I think . . . William Fox forgot the children." Her dark eyes grew compassionate. "This morning through the open window I heard a little girl in play begin to sing a song she had learned at home before she came to us. Sarah stilled her, saying, 'We Friends do not use music.' I was at my desk and my work crowded me, but I could not go on until I brought the children here to play. Even now the song haunteth me."

"Sing it, Jerie."

"I dare not sing it."

A little breeze disturbed the black-eyed Susans in her hair and made her conscious of her unusual adornment. With a laugh she began to remove the flowers.

"I like you better when the flowers are in your hair."

"And when I play?" she asked mischievously.

"I do," I said. "When I came and saw you playing with the children, I thought you were that same little Jerie I used to romp with in the chestnut woods."

"And thou likest her better than thou likest me," she said with pretty petulance.

"No better—when you are inclined to play as she did."

"I must play," she retorted with flashing eyes, rebelliously, or as if in argument. "I am not like other women. I have to play."

"Why, Jerie," I said, "all women have to play, don't they?"

"No, other women have their children to play for them. I have to play for myself."

She leaped to her feet shouting, "Come. Catch me if thou canst." Swift as a swallow she darted to the glades and then in and out among the bordering pines. I pursued close after but did not overtake her. Twice as I reached my hand to seize her, she turned and eluded me. The third time for want of breath she sank to the grass; and a black-eyed Susan fell from her hair. "If the flowers won't stay where I put them, I'll make them play," she said prettily. "One way or the other they shall make thee like me. I'll sing the song now and they shall tell our fortunes."

With a brave toss of her head she continued, "When I've found a fine leader to take my place, and Judge Potter hath grown generous, and all's well in Jerusalem, what sort of man am I to marry?"

One by one the yellow petals fell in her lap. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief," she sang; and only the dark center and four yellow petals remained—"rich man, poor man," she continued slowly, "beggar man—*thief*."

She laid down the stem and a gray pallor appeared in her countenance.

I attempted to jest. "The little girl's song named me after all," I said laughing boisterously. "Every lawyer is a thief."

"No," she replied, "it says I am to marry myself, which means that I am not to be married at all."

"Don't be down-hearted, Jerie. I came to bring good news," I said; and I told her of the signing of the treaty, of the rejoicing in Canandaigua, and how I was now freed from continuing longer in my uncle's land business.

Her face grew bright and she laughed and talked

again in sprightly manner; but it seemed to me that her gaiety was forced.

"Let's tell our fortunes over again," I suggested. "Take another flower. Make it two out of three."

More to please me than herself, she answered, "Yes, that was a bad flower. It must have blossomed in the shade. Get me another that grew in the sunshine."

From a clump of black-eyed Susans that stood near us in a little adjoining meadow, I selected the largest and most perfect flower and one having the most numerous petals. Again the yellow leaflets fell into Jerie's lap one by one. The little round was sung twice over; but the third time, she paused *at lawyer*, and suddenly casting the blossom from her, she leaped to her feet and shouted laughingly, "Catch me if thou canst."

I sprang after her, but as I did so, seized the discarded stem and saw that five petals remained. Again we ran to and fro; but at last I seized her. "I shall hold you tightly now," I said. "You shall not escape me."

Her dishevelled hair swept my forehead as I kissed her. Her knees grew weak. I thought her faint from much running, and seated her on the grass, and sought a bass-wood leaf in which to fetch water from the ravine. But she restrained me.

"Help me home," she pleaded languidly. "It is time that I return."

With some difficulty we made our way along the cart path and, after resting once or twice, across the meadow. As we drew near the mansion we became conscious that something out of the ordinary was in progress. We heard the sound of voices, and at length saw an assemblage of thirty or forty people gathered before

the house. An ox-team and cart stood in the highway.

As we came into view, the hubbub of voices suddenly ceased. Some of the company drew back and others came forward. The Friend, wiser than I, divined at once what it meant, and her languor left her, and she walked forward proudly and erect.

Rachel came to meet us. "I thought it best not to inform thee. They have come, they say, to carry thee away on a charge of blasphemy. Sarah went out to reprove them; but they did not heed. Her upbraiding grew terrible; and her strength left her, and the men carried her into the house." Rachel's voice suddenly broke. In shrill tones she cried to the Friend, "Send them away speedily. I cannot endure it. Bid them go at once." As Rachel seemed to have lost control of herself, two of the maidens led her into the house.

I saw James Parker standing beside the cart a little in advance of the others.

"Why is this mob here?" I asked.

"I have come in my office as constable," replied Parker, "to carry this woman to the jail in Canandaigua. She is charged with blasphemy."

"Who brings the charge?"

"Judge Potter, but he was not able to come with us."

"James Parker," asked the Friend, "in what respect am I guilty of blasphemy?"

"In many respects; the most presumptuous is that thou pretendest to be Christ in His Second Coming."

"And thou who wouldst not harken to my doubts but wouldst blindly have driven me into such declaration, claiming at all points to be my witness, dost thou now come—at last—to charge me with that?"

"Neither Judge Potter nor I will have thee rule us any longer," he answered gruffly.

The Friend cast her eyes over the assemblage and saw there the faces of many who had been her former aids and confidants. Among them were those whom she had nursed in sickness and those to whom she had spoken words of hope and sympathy as she had followed along with them as members of their households were borne to their graves. "Philip," she said to one, "I would thou wert in Worcester, lying where we laid Mary, than see thee here." A flush of shame swept over the man's face and he withdrew from the cart and soon disappeared. So one after another they left until very few remained although stragglers lingered in the distance half-screened by the shrubbery.

"Come," exclaimed Parker, observing that he was in danger of losing all his adherents, "get into the cart, or I will thrust thee in"; and he advanced as if he would have laid hands on the Friend.

I stepped forward and would have knocked his teeth down his throat had not the Friend interfered. "Humble me not," she pleaded. Then turning to Parker, she said, "Give me but time to get a change of attire and one of my maids, and I will go."

I made no objection as I wished to be left to deal with the remaining miscreants according to my own ideas.

As soon as she had entered the house, I turned to Enoch Malin who ox-gad in hand was leaning nonchalantly against the wain. "Get into that cart and drive down yonder road," I said. "What I did to you in Canandaigua is but a foretaste of what may be yet in store for you."

Parker stepped between us. "I am an officer of the law and will not be interfered with in the performance of my duty," he shouted; and he gave a signal to his remaining supporters to close around me.

I drew a pistol and glanced first at Enoch. He climbed into the cart and as rapidly as possible brought his unwieldy team about. A little flourish of the pistol kept silence until he had disappeared down the highway that descends to the Brook Kedron.

"Show me your warrant," I said to Parker.

"I have no warrant. I am a constable."

I turned to a dauntless little maid, known as Lucy Brown, a member of the Friend's family who had stood beside the cart after all others of the household had gone. "Tell your mistress not to prepare for a journey. She will not need to go." Then to Parker I said, "If you are a constable you should know that you cannot arrest on a charge of blasphemy without a warrant."

"Whether a warrant is required or not, I shall lodge her in the jail in Canandaigua; and if I have exceeded my authority, the judge will inform me."

"James Parker," I said, speaking rapidly, for I saw the Friend coming from her door, "if you attempt to take the Friend not in accordance with due process of law, I shall stand on my constitutional rights to defend her person and mine by arms. If you so much as lay one finger on the Friend—be advised for I utter the words for the last time—you will never leave this spot alive."

"Has the charge been withdrawn?" asked the Friend as she approached.

"The charge is not withdrawn," replied Parker, "but

if thou wilt promise to answer the complaint at the next session of the circuit court at Canandaigua, I will not take thee away."

"I will be there," said the Friend.

"Dost thou as her attorney give thy word to produce thy client at that time?"

"I do," I answered.

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN June, 1800, the Friend's case was brought before the circuit court at Canandaigua, the venerable Judge Ambrose Spencer presiding, and Nathaniel W. Howell acting as district attorney. The latter for some reason (I fancied from lack of sympathy with the complaint) had little to do with the case. He was absent from some sessions of the court and left the prosecution largely in the hands of Judge Potter whom he had for the special occasion made his deputy. As attorney for the defense I was aided by John Wickham, under whose guidance, as the reader knows, I had completed my studies for admission to the bar.

As there was no doubt in my mind concerning the innocence of my client, I thought it best to encourage the Friend to reveal her doctrines and personality as completely as possible. I believed that if the jury had a full and free understanding of the Friend's character and motives, they would be unable to convict her. I give this statement in way of explanation as several of the legal fraternity have criticized Mr. Wickham and me severely for allowing the presentation of evidence that on the face of it was prejudicial to our side of the case.

I admit that I was somewhat surprised that Judge Potter was willing to direct the prosecution. Through the influence of Hathaway and Robinson I met the

Judge by appointment and made settlement of all his claims against the Society. Apparently he gave up the idea of emigrating to Canada as soon as he found that the land we had deeded to him in settlement added to that he had purchased in his own name gave him control over a great estate. Without any delay he began the erection of an elaborate mansion. After he severed his connection with the Friends' organization he attempted to provide for the needs of his religious and emotional nature by uniting with a local church. He was received by the congregation with great acclaim and immediately took position as the society's most influential member.

I had supposed that the Judge's chief motive in bringing charges against the Friend was the furthering of his plans for the acquiring of an estate; but when he did not abandon the case after we had deeded to him over a thousand acres of land, I had to give up that theory. Perhaps he hoped by discrediting the Friend to justify his own conduct before the world; or it is possible (so peculiar was his mental make-up) that in spite of manifest moral defects there still survived in the fateful elements of his nature a real distrust of the Friend's sincerity and he honestly wished to keep her from wrecking the faith of other adherents.

The charge, much abbreviated, maintained that Jemima Wilkinson, otherwise known as the Public Universal Friend, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, contriving and intending to scandalize and vilify the Christian religion, as received and publically professed in this State and to blaspheme God and our Lord Jesus Christ, did on divers occasions, to wit . . . publicly utter, proclaim, and publish in a loud voice,

in the presence of many good and Christian people, citizens of this State, the profane and blasphemous words, that she was Christ in His Second Coming, that she also has pretended to possess miraculous powers, as follows, etc., and that the said Jemima Wilkinson, or Public Universal Friend, knowing that her conduct is immoral, both personally and as director of the business undertakings of a religious organization known as the Society of Friends, has in contempt of the Christian religion, continued to occupy the holy office of preacher, or minister, to the detriment of the religious welfare of her Society and to the evil and pernicious example of all other clergymen; to wit, etc.

The charge made it evident that the prosecution planned to show that the Friend was guilty of blasphemy, first, in maintaining that she was Christ in His Second Coming; secondly, in claiming supernatural powers that enabled her to work miracles and read the future in visions; and, thirdly, by occupying a holy office although personally and officially immoral.

Following the reading of the charge, Judge Spencer said, "That although every man in this country has a right to entertain any religious opinion in which he believes and although all sects were tolerated in their respective modes of worship, yet it is contrary to the principles of the common law for any man to revile the religion generally prevailing here or to impeach or call in question the attributes of the Deity. It is from religion that oaths in courts of justice derive their efficiency; and to undermine the religious opinions of men would deprive us of the security we place upon oaths in judicial proceedings and would finally operate to the subversion of civil society. The purpose of this

law, therefore, is to maintain respect for the prevailing religion and to keep false leaders from turning the people from their faith.

No government among any of the polished nations of antiquity, and none of the institutions of modern Europe (a single recent and monitory case excepted) ever hazarded such a bold experiment upon the solidity of the public morals as to permit, with impunity, and under sanction of their tribunals, the general religion of the community to be openly insulted and defamed. Hence we are bound to conclude that the utterance of wicked or malicious words or actions, tending to vilify the type of religion set forth in the gospels which we lay our hands upon and kiss according to the common law of this country when taking oaths, is a grave offense against the public peace and safety.

In Scotland blasphemy is still a capital offense. In this country, following the common and statute law of England, the penalty is fine and imprisonment, and the offenders have customarily been deprived of citizenship and rendered incapable of holding lands or having trusts or the guardianship of children. Since the charge and the penalties applying to it are of so grave a nature, it behooves all connected with this case to attend with the most serious consideration to avoid error and protect the rights both of the public and the defendant."

The Judge then turned to the Friend. "If you are guilty, you have committed a most grave offense and the penalties are severe. Conviction, apart from any fine or imprisonment, would serve to bar you from your pulpit, depose you from the leadership of your Society, deprive you of your guardianship of orphans and the

right to hold lands. I hope you will be found innocent of the charge. What do you plead?"

The Friend made no reply.

"Are you guilty?"

"I have come hither that thou mightest determine that."

"Do you understand the charge?"

"I do. It is said that by word and deed I profane the name of God."

"Are you guilty?"

"Could I answer that, there would be no need of trial."

After further unsuccessful attempts to induce the Friend to plead, the Judge directed the clerk to enter a plea of 'not guilty.'

Judge Potter then brought forward a document in the handwriting of William Savery which he wished to make a part of the record, as it gave not only that eminent divine's own estimate of the genuineness of Jemima Wilkinson's ministry but also the standing accorded to her by the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He read as follows:

"So utterly discredited has the Public Universal Friend been by the Quakers of Philadelphia that attending her Meeting has been considered a cause of stumbling for which a paper of contrition is required. It is the common opinion that this assuming presumptuous woman by creating a wretched infatuation among her hearers instead of seeking to promote their spiritual or material welfare designs to induce them to forgo their accustomed vocations and break the most solemn ties of God and nature and use their labor and property for the benefit of her personal establishment. Her whole

scheme seems to savor strongly of pride and ambition and to be conceived solely for self-interest and aggrandizement. It, therefore, appears to be at opposites with the spirit of the Christian religion."

This paper having been read, James Parker was called to the chair as the first witness. Stroking his long beard sanctimoniously and looking very like the pictures of the patriarchs in the Old Testament, he said that Jemima Wilkinson had maintained for some years that she had died, and that the spirit of Christ had entered into her dead body and now inhabited it. So eloquent had she been in the propagation of this profane doctrine that he himself had been convinced of its truth and had offered to stand with Sarah Richards as one of the two Biblical witnesses attesting her claims. Recently he had regretted that he had been so deceived; and it was because he hoped in a measure to atone, if he had led any astray, that he was now active in bringing this public charge.

Judge Potter asked him what he knew about the Friend's pretense of working miracles. He replied that once in Rhode Island the Friend pretended to raise a woman from the dead. He did not know how she managed the hoax; but she convinced all the country people that a miracle was performed. He would prefer not to attempt to testify minutely regarding it, for it happened long ago and he would not venture to trust his memory.

Judge Potter then asked him to state what he knew about the second charge—that of the defendant's claiming to be instructed by the Angel Gabriel in visions. Parker said this was a device resorted to by the Friend to make her authority supreme in the Society;

that whenever she found difficulty in having her own way, she announced that her plan was necessary because the Angel Gabriel required it. She also intimidated people by telling them they could keep no secrets from her for the Angel Gabriel would tell her their inmost thoughts. What he really believed concerning her receiving midnight visits from the Angel Gabriel, he would hesitate to say, nor was it necessary, since one of the maidens of her chamber would testify explicitly to that point.

Next Eliza Malin's name was called. A whisper that grew louder and louder until the Judge called for order ran through the court room. With a vicious swish of her garments and a look of bravado on her face, Eliza went to the chair; but she took pains to avoid both the Friend's eye and mine.

After answering a few questions leading to the main matter of her testimony, Eliza was asked if she had reason to believe that any man had entered the Friend's bedroom at night. She had begun to reply glibly when it was her fortune to meet the Friend's eye. She hesitated and soon ceased speaking and stared fixedly into the Friend's face. Her manner gradually changed; and finally she sobbed, "I cannot answer that."

"I object. The defendant must change her seat. She is intimidating this witness," roared Judge Potter.

"No, it's not that," cried Eliza, "but I cannot say what they told me to."

"What is that?" asked Judge Spencer, rising from his chair. "Has some one asked you to bear false testimony?"

"No, no," moaned Eliza. "It's my own story they wanted me to tell; but it's not true. The Friend never

did wrong with any one. She is the truest and honestest woman in the world. Nobody else was ever so kind to me."

Without waiting to be dismissed, Eliza started to run sobbing from the stand. The court room was thrown into confusion. When order was at last restored and Eliza brought back to her chair, Judge Potter said that the witness was in such an emotional condition that it was useless at present to question her further.

Then Judge Potter, the district attorney, and James Parker engaged in a long whispered conversation in which there seemed to be a decided difference of opinion. The district attorney kept pointing to the door and evidently was urging Potter to send for some one whom the Judge was reluctant to produce.

At last Judge Spencer grew impatient and ordered the prosecution to continue with its case. The district attorney looked at Potter; and he arose slowly, went through the hall to the district attorney's office, and returned bringing Wyatt.

I was astonished. I did not believe they would attempt to found a case on the testimony of a witness such as Wyatt. They surely would not have done so had not Eliza failed them completely. I was greatly pleased. If the Tory in his testimony attacked the Friend, I was released from my promise of not calling him to account for the murder and arson he had committed at New Milford.

This latter matter Wyatt seemed to understand, for he came to the chair most reluctantly and when he told the clerk that his name was Johnson, he could not help glancing at me. Potter was very nervous and seemed to ask questions in accordance with no predetermined

plan. At times he apparently led toward the burning of the will and the subsequent blackmail, but just as he was about to make a point, he would switch suddenly to some other matter. The district attorney grew impatient and asked a few questions himself. As Potter's face began to show alarm, I perceived at last that it was the fear of too much scrutiny into his own part in providing the money that the Friend had paid out in blackmail that made the Judge reluctant to produce Wyatt's testimony.

Very much satisfied indeed at this turn in affairs, I tried to fumble my papers unconcernedly and so encourage Wyatt to perjure himself beyond recall and if possible to involve Potter. The Judge, however, on resuming the questioning of the witness abandoned all reference to the matter of the will and drew from Wyatt a long story of how at Little Beard's encampment the day before I was brought in captive the Friend preached to the Indians and pretended to be Christ and to have the power of working miracles. Wyatt said she claimed to be able to heal the sick, to raise the dead, to walk on water, and to turn water into wine. To demonstrate her ability, he said, she called for three jugs and had them filled with water; and then by some sleight of hand that he could not detect, she turned the water into wine. He drank some of the liquor himself and found it excellent wine. The Indians drank it until they all became roaring drunk.

At this ludicrous conclusion to Wyatt's testimony, I had the greatest difficulty to restrain my inclination to laughter, especially since I heard a suppressed titter passing around among the spectators. The court at

this point adjourned for the noon intermission and we all passed from the court room.

Immediately after, I was guilty of one of those lapses that the reader knows too well have been my bane since youth. As I was returning to my desk for some papers I thought best to remove, I met Wyatt alone in the entry. He cringed, expecting to be struck.

"You have nothing to fear now," I said, "but remember that when this trial is ended my promise no longer protects you."

The words had no sooner left my lips than I saw the error I had made; but at the moment I did not see how to remedy it. Wyatt disappeared into the district attorney's office and I took my papers and went home.

When the court reconvened the clerk called Wyatt (under the name of Johnson) but he could not be found. Judge Potter said he thought Johnson had gone for an Indian who spoke English and would corroborate the account of the pretended miracle. Johnson had learned that the defense would attempt to discredit his testimony and had thought it wise to secure a corroborating witness before circumstances made it difficult of accomplishment. He believed Johnson would return within an hour or two.

The fear that the ludicrous story might seem plausible if attested by additional witnesses seemed for the moment to alarm the Friend and she glanced at me appealingly. I did not share her fears, but to reassure her I called Guyanoga and directed him to follow Wyatt and see that he did not hire any Indians to come to court to bear false witness. Guyanoga nodded and immediately disappeared.

Judge Spencer apparently shared my suspicions that the prosecution, or at least part of it, was quite willing to be permanently rid of Wyatt. He said he thought it highly improper that the witness should have been permitted to go on such an errand. In New York state, moreover, the capability of an Indian to bear testimony was in dispute. In his own court, if Indians were brought to the stand, he would be governed by the apparent general credibility of the witness.

Judge Potter then said he wished the defendant to take the stand. As the Friend rose, Judge Spencer called sharply for order, for the spectators jostled one another in their eagerness to obtain a better position.

"They say," began Judge Potter, "that you have a miraculous power to read the inmost thoughts of men."

"No miraculous power," the Friend replied; "it has been a study and a growth. I see the mind's reflection in the face and have schooled myself to draw the message from the eyes as well as from the tongue."

"Isn't the power miraculous?"

"Certainly not; the results are too erroneous."

"But you are able to work miracles, are you not?"

"I have heard it said so by some who were once my friends."

Judge Potter scowled. "Speak for yourself. Are you able to perform miracles?"

"A little child with faith can perform miracles."

Judge Potter glanced appealingly toward Judge Spencer; but after a moment he continued, "If your meaning is, that your power for miracles does not differ from that possessed by other people, why do you not state frankly that you are not able to work miracles?"

"Because I do not wish to belittle the force of prayer."

Again Potter hesitated and glanced at the Judge; but again he continued.

"Tell this court whether you know of an instance in which the course of nature was changed as the result of your prayers."

"I believe a sick woman in Rhode Island was cured in answer to my prayers."

The Presiding Judge raised his finger. "A moment, please. But that woman's recovery, I suppose, need not necessarily be called a variation from the course of nature, a miracle, or anything supernatural?"

"I know not what thou meanest by a variation from the course of nature, a miracle, or something not supernatural. Everything, I believe, is supernatural."

"It is useless to question her," said Judge Potter. "She shows here the traits that have been characteristic of her ministry. She is too shrewd to convict herself." He referred a moment to his papers, and then asked the Friend bluntly whether she was Christ in His Second Coming?

The Friend made no reply.

"Answer. It is true, is it not?" urged Judge Potter.

"Thou sayest it," replied the Friend.

Very angrily Judge Potter appealed to the Presiding Judge. "Compel her to answer my questions."

Judge Spencer not unkindly said that unless the counsel for the defense made objection, the witness should give direct answers to the questions asked.

"Is it true," again began Judge Potter, "that you died, and the spirit of Christ entered into your body, and now lives in your person here on earth?"

"It is true," said the Friend.

The court room was hushed and every eye was turned toward the Friend who was standing erect and pale before her persecutors.

Judge Potter smiled triumphantly. "We wish to establish no more than that. She has admitted her guilt."

Judge Potter then ostentatiously took his seat.

Judge Spencer seemed surprised at the Friend's reply. A long time in the silence that followed, he gazed at the Friend's face; and the longer he gazed, the more kindly became his countenance. "My child," he said at last, "you mean that unless every one of us becomes dead to our sins, and is born again, and the spirit of Christ enters into us and inspires our lives, we are not His children and cannot do His will."

The kindly face and words of the aged judge touched the Friend's heart, and with tears in her eyes, she replied, "Thou hast interpreted my words correctly."

"I object," shouted Potter, leaping to his feet. "The Presiding Judge goes beyond his office when he puts answers into the mouth of the defendant or coaches her in her replies."

"This court," answered Judge Spencer sharply, "sits to determine truth, not to play with terms or words. The defendant has as much right to be understood as has a person who speaks a foreign tongue. If her habit of life has been such that she speaks in figures unintelligible to some, those who can comprehend must interpret."

He paused a moment and then added, "Before the court closes its session for the day I will myself ask the defendant one additional simple question. Have

you ever claimed to have power to walk on water, change water into wine, or raise the dead?"

The Friend raised her tearful eyes to the Judge and answered, "I never have."

The next morning as Wyatt had failed to appear and the prosecution had no witnesses to call, I asked permission for the defendant to give in her own way a statement of her belief and doctrine. No objection was made; and the Friend, according to her custom, announced a text and made her statement in the form of a sermon. As she proceeded she displayed her accustomed eloquence and power, or even exceeded it. The court room grew quiet; and all listened to the story of the love of Jesus for erring men. Standing within the circle of her enemies she presented the doctrine of goodwill and forgiveness so effectively that I could see that even Judge Potter was moved and was rapidly losing all desire to go on with the trial. When she had closed, Judge Spencer said, "We have heard good counsel; and if we live in harmony with what this young woman has told us, we shall be sure to be good people here, and reach a final rest in heaven."

He then proceeded to say that they had waited some time for the return of Johnson and he had failed to appear. He, therefore, ordered all of Johnson's testimony stricken from the record. The testimony that remained, he said, was insufficient to establish a case for the prosecution. It consisted merely of hearsay. Nothing that had been brought forward showed, in the opinion of the court, that there had been an act or intent of blasphemy on the part of the defendant. Therefore, he directed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

This after a brief conference they did without leaving the room.

Many came forward to congratulate the Friend, but Rachel and I waved them aside, and I took her at once to Thomas's home. I knew too well that the superhuman endurance that had sustained her throughout the trial was the product of a heroic will rather than of physical strength and would accordingly desert her as soon as the necessity had passed. I sent a messenger to report the outcome of the trial at Sarah's bedside and to inform the household that the Friend would return in the morning.

CHAPTER XXXIV

EARLY in the morning the messenger I had sent to Jerusalem returned bringing alarming reports of Sarah's condition. The Friend, heedless of her own indisposition, wished to start at once for the bedside of her assistant. Rachel and I accompanied her, journeying slowly, speaking little; for the Friend seemed to be both weak in body, and despite the victory, ill at ease. She did not seem to share the exhilaration that Rachel and I experienced from the recent triumph over her enemies. Her preoccupation and languor, I naturally attributed to nervous reaction from the strain of the trial and to worry over the unfavorable turn in Sarah's illness.

Where the highway skirts Potter's estate we heard the sound of hammers, and on entering his clearing saw the skeleton of the great house he was raising—a mansion planned to be larger and more magnificent than that he had built for the Friend. We commented on its design and materials, but avoided referring to its deep-lying significance in the career of the Society.

As we descended the hill into the Valley of Kedron, we heard horse's hoofs approaching rapidly from behind. We turned and Guyanoga soon drew abreast of us, smiling and bowing. "Johnson no more make bad Injuns," he said. "Guyanoga find him." And out of his bosom he drew a blood-clotted, red-haired scalp. So suddenly did he thrust it out that although the blood stains were brown and dried, I thought he had spattered us all with gore.

"Take that thing away!" I shouted. "Go to my office and remain until I return."

Guyanoga with clouded countenance reined in his horse. "John and Friend hate him. Johnson bad Tory," he said.

I turned prepared to aid the Friend, but found that it was Rachel that needed my assistance. At the log bridge we took her from the saddle and in the shade of the pines bathed her forehead. As it was evident that we could not go farther, I tethered our horses and spread a blanket beside the brook.

The Friend lost her preoccupation and lassitude as she ministered to Rachel; and Rachel before long grew better but made no move to continue the journey; "Why was it," she asked half moaning, "that he slew Wyatt?"

In the clear tones that the Friend had given her answers on the witness stand she replied, "Because I incited him to murder."

"What dost thou mean?"

"From childhood I have hated Wyatt; and when at the trial I saw the evil in Guyanoga's face, I let him go."

I quickly reproved the Friend for heeding such a fancy. "Between temptation and sin," I said, "is the greatest difference in the world; though the gulf is easily crossed, it is immeasurably deep."

"As I have journeyed homeward I have not been so advised by the inner voice," she replied. "First I took the Society's money knowing it was wrong; that in the working out of time, made me the wrecker of a worthy man's faith; and that sin in the course of events has brought about this murder which ends my hope of living as other women live. Thou and I can never go as we

planned. I feared it when Judge Potter came to reprove me. I am certain of it now."

"Go as you planned?" asked Rachel feebly.

"Tell her, John."

I told her; and the utter passion of my love, I let the Friend hear me lay before Rachel.

"Wouldst thou rob the altar of God of its Lamb?" moaned Rachel bitterly. "It would have been better hadst thou loved another."

Rachel arose. We folded the blanket and resumed our journey. As we drew near the Friend's house, Lucy Brown came to meet us. She stood at a little distance waiting with downcast eyes.

"Speak thy message," said the Friend.

"Sarah is dead."

When the Friend with a glance of the eyes had sent Rachel and Lucy to the house, she asked tenderly, "Is it not clear to thee now, John? Every day the necessity grows. Since Judge Potter and James Parker withdrew, the Society has become divided and corrupted. Now that Sarah is dead, there is none to take my place."

"Surely you must stay to reorganize the Society; but some day, let us hope——"

"The hope can never be realized, John. Why God hath chosen to lay this burden on a broken reed, I know not; but I know, that if I resume this work, I can never think again of being loved. Had Judge Potter believed that the Society was foremost in my affections, he might never have lost faith. This work is my portion. I am the servant of the Most High and cannot choose. At last He hath made His call unmistakably clear."

CHAPTER XXXV

ONLY once after that did I see the Friend. I had thought it best to return to the East without subjecting her to the pain of another interview; but on a dull October afternoon, the day before I was to begin my journey, I suddenly changed my mind.

A little before dark Rachel took me to the Friend's apartment and placed a chair for me near the window where the Friend was sitting and, according to the custom of the household, turned to go. "Stay!" exclaimed the Friend. "Stay, Rachel; do not leave me!" The Friend's appealing tones, more than any words she could have spoken, showed me the great gulf that had come between us. We sat and talked aimlessly for a few minutes. There was nothing for us to say, or that could be said. It grew dark and I rose to leave.

"Light a candle," said the Friend.

Rachel obeyed; and I saw the Friend standing before me erect as of old, clad in white garments. As I turned to go, I thought I saw at the last glance a faint luminous radiancy shining about her head. Perhaps the Great Father with infinite tenderness toward one of His children permitted me at that moment to see this Woman of Sorrows aright, or it may be that I saw but the radiance of the moisture that glistened in my own eyes. It is a matter of little consequence; for I know that neither the testimony of those who hated her or those who loved will be called into court when He who

reads the most secret thoughts of the heart judges this woman for what she was.

Rachel stepped out into the darkness of the outer hall and placing a hand on each of my shoulders begged me to remain in Jerusalem and devote myself to the service of the Society. She said that if I would take up the work, I would soon discover that my earthly love had died when Jemima Wilkinson died and that which remained was a purified and holy adoration such as her own.

"Stay, and be one of us," she urged. "Thou hast been of great aid to the Society. Stay and help us build it up according to the Friend's plans." In the eagerness of her appeal her arms slipped about my neck and I felt her face against mine.

"Rachel," I said, "if you had ever loved, you would not ask me to stay." I gently removed her arms and went out into the night.

CHAPTER XXXVI

IN New York I devoted myself to the practice of law and never saw the Friend again. As a means of keeping my brooding thoughts under control, I wrote out in the intervals of my practice the account given in the foregoing pages. Several times I went to see Aunt Rhoda and Mary and found the old place looking much as it did in former days. Old Amos Heffdot was still its guardian. Thomas in due time closed up his father's business in Canandaigua and came to New York and took up law with me.

When Aunt Rhoda died, I went to New Milford and found that Amos Heffdot was growing too feeble to look after the estate. I remained on the farm for some time and finally determined, as I never liked the law and my income was sufficient for my needs, to leave my legal practice in Thomas's hands and live permanently in the country.

One day, a year or two after the news came of the Friend's death, Mary and I were riding over the hill-top and through the chestnut woods. We had been speaking of the old days; and Mary, touched perhaps by memories, expressed a wish to go to Jerusalem to see where Jerie lies.

So it happened that July found us at Troy among a group of young pleasure-seekers who were about to embark on the *Seneca Chief* on one of its first excursions over the Erie Canal. For three days, comfort-

ably quartered amid the elegant appointments of that boat, we passed, one by one through the remarkable chain of towns and cities that are springing up along the course of the great canal. The luxury with which we travelled seemed in strange contrast with the hardships of pioneer days. Especially stirring to one who had experienced the struggle to retain Western New York as a part of the domain of the United States (a contest not finally settled until the close of the War of 1812), was the patriotism and settled contentment of all this region. In due time we came to Geneva and took stage coach to Penn Yan. The following morning we drove in a carriage to the Friend's mansion.

I found remaining only one of the four great pines under which the feast was served on the day I first saw Jerusalem. The orchard and shrubbery planted by the Friend had grown amazingly and were well-kept; but in many ways the former magnificence of the place had gone.

Lucy Brown, at that time a woman of middle age, met us at the door and conversed with us while we were waiting for Rachel. She said that the Society had dwindled and she feared would soon be extinct. She and the Malin sisters were all that were left of the Friend's household. Margaret was much the same and was still the Shepherdess of the Lambs; but after the Friend's death, Rachel had failed to regain her spirit.

"John? Is this Friend John?" Rachel inquired. "Who? Mary? I recall that thou didst often speak of thy Cousin Mary."

Rachel conducted us along a well-fenced lane leading to the pine knoll beside the ravine. Black-eyed Susans still grew in the glades and adjacent meadows.

Little breezes played among the pine boughs and the July sun softly streamed through the openings in the branches and wove the old-time lacework of sunlight and shadow on the grass. The place seemed as I first saw it; and I thought that if no profane axe were laid at the roots of the forest, it would remain so forever.

Rachel led us to the grassy mound where the Friend (according to the custom of orthodox Quakers) had been buried in a nameless grave. They had laid her next Sarah Richards, and all around were scattered the members of her flock. There under the pines on the bank of the ravine in a spot known to very few, she sleeps. Hers was an heroic soul. She chose to become a Woman of Sorrows; but she loved affection and gladness as none other I have ever known.

THE END



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